ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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JUNE 1930

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

In America there is one family, and only one, that generation after generation has consistently and without interruption made contributions of the highest order to our history and civilization.' The quotation, as any New Englander will tell you, points squarely to the Adams Family, once of Quincy, Massachusetts (where the old family place is still to be visited), now of points north, east, and west. There is nothing necessarily distinctive in primogeniture, as a glance at Burke's *Peerage* will explain. But that marked capabilities and a characteristic endowment such as the Adamses possess should be perpetuated in a direct line for nearly two hundred years is a record the like of which is hardly to be found to-day. True, it took the Adamses some time to get started: it was four generations after the primal immigration that a farmer's son, John Adams, became President. But thereafter, for five generations, son after son has exhibited the same extraordinary capacity for office, the same stalwart distinction as a citizen, the same genius for independence.

James Truslow Adams, the historian, hails from the Virginia, not the Massachusetts, branch of the tree. Thus, when he came to write about his Northern namesakes, he did so with freedom of perspective and freedom from prejudice. Curiously enough, in his own career, Mr. Adams displayed that same 'genius for independence' that seems bound up in the name. At twenty-one, he was J. T. Adams, A.M., postgraduate at Yale with a mind keen for history. Thanks to some sound advice, he turned away from teaching and toward Wall Street, where, like Samuel Butler with his sheep raising, he hoped to reap the savings which would enable him to write with freedom the things that were in his mind. Fifteen years from his entry into business, J. T. Adams retired from the Street and 'unleashed his word horde.' His first big undertaking was a three-volume history of New England which brought him distinction as a historian and a Pulitzer prize. His next was to edit the journals of John Quincy Adams and the collected works of Henry Adams. And on the side, as it were, he has written a series of critical and provocative papers, scathing and protesting against *Our Business Civilization*. These three forces — his knowledge of New England, his close touch with the Adamses, and his critical regard for the present — are manifest in his interpretation of the Adams Family.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

The Adams Family

[Little, Brown and Atlantic Monthly Press, $5.00]

MR. JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS modestly calls his book of 350 pages 'neither history nor biography, but an interpretative sketch of the rise of an American family.' It is, in fact, a series of cleverly interwoven character studies of seven highly individual men who, identified with the same locality, presented in their careers an amazing demonstration of the persistence of genius from generation to generation. A century after the immigrant ancestor, Henry Adams, arrived in Massachusetts Bay in 1636, something happened to the stock, which had hitherto produced merely 'hard-working, pious, reliable, public-spirited village folk' in the town of Braintree; and there emerged, rather inexplicably, John Adams, the first to bring distinction to his line.

The seven personalities whom Mr. Adams describes were all Harvard graduates and students of the law. With rare analytical skill, he has revealed the family traits, — their egotism, their proneness to introspection, their morbid fears and suspicions, their passionate desire to write which led them to seek relief in diaries and autobiographies, their deficiency in humor, their censoriousness of others, their shyness which often resembled superciliousness, and their 'self-defensive brusqueness of manner,' — and, along with these weaknesses, their astonishing capacity for labor, their rigorous morals, their courage, their independence, and their faithfulness to duty. Captious, austere, and uncompanionable, they moved through crowds, respected, but unloved. They had a genius, according to James Russell Lowell, 'for saying even a gracious thing in an ungracious way.' They had little magnetism, but were scornful of meanness and incapable of vulgarity. They could sacrifice themselves for a principle. 'No Adams,' says Mr. Adams rightly, 'has ever been a party man.'

Each one of the seven, however, had his own peculiar qualities. John Adams, son of a yeoman father, was a sturdy leader, who forged to the front through sheer audacity. He was jealous of Washington, he quarreled with Franklin, and he hated Hamilton; but he served

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 597 FIFTH AVENUE

his country well, and, without resorting to any of the arts of the politician, became President of the nation which he had done so much to establish. If he was bold, his son, John Quincy Adams, was restless. Educated largely in Europe, he grew up accustomed to the great. Like all the Adamses, he knew himself to be the centre of the cosmos, but he had a gift for running counter to the spirit of the age. Virtually unaided, he rose to be Secretary of State and President, battling constantly, like Don Quixote, against real and imaginary foes, and revenging himself by recording each evening in his inimitable journal his vitriolic estimates of his contemporaries. We see him in the pages of Mr. Adams's book spending his last days on the floor of the Hall of Representatives, upholding the cause of human freedom — querulous and tactless, but not to be intimidated, the finest example in our annals of completely unselfish statesmanship.

His son, Charles Francis Adams, with probably a more perfectly balanced mind than either his father or his grandfather, began to feel 'the accumulated weight of the family's past.' The spread of democracy was a factor in preventing him from attaining any high elective office, but he inherited a trend toward diplomacy, and at the Court of St. James's during the Civil War continued the tradition established by John Adams after the Revolution and by John Quincy Adams following the War of 1812. It is significant that he spent laborious years in editing the papers of John Adams, Abigail Adams, and John Quincy Adams. It was becoming easier for the Adamses to write history than to make it.

Each of his four sons — John Quincy, Charles, Henry, and Brooks — turned inevitably to literature, although John Quincy became a leader in the Democratic Party and Charles was not only a brigadier general in the Northern Army but also an authority on railroads. Like all the Adamses, each insisted on going his own way, and each found his proper niche in nineteenth-century America. But times had unmistakably altered, and the process of adjustment to environment was increasingly difficult for an Adams. The sensitive Henry taught at Harvard, — the Presidency of which was offered in 1869 to his brother Charles, — published his admirable *History of the United States*, and finally gave the world, in *The Education of Henry Adams*, the 'most thought-provoking autobiography . . . that America has produced.'

When it was printed after his death, its mordant irony and its emphasis on the futility of existence suggested that the blood was thinning out. But, as Mr. Adams shows in his Epilogue, the appearance of another Adams as Secretary of the Navy is proof that the essential virility of the original John Adams, his great-great-grandfather, has not been diluted through five generations.

Mr. Adams, equipped with a scholarship both detailed and comprehensive, has a talent for generalization, and his frequent flashes of wit throw light on noteworthy facts or anecdotes. His occasional iconoclastic disregard of conventional opinion is refreshing, as is also his unconcealed impatience with certain phases of modern civilization. He is at his best, perhaps, in summarizing the tendencies of a period or in using a scalpel on a human soul. His style, incisive yet urbane, loses nothing by its hints of irony, but the general tone throughout is sympathetic, not antagonistic. Unswayed by prejudices, he views these successive Adamses as problems in psychology, and depicts their conduct with an affectionate detachment. Although this volume is easy reading, it stimulates reflection, and one finds himself often pausing to relish a phrase or assess an idea. It is a lucid and entertaining book, worthy of its theme and of its author — a book which is, beyond a doubt, a permanent contribution to historical literature.

CLAUDE M. FUESS

AMONG the spring novels I have selected four whose intent it is to define the American scene of our day. Three of them are by veterans skilled in craftsmanship, and settled perhaps in convictions; one by an innovator who, like Kipling's cat, walks by himself. It is with confidence that I turn to Marshall Best, one of the soundest readers in New York City, for an estimate of the effect each writer has produced.

THE AMERICAN SCENE

THE American tempo took on a quickened beat in the years leading up to the late stock-market crash, and **Arthur Train** has caught some of its characteristics in his novel of suburban ambitions called ***Paper Profits*** (Liveright, $2.50). It is a Moral Tale of a nice young author whose wife takes his seventy-dollar check from the *Atlantic Monthly* and turns it into several hundred by secret manipulations with a wildcat stock called Glutex. From this beginning the family abandons its easy-going ways, builds a fortune, moves to a richer suburb, and becomes involved in all the dazzling turpitude of the cocktail age. With Glutex as the villain, and with a sufficient frame of story, many different aspects of the amateur speculator's life are crowded into its relation, and not a little of the larger stock-market machinery. It has documentary value, chiefly in showing how the stock reports colored the thought of all classes in the days of the Great Bull Market. But it is no more pretentious than this outline suggests, and as literary or human evidence it means nothing.

Joseph Hergesheimer achieves meaninglessness in a different way. His characters in ***The Party Dress*** (Knopf, $2.50) are intensely emotional beings, with elaborate notions about life which they discuss in well-phrased monologues. His heroine is a woman in middle life, comfortably married, with grown children, who

Matthew Josephson

PORTRAIT OF

THE ARTIST AS AMERICAN

A dramatic story, by the author of Zola and His Time, of the curious baffled careers of Henry James and Whistler, of Emily Dickinson and Henry Adams, of Ambrose Bierce, Lafcadio Hearn and Stephen Crane. Here is new light on the dilemma of the American artist.
Probable price, $3.00

THE TIGER

George Adam

A biography of Clemenceau by a man whose years of experience as Paris Correspondent of the *London Times* make him specially fitted for the job. A best-seller in England. $3.50

THE AGE FOR LOVE

Ernest Pascal

"Excellent stuff in it," says F.P.A., "All of it highly readable." By the author of The Marriage Bed.
$2.50

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Frank K. Notch

A violent, a vituperative, and an authoritative book (the author writes under a pseudonym)—a cry of protest against the organized power of modern advertising, catch-words, and high power salesmanship—against the contemporary scene of "panicking the public," whether it be publishers or authors, critics or politicians or perfumers. $2.00

The last of the Hapsburg Emperors

FRANCIS JOSEPH I

Karl Tschuppik

For sixty-eight years Emperor Francis Joseph I of Austria held in check the rising tide of national aspiration of half a dozen subject peoples. Tschuppik's book is a brilliant picture not only of an historic reign but also of one of the most sternly impressive personalities of pre-war Europe. Probably, $5.00

Llewelyn Powys

APPLES BE RIPE

The first novel by the author of The Cradle of God and Black Laughter—a daring book, a wholesome book, a moving book. The picaresque adventures, amorous and otherwise, of Chris Holbeck are full of an eighteenth century humor that is at once earthy, wanton and humane. $2.50

GRANDEUR AND MISERY OF VICTORY

Georges Clemenceau

This last great work of the Tiger, the Götterdammerung of the War Gods, "cannot be over-rated for its importance." (James Truslow Adams in the *Atlantic Monthly*.)
$5.00

POTATO FACE

Carl Sandburg

A collection of new Rootabaga stories—for grown-ups. You know Sandburg the biographer and Sandburg the poet . . . but do you know Sandburg the genius of nonsense? $1.50

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The BOOKSHELF

suddenly awakens to her emotional possibilities. She falls in love with an impossible eccentric whom she and Mr. Hergesheimer label an idealist; he kills himself for honor's sake when she refuses to wait for a divorce before giving herself to him. The lesser characters are equally involved in their responses to commonplace situations. The scene is again suburban, and the time is strictly contemporary in its confusion of standards. The novel simmers in a sticky tropical heat which puts nerves on edge and keeps passions at the boiling point. Mr. Hergesheimer is a talented writer, and his gifts of language cast a dangerous charm. But he grants his creatures psychological possibilities that would never be evoked in life by the country-club surroundings and parvenu backgrounds with which he provides them.

John Erskine attempts still another kind of comment in his ***Uncle Sam: In the Eyes of His Family*** (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50). He is careful to inform us that this is a portrait of the American Spirit, a translation into fiction of the lanky cartoon figure in top hat and striped trousers. His story tells of one Sam and his brothers and sisters, and of how Sam grew from gangling boyhood to a position of importance and family toleration. In a series of human encounters we are shown how the national temperament might be expected to respond to given situations, and how the temperament of our neighbors might view these reactions. At best this might have been a bit of amiable pedantry; in fact it is a dolefully dull mistake. It shows the folly of trying to schematize anything so rich and diverse as character and opinion in a country such as ours. Allegory of this sort, very much like punning, gives more satisfaction to the inventor than to his audience, whose only profit from it is the vain self-satisfaction of catching the double meaning.

The richness and diversity of national character have been caught by **John Dos Passos** without half so elaborate an effort. In ***The 42nd Parallel*** (Harper, $2.50) he has set out to photograph life in the United States from the Spanish War to the World War — not the life best known to the other novelists and the usual readers of novels, but the vast substratum that reaches down to the level of hoboes and 'wobblies,' and up through chauffeurs and stenographers, the white-collar ranks, salesmen and promoters and real-estate men and interior decorators. His camera has snapped this life in all its variety — its rawness and its idealism, its sentiment and beastliness and innocence, hope, pain, futility, cynicism, thwarted ambition, and sham success.

The story is episodic, but the life of each of the principal characters is given as completely as if it were a novel in itself. Mac is a city boy who serves his apprenticeship working in a print-shop and peddling dubious books; later he takes to the road and rides the rails, serves in a logging camp, joins the I. W. W., works earnestly as an agitator for a while, establishes a family, and, when it threatens to make him sell out to the bosses, leaves it and lights out for Mexico. Janey lives in Georgetown and becomes a stenographer to Washington officeholders: her values are set by the manners of her employers, her tastes and habits are those of a numberless class. J. Ward Moorehouse enacts a success story for himself, that of a poor boy who marries into dissipation after an adventure in real estate, travels in Europe, 'comes clean' by remarrying wealth, and rises with its help to an envious rank as a Public Relations Counsel. Eleanor begins life as a shop girl in Chicago, falls under the spell of bohemian 'artiness,' and achieves life's dream by moving to New York and becoming a successful interior decorator. Finally Charley, a farm boy from the Dakotas, repeats Mac's life as a hobo, loving casually and drinking well, and disappears in the end on a troopship for France.

These lives and a hundred others cross at various points, and three of them converge when Janey becomes secretary to Moorehouse, who has found a platonic companion in Eleanor. There is no more plot than this. Instead of assuming the novelist's privilege to weave the strands together for a conclusion, the author has left things hanging at loose ends, as life is apt to do.

For all its richness of living and its lavishness of everyday details, this story in itself might still have been commonplace. But it is immensely enhanced by a technical device which gives it complete originality. Dos Passos has invented three tricks which enable him to escape being a sociologist in his story-telling and at the same time to fit these particular lives into a more comprehensive scheme of things. The first is a series of interludes which he calls Newsreels, made up of actual headlines and phrases from the daily papers of the times. They appear as scrambled fragments in a kaleidoscope as crazy as the life from which they come, but actually they are pointed by selection and contrast until they give a strangely complete impression of the thoughts and actions which swayed the public at the moment. Accompanying these is a group of half-lyrical portrait biographies of public figures, representative men in whom have been concentrated some of the traits that are latent in the vast inconsequent masses who read the papers. Edison, Big Bill Haywood, Bryan, Burbank, La Follette — their stories are sketched and their importance or uselessness conveyed with an almost intolerable irony.

Lastly are interjected little scenes headed 'The Camera's Eye,' which prove to be subjective impressions from the author's own life; they keep pace with the chronology of the book itself and thus tie up the objective story with the personal biography of its author.

These innovations alone are enough to distinguish a novel that excites and satisfies more thoroughly than almost any other of its time. It is not a book that would meet the tests that Mr. Griswold set in a recent *Atlantic*, and those who hold for propriety in literature had best

"Illuminating"
"Eloquent"

"Irresistible"
"Priceless"

"A Monument to One of the World's Greatest Men"

MAHATMA GANDHI'S IDEAS

Edited by CHARLES F. ANDREWS

"For all of us *Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas* is a valuable book. It has been written by C. F. Andrews, a devoted follower who has an intelligent knowledge of Western life and therefore knows how to present Gandhi's ideas to a busy Western world, agitated more by motions than ideas... Anyone eager to know just what is being done in the East...will find eloquent passages in these pages."
—HARRY HANSEN, *N. Y. World*

"With Gandhi on the bloodless warpath at this moment and his influence arrayed against the power of the British government in India, it is important to know what his ideas are. Here Gandhi is interpreted by his friend of many years."—*Christian Century*

"He expounds all aspects of Mr. Gandhi's life and thoughts and influence, and the book is one that will be of genuine significance both to students of international affairs and to students of religion."—*Newark News*

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beware of it. It transfers life to the page by avoiding nothing true which is also relevant — and in lives like these much ugliness is relevant. By never forgetting that these lives are important to those who live them, Dos Passos follows them through futility and commonplaceness — to the final futility of the war — with an irony and understanding that give them meaning, and with a sense of aliveness that quickens every page.

MARSHALL A. BEST

HOWEVER one may take H. L. Mencken, whether with a loud shout or a pinch of salt, there is no doubt that his strident words have had a bracing effect in our time. Originally a rebel voice crying in the American wilderness, he has seen the multitude assemble and his opinions become gospel for an articulate minority. And, with his zest for rushing in where angels fear to tread, he has inevitably arrived at the vestibule of the gods.

Treatise on the Gods, by H. L. Mencken

[Knopf, $2.50]

A BOOK on religion by Mr. Mencken was inevitable. It is difficult to hold a variety of prejudices and opinions upon a subject without finally classifying and arranging them and bringing to their support such scholarship as seems necessary to give them dignity and prestige. Mr. Mencken has long had his opinions about religion. It now appears that he has also engaged in considerable research in the history of religions, though it may be questioned whether his diligence or insight justifies his not too modest judgment upon himself: 'I am myself a theologian of considerable gifts.'

It goes without saying that this treatise on the gods is interesting reading. The description of the fortuitous emergence of the first priest, an adventurous soul in some primitive tribe, who stopped a flood by spanking the waters in anger, and by his accidental success achieved the prestige of a magic worker among his fellows, is real literature. So also is the final chapter in which the author forgets his sneers to praise the 'lush poetry' of the Bible. In between there is a great deal of vigorous writing, but it hardly deserves the extravagant praise which eager devotees have given it, except one regards the use of the bludgeon as the mark of great literature. It is vigorous writing, of course, in the same sense that Martin Luther's fulminations against the Pope were vigorous. The gleam of fanaticism is in Mr. Mencken's eye while he inveighs against the bigotry of the priests and the stupidity of their followers. It is only when dealing with moral and social issues that he achieves the heights of complete detachment, and in this case the detachment is that of the cynic rather than that of the scientist.

The main thesis of the treatise is that religion is magic. Religion is interested in bending the mysteries of the world to human ends. Whatever of ethical or æsthetic characteristics have developed in the life of religion are merely accretions and are not to be treated too seriously. Such a thesis covers a very considerable portion of primitive religion and an only slightly less considerable portion of the religion of the average religious person of this era. But it does not cover all of the facts of either this or the primitive day. In his study of primitive religions Professor Bronislaw Malinowski makes an interesting distinction between the early religious magic and the religious rite, which Mr. Mencken would have done well to consider. The appreciative attitude toward the beneficent mysteries of the world and of life revealed in the primitive religious rite is the seed out of which has flowered the whole side of religion which concerns itself, not with bending physical circumstances to the human will, but with the contemplation and appropriation of all the inner and outer beneficences of life as the 'grace of God.' Mr. Mencken knows nothing about the mystics who were engaged in the business of transcending physical circumstances rather than in coercing them to conform to human purposes and whose cry of victory was that they knew 'how to be abased and how to abound.' Nor does he know anything about the long line of prophets whose ethical insights were nurtured in the religious experience and contributed mightily to the advancement of the race. To him all this is a closed book. The only qualification he makes on the rigor of his thesis is to regard the priest as something of a poet as well as magician on occasions.

All this does not help us much to analyze the complexities of religion and to 'separate the precious from the vile,' the ethical and the spiritual from the magical in the religion of our day. It really tells us little more than how one fanatic feels about other fanatics of a different stripe.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

FROM figures earlier published in these columns it is apparent that American readers are continually being offered books which have been hopefully imported from abroad. Yet, with the exception of those which come from England, these importations seldom make a lasting place for themselves. When they do, it is in part owing to the excellence of the translation, in part to the virility and understandableness of the theme. From Sweden, Selma Lagerlöf; from France, Marcel Proust; from Norway, that rich narrative, *Kristin Lavransdatter*, by Sigrid Undset — these seem to be of more than temporary attraction. Recently there have appeared three other aspirants to favor, now to be appraised by Mary Ross.

YALE

SETH HARDING: MARINER

By JAMES L. HOWARD

A vivid picture of the Revolution, point-blank broadsides at fifteen rods, fine reckless courage and plenty of sound common sense, with Seth Harding, down-east Yankee skipper, as the central figure. $3.00

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Entertaining and exciting historical narrative of the Mormons — the incredible career of James Jesse Strang, who defied Brigham Young and set himself up as king. There is humor and deep pathos in the story. $4.00

FRANCE: A STUDY IN NATIONALITY André Siegfried	$2.00
STRETCHERS Frederick A. Pottle	$3.00
EVOLUTION OF EARTH AND MAN George A. Baitsell and Others	$5.00
ANCIENT PAINTING Mary Hamilton Swindler	$10.00
UNITING EUROPE William E. Rappard	$3.00
A HISTORY OF RUSSIA George Vernadsky	$4.00

Yale University Press

New Haven, Connecticut

The BOOKSHELF

Novels from Abroad

On one's grandmother's parlor table, in company with a red plush album, there used often to rest a stereoscope, through which, on a tedious Sunday afternoon, the cathedrals and bridges of Europe could be seen in the startling clarity of three dimensions. In these four novels which deal with foreign scenes, there is a like actuality of breadth and depth and solidity. Here are places and people that one might touch with one's hand, houses foursquare. But instead of the shiny, faded sepia of the old photographs behind the curved glass, here there are color and movement and air, the inalienable murmur of humanity.

Maxim Gorki's *Bystander*, translated by Bernard Guilbert Guerney (Cape and Smith, $3.00), is, despite its 700 pages, only the first part of a greater continuous narrative which, we are told, the author regards as his masterpiece, the work by which he would stand or fall. It is a story of a boy growing up in the Russia of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, among people who for the most part are well-to-do, liberally-intentioned, but tired. An earlier burst of humanitarianism had spent itself, and through the period of Clim Samghin's childhood and youth (this volume ends with 1896, soon after the coronation of Emperor Nicholas II) currents and counter-currents eddied aimlessly among the families of the intelligentsia, the school and university groups of which he was a part. Self-centred and uncertain beyond the natural prerogatives of youth, intelligent but remarkable neither for his brains nor for his courage, Clim plays continuously the rôle of bystander, while about him there flow a richness and variety of life which are confusing and overpowering to one used to the more stereotyped bourgeois adolescence of America. These are people such as we know, yet somehow different: bolder in thought and speech than we are like to meet, yet curiously naïve and somehow timid. The one passion that seems to me to unite this motley pageant of rich man, servant girl, apostle, artist, student, agitator, is an intense preoccupation with morality. They must judge, weigh, evaluate, seek, question — with the almost insane force of an obsession. And because this seething current of search and uncertainty is divorced from action that is acceptable to intelligence, it turns inward to create frustration. Gorki, I would believe, is here playing the rôle of portraitist, not propagandist, and giving to the extent of one individual's capacities a picture of the many swirling forces that now are fused in the great social experiment of our time. These are the people whose sons and daughters were to make or betray the revolution, but it is not as political dogma or history, but as the mirror of moods and uncertainties common to all youth, that this story of the first third of Clim Samghin's life is to be read.

If footless thought was the disease of the Russian bourgeois in Clim Samghin's youth, too concentrated action was no less destructive to the almost contemporaneous Simlers in **Jean-Richard Bloch's '*— and Company*,'** translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff (Simon and Schuster, $3.00). With a flare of patriotism they could not confess, they came, patriarch, sons, daughters, grandchildren, and faithful employees, from the Alsace that had become German in 1871 to start again in the smoky little French manufacturing town of Vendeuvre. The very lives of that family were woven with the shuttles that made honest black cloth; set apart from the gossipy, waning town by their Jewish God, their cleverness, their own integrity, the Simlers lived for their family and their business, and knew scarcely which was which. In time of catastrophe they were capable of generosities such as their neighbors could hardly believe; but by the limits of their existence, created in part externally, but more truly by the fixedness of their own aims, they became spiritually inbred. 'In the beginning there was *Simler* — alone, like God,' said Ben, the cousin who broke away to America and came back to look with cool objectivity on the factory now beginning to lose step in industry's pace. 'And then *Simler* grew, and conscious of his solitude, like God, he created the *Company* as God created the world. Then, the *Company* also grew. And there happened to Simler what happens to all people who found businesses, the business devours the man, "and Co." is devouring *Simler*, and if you don't take great care there will be no *Simler* left.'

This book has been many years in the making. It was written before the war, the proof sheets of the first edition revised while the author lay wounded in a hospital, then fully revised and republished in 1925. It is a novel, well reasoned and carefully conceived.

In the trilogy completed in last fall's publication of *Ultima Thule*, there is a not dissimilar record of a book conceived and written through many years, and gaining belatedly the recognition of which adverse circumstance at first deprived it. Only now, with the re-issue of ***Australia Felix*** and ***The Way Home*** (W. W. Norton & Co., $2.50 each), can the American admirers of **Henry Handel Richardson** read the full epic of the lives of Richard and Mary Mahony. It is a grueling test of any book, — to have read first the final volume of quintessential tragedy, then go backward to the beginning, and only after many months pick up the middle link, — yet through all the thousand closely printed pages of the three books, read perforce in this garbled way, I found an increasing absorption in the fates of these people whom one gets to know far better than one's neighbors. Though its scene is the furthest removed from ours, — Australia in the days of the gold rush and later, — this trilogy is far closer to American sympathies than the Russia of Tsar Alexander III, or the rise of a Jewish industrialist in familiar France. In *Bystander* an old stable order is crumbling; in '*— and Company*' a new force is growing up invincibly through

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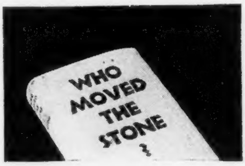

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the outgrown order about it; but in the trilogy starting with *Australia Felix* a new country is on the make, scrambling diverse races and traditions, snubbing over-sensitivity, rewarding boldness. The figures of Richard and Mary, whom the author follows through that colorful period, through their early poverty, their successes, their domestic happinesses and vexations and final catastrophe, are clear and poignant and wholly individual; their fate is tragedy too great to be gloomy, and I believe that their story, if tardily recognized, will not soon be forgotten.

MARY ROSS

Too rarely to please the publishers a manuscript comes to hand whose very warmth and personality stir the emotions in a way to make the most hardened reader clear his throat. Women are more often responsible for this literature of appeal. Such, for instance, was Cornelia Stratton Parker's memorial to her husband, published more than a decade ago under the title *An American Idyll*, and such, according to the advance notice, is Mary Vanamee's biography of her husband, killed in war.

Vanamee, by Mary Conger Vanamee

[Harcourt, Brace, $3.00]

IT is a great refreshment to turn to *Vanamee*, the life of a minister of Christ, written with a frank and touching charm by his wife. The Reverend Parker Vanamee died when quite young from a wound received in battle. At the beginning of the war his sympathies were on the side of the Germans, but gradually he came to feel that it was necessary for civilization that the Allies should win, and that he had a duty to perform in the premises. He sought no talking berth, would not even accept a chaplaincy, but went forth as a commissioned officer to do actual fighting, without hate, as best he could, for that which he deemed right. Mr. Vanamee in his boyhood and early manhood was apparently a hot-headed, impulsive sort of firebrand. He might easily have become a futile and disappointed individualist, at war with society and with himself. From this he was saved by his marriage. His wife with all delicacy has refrained from speaking of herself in this book except where such reference is absolutely necessary, and even in these instances she has been most modest. Possibly she does not herself realize how much it was she who made her husband that which he became. As one reads one can see, notwithstanding her self-effacement, how the love which these two had for one another civilized, stabilized, and Christianized the man, until he was a clear and unflaring torch for God. This appears clearly, and especially in his letters from the front. These, which are among the most worth-while war letters as yet published, make up over a third of the book. Mrs. Vanamee has given us not merely the life of a man, but also the story of a great and ennobling passion. For this reason her book is, at least to this reviewer, too beautiful, too sincerely lovely, for extended comment.

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

THOSE who are collecting war libraries will do well to build a new five-foot shelf: there is still a great deal that can and needs to be told. This season there are fewer war novels; the respite gives us a chance to catch up with the better narratives of 1929. I recommend the war stories of Edmund Blunden and Robert Graves, both of which, it seems to me, are more eloquent than the German version. Incidentally it is surprising to realize that, although the United States sent one million and a quarter men to France and had double that number in training, there were only some three hundred thousand readers (wives and sisters included) who bestirred themselves to buy so universal a book as *All Quiet on the Western Front*. These figures illustrate the indifference which is one of the chief reasons for our relatively small distribution of books. . . . This season, as I was saying, our war literature has passed from fiction to other considerations. There is, for instance, a book on the *Paris Gun;* there are two unsparing accounts of war nursing; and from Austria we have had the first farcical story of the private who was always out of luck. I am referring to *Schweik* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). We have as well two books on the international spies — *Mata Hari* by Major Thomas Coulson (Harper, $3.00), and *Espionage* by H. R. Berndorff (Appleton, $2.50). These volumes deal with much the same personalities — the famous spies, such as Mata Hari, Colonel Redl, the 'Lady Doctor,' and the many others who seem to have perambulated about Europe in a comic-opera fashion. Both books have their incredible passages, at least to this reader: for instance, in *Espionage* we are told that the British carrier-pigeons 'had tiny cameras . . . so light that they could be fastened to the birds' tails.' Reading this, all I could think of was a close-up of a barbed-wire fence. Even admitting the improbable, however, there is much that is exciting and most readable in these two books. Major Coulson does the better job, it seems to me. His portrait of the Red Dancer and of the spider webs which she built about her is restrained and free from the bias which one finds in the German's book. As for the lady herself, Mata Hari, she, like Cleopatra and Nell Gwynn, is one whom I feel cheated not to have known.

Edward Weeks

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1930

A THOUSAND TO ONE

BY CAPTAIN EMILIO LUSSU

I

On the afternoon of October 31, 1926, an attempt was made in Bologna against the life of Mussolini. A few hours later, throughout the whole of Italy, the Fascists started to sack the headquarters of anti-Fascist newspapers and associations and the private dwellings of opponents of the régime.

That day I was at Cagliari, in the island of Sardinia. In the morning I had pleaded before the jury the cause of a young man accused of murder at the Court of Assizes, and my client was acquitted. Before returning to the mountain village where he lived, he came to my house to thank me, accompanied by all his relations, who had come to Cagliari for the trial. On leaving, the eldest of them, an eighty-year-old patriarch, who was wearing the costume of the Sardinian mountaineers, — coat of black wool, white linen trousers, and tight black gaiters, — invoked, in Biblical phrases that I cannot recall without emotion, the blessing of Heaven upon me, the savior of his innocent son. The clock of a neighboring church struck half-past nine.

I had scarcely stepped out of my house when one of my friends appeared, breathless, to warn me that the Fascists were sounding their summons to battle. I locked my office and went out to see what was happening.

In the street another friend informed me that the news of an attempt against Mussolini had reached the Fascists and the Prefecture.

'I have been able secretly to obtain a copy of the telegram. The boy who fired at Mussolini at Bologna was lynched on the spot by the Fascists. Here they have been summoned for immediate reprisals. Your house and your life are in danger. Leave the town and hide yourself in some safe place.'

While he spoke, from all sides could be heard the bugles summoning the Fascists together in the different quarters of the city.

I returned home, and sent the servant away. My mother, fortunately, was at our country house, and I had only myself to think of. I went downstairs again, and met in the street other friends who had hurried to warn me that the Fascists were gathering at their headquarters, that motors were to be used as rapid means of transport, and that shouts of 'Death to Lussu!' were already to be heard.

I went to dine at a restaurant a few yards from my house. As I was eating, news reached me by degrees: the

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theatres, the cinemas, all public resorts had been closed; armed Fascist gangs were going about the streets; a punitive expedition against me was being organized at the Fascist headquarters; the leaders were exhorting the rank and file with inflammatory speeches; I was the appointed victim; in half an hour the work was to begin.

The waiter who attended me had served under me during the war. He had subsequently become a Fascist, but he could not forget his loyalty to his former officer. He was very much embarrassed that evening, and hardly dared to speak to me. Though he tried once or twice, I did not encourage him. Finally he said: 'Signor Capitano, I know what orders have been given. I beg of you not to return home; leave here at once. It will only be a matter of a few days. Then everything will be normal once more.'

'Do you think,' I asked him, 'that I am right or wrong?'

'You are right,' he replied, reddening, and mechanically standing at attention in the military manner.

'Then why should I beat a retreat?'

My question embarrassed him still more. He did not reply. As I went away I said to him, 'Why did you turn Fascist?'

'Things are so difficult. They made me many promises. . . . Who can live in opposition to the Fasci?'

'I live well enough,' I retorted, and left him. But I had not told the truth. I could not honestly say that I lived well.

In a moment I was at home again. I occupied an apartment on the first floor, of which five windows faced the square. Next to me, on the same floor, lived an associate judge of the Court of Appeal, Cavalier Tanchis. I went to his door and rang the bell, wishing to appeal to his conscience as a judge in order that, whatever happened, he should bear witness to the violence used against me. Although he was at home, he made no sign of life; he was terrorized. In the upper floors of the building everything was silent. The occupants had hastened to seek refuge elsewhere.

The square, which was the most central one in the city, was deserted; houses, shops, all were closed. From afar came the strains of the Fascist songs.

Then I prepared to defend myself. I had a sporting rifle and two army revolvers — munitions enough. Two war trophies in the form of weighted clubs, taken from the Austrians, hung upon the wall.

The memory of many others who, during the last six years, had had their houses sacked, their families dispersed, flashed into my mind; of those who had been killed, unarmed, in their homes, under the eyes of their helpless wives and children. I remembered, and seemed to see before me, poor Pilati, my comrade in the war, in which he was wounded, and subsequently my colleague in Parliament; he had been murdered in his bed beside his wife. And I was conscious of immense and tragic compassion for my country.

Two young friends ran up the stairs and announced to me that a large column of Fascists were marching toward my house and demanding to lynch me. When I told them that I did not intend to escape, they offered to help in my defense. I had to force them to leave.

Hardly had the heavy door giving on to the street closed behind them when I heard my name threateningly shouted from the advancing column.

'Now for it,' I said aloud. 'One must set an example.'

I half-closed the shutters and put out the light. I could thus see without being seen, and observe what was happening in the square, which was brilliantly lit.

In the street to the right of my house was the printing press of the Christian-Democratic newspaper, the *Corriere di Sardegna*. The Fascists invaded and sacked it.

Then it was the turn of the neighboring office of the lawyer Raffaele Angius.

Angius came of humble family. His parents had suffered the most heroic privations to maintain him at his studies. He had gone through the whole of the war, and had greatly distinguished himself. As a lawyer he had laboriously built up for himself an excellent reputation, and his family owed their present ease to his work.

Furniture, books, legal documents, all were thrown into the street and burned. In a few minutes the Fascists destroyed, that evening, the work of a lifetime.

During the following days the lawyer's clients, in despair, went to demand their scattered documents. Angius left Cagliari, and died a year later at Milan, leaving his aged parents in poverty. He was scarcely thirty-five years old.

These two preliminary feats having been successfully carried out, the column turned toward my house.

'Down with Lussu! Death to Lussu!'

II

The column was commanded by the lawyer Giovanni Cao, Count di San Marco, a member of Parliament, and leader of the local Fascists. He had been a fellow student of mine at the University, and my companion during the whole of the war; afterward he had been a member of my own political party, and as a lawyer had worked in my office; he had been among my most affectionate friends up to the time of the March on Rome. After the March on Rome, however, being unable to resist both threats and flattery, he became a Fascist. I had to request him to leave my office, since my position as an adversary of Fascism made it impossible for us to continue to work together. He never spoke to me again. Nevertheless I was surprised, that evening, to see him personally conducting the attack upon me.

I recognized others among the aggressors. One, a certain Baldussi, had become famous on account of other 'punitive expeditions.' He was known to me personally, for I had been his lawyer once when he was indicted as the author of a somewhat sensational theft. He appeared among the most eager against his former defender.

I was no less astonished at the presence of another, a man named Fois, from Cagliari. An organizer among the maritime workers, a syndicalist-anarchist, and violently anti-Fascist, he had been many times attacked and arrested by the Fascists. When the Fascists occupied the headquarters of his organization, he found it impossible to earn his living. He wanted to emigrate to France, and I gave him introductions to friends there, that he might find help and work. Before leaving he had come to my house to see me, and had talked with me at length of his difficulties and of his family, which consisted of a wife and three children, named Libertà, Spartaco, and Libero (Liberty, Spartacus, and Free). In despair at not finding work in France, he had returned to Cagliari and had joined the Fascio toward the end of September, thus being able to take over again the direction of his former organization, now become a Fascist one. He excused himself to his former comrades by adducing the necessity of supporting his children, but he let it be understood that his syndicalist-anarchist faith remained unshaken.

I still wonder why he too, that evening, was demanding my lynching. I know that he has since changed the names of his children. It is not wholly improbable that in the future, when times have changed, he will rechristen them with their original names.

Probably I should have been able to identify other old acquaintances of the same kind had I had time to do so. But the street door had been broken in, and the staircase was filled with a shouting crowd up to the door of my apartment.

I had made arrangements for defense in the belief that the door would immediately give way. Instead, it held. Warned by me that I was waiting, armed, within, the Fascists, after their first efforts to break it down, thought perhaps that there was no necessity for any excess of zeal.

The column in the square thereupon divided into three. One part remained to support those who had invaded the staircase; a second began to scale the five balconies facing the square; and the third went to the back of the building and endeavored to enter my apartment from a courtyard.

I had not foreseen such military strategy, and found myself in much embarrassment as to how to defend myself from three separate and simultaneous attacks. I was forced to go rapidly from one side to the other in order to be in time to confront the first to make a breach. I confess that I have found myself in more pleasant situations in the course of my life.

The yells in the square were demoniacal; the crowd was furiously inciting those who were making the assault upon the windows.

One balcony was reached. I fired at the first to appear, and the unfortunate man was precipitated to the ground.

Terror invaded the crowd. In a flash the square was deserted; not a soul remained on the staircase. Several times Count Cao attempted to reorganize the column and to lead it again to the attack, but in vain. My house was as though bewitched.

Half an hour later the police turned up, followed by the Carabineers in large numbers. They stood guard over my house. Finally the Chief of Police appeared, together with many commissioners and the Colonel of the Carabineers.

When my house had been surrounded and the whole square occupied in a military manner, the Fascists slowly reappeared, at first silently, by ones and twos, then yelling and shouting, in a crowd. They had recovered their courage. The police did not interfere with them.

There came a blow at my door.

'Open, Onorevole!' It was the voice of the Chief of Police. 'On my honor, on my family, on my children, I swear that I am here to defend you.'

The rest all echoed in chorus: 'Yes, we are all here to defend you!'

I explained to the Chief of Police, through the door, that I found myself in the unfortunate position of not being able to trust his word.

'If you wish to enter, do so. But I warn you that the light is out, and that my revolver is loaded. Enter only with your hands up.'

'Impossible! A chief of police cannot enter with his hands up!' The poor man groaned and sighed.

'Very well, then, send a commissioner.' And I suggested the name of one of those with him whose voice I had recognized.

'An excellent idea,' said the Chief of Police. 'Signor Commissario, you go.'

I opened the door and let the victim in; then shut it once more and turned on the light. The Commissario was holding his hands up, pale and upset. I put down my revolver and told him not to be afraid.

He explained to me that they were come to arrest me. They really did intend to protect me from the Fascists; as a proof he adduced the large number of Carabineers that surrounded my house. He convinced me of his sincerity. Shortly after, I opened the door to the Chief of Police also.

This gentleman, somewhat embarrassed, communicated to me the order for my arrest. I opened the Penal Code, and read to him the part concerning legitimate defense and a state of necessity. I told him that it was the duty of the authorities to imprison the attackers, not the attacked; the violent invaders of a private dwelling, not the citizen exercising a right sanctioned by the law. But the Chief of Police explained to me that he had a painful, a very painful, duty to fulfill — that of arresting me. At the same time he anxiously observed that I should do well to remove myself from the lighted window, right in front of which I was standing; some evilly disposed person might have a shot at me from the square, and the shot — though this he did not actually put into words — might make a mistake between myself and him.

Seeing that the penal law was no use, I appealed to constitutional law. I was a member of Parliament. Parliamentary immunity from arrest was laid down in the Statute, an immunity which members enjoyed while Parliament was in session. All in vain. The Chief of Police had a painful, a very painful, duty to perform.

I was handcuffed and conducted to prison by a squad of Carabineers.

The following day, acts of violence were continued in the city. All supporters of the opposition were arrested; Fascists sacked and destroyed their homes.

My house alone remained unscathed, protected by numerous cordons of Carabineers and even soldiers. This astonished me not a little. However, I understood the privileged treatment accorded me when I was reminded that my furniture and belongings were insured against damage committed for political reasons. The Insurance Society had lost no time in setting in motion all the authorities in order to avoid the looting of my home and the paying of the premium.

Those arrested remained only a few days in prison. On their liberation, the Chief of Police explained to them that he had deprived them of their freedom because their lives were in danger owing to excessive excitement on the part of the Fascists, and prison was the safest shelter for them. As a matter of fact, one of them, Dr. Sanna, had found a perfectly safe refuge for himself in the house of his mother-in-law, in a village one hundred and fifty miles from Cagliari, amid a devoted population that would have defended him from all aggression. The police considered this asylum insufficiently secure. They sent Carabineers and soldiers to arrest him, and brought him laden with chains to Cagliari. His father, years before, had been Undersecretary of State to the Ministry of Justice in a Democratic Cabinet, and this was a hereditary blemish to the discredit of the son.

The Government ordered that the funeral of the Fascist whom I had killed should be an imposing affair. All public employees, the pupils of the state schools, the Fascist Militia and members of all the provincial Fasci, representatives of the navy and the army, the entire magistrature, the prefect, and the general commanding the Sardinian Army Division were all present. The dead man was compared, in the official speeches, to the martyrs of the Risorgimento. The population kept away from the ceremony.

The dead man's family received the pension accorded to soldiers killed in war. At present a legion of Fascist Vanguards bears his name.

On the occasion of the opening of the juridical year, the Attorney-General for the province stigmatized, with inspired eloquence, 'the detestable crime committed by a politician against a young man full of love for his country,' and invoked exemplary justice on his behalf.

Count Cao di San Marco, leader of the punitive expedition against me, was shortly afterward nominated Undersecretary in the Ministry of Transport, as a reward for his good intentions in organizing the enterprise, if not for its success.

III

Throughout the first night that I spent in prison, and for many succeeding nights, the Fascists passed to and fro outside singing insulting songs about me. They had certainly regained their self-confidence.

In the cell next that which I occupied there was an old acquaintance of mine. A few months previously he had killed his young wife and had entrusted to me his defense, but he insisted on basing this on the plea that his wife had been unfaithful to him, which was untrue. He was a pathological case, in whose unbalanced brain jealousy had become a fixed idea, leading him to crime. Unable to endorse his line of defense, I refused to take his case, but he bore me no malice. It was he who, having been some time in prison and being acquainted with the habits of the place, informed the other prisoners of my arrival, by means of the mysterious systems which exist in prisons. The member of Parliament for Cagliari in prison! The prisoners were proud to be in such company. I had been the defender of many others among them — that is to say, for them I was the most outstanding personality in their world. What an undreamed-of surprise, to see one's own defending counsel ending in prison himself! Modesty apart, it was quite an historical event for the prisons of Cagliari.

The following morning, when I was taken to the open air for half an hour's exercise, I found my name written upon the walls together with good wishes toward me. One of these inscriptions read: 'Long live Lussu!' It was signed: 'The Amalgamated Society of Safe-Blowers'! This proof of popularity was most flattering to my vanity.

When I was once more in my cell, notes wrapped around pebbles were thrown with great skill through the bars of the window opening. They all said more or less the same thing: 'Courage. If you have need of anything, we are here. Burn this at once.'

The evening of November 1 the examining judge and the public prosecutor came to interrogate me. There were many expressions of grief at my situation. Both affirmed that it was a matter merely of formalities indispensable at this stage; the whole city had been a witness of the assault committed against me; my action had been legitimate; my liberation would be a question of a few days. Handshakes and renewed compliments.

I nominated as my defender a lawyer named Marcello, a personal friend of mine and a teacher at the University. The following day, the second of November, Marcello was arrested. It was not a safe time for lawyers.

To avoid further trouble for Professor Marcello, I entrusted my defense instead to a young friend of mine named Calabresi, who was getting his training in my office. At the moment he was in Rome, and I therefore believed him safe from local ill-feeling and reprisals. I was mistaken. On his return journey to Cagliari, my friend heard in time that the Fascists were awaiting him at the station, and in order to avoid arrest he turned back. His house in Cagliari was sacked. He had to remain for a long time in hiding, now in Rome and now in Sardinia.

My cell, which was on the ground floor and measured three metres by two, was very cold, and badly lit by a small barred window which gave on a courtyard. A table, a chair, a folding bed fixed to the wall, a straw mattress, and one or two other objects completed its equipment. When the door was opened, a strong draft was formed between it and the window, which during the winter was like an icy douche.

I was in the army during the whole of the war, and in the trenches I had ample opportunity for increasing my entomological knowledge. Nevertheless, a good many varieties of the insect race were as yet unknown to me. Those who do not specialize in natural science never come in contact with them. But they flourish in Italian prisons, and, although the Penal Code makes no reference to them, they constitute a very real augmentation to the prisoner's sufferings.

The prison rules allow those who are awaiting trial to obtain better cells upon payment. I applied for one, and my request was immediately attended to and complied with. On the door of my cell a placard was fixed bearing the words, 'Paying Room'; but the cell remained the same. In deference to truth, however, I must admit that when my cell was thus promoted to the dignity of a paying one a woolen mattress, a washstand, a jug of water, and a tumbler were added to it.

Living for a year under these conditions, I fell a victim to bronchitis and pleurisy, although I had been in the best of health at the time of my imprisonment.

IV

My case gave the local bench a great deal to do. Under Italian legal procedure, the inquiry into the facts of the case is made by an examining judge assisted by the public prosecutor. When the inquiry is finished, the Attorney-General for the province presents his conclusions — that is, proposes that the accused should be recognized as innocent or sent to public trial. A commission of three judges, called the Accusing Section, examines all the evidence and the proposal of the Attorney-General, and pronounces whether the accused is innocent or whether he is to stand trial by jury. In the latter case, the commission also formulates the charge to which the accused must reply. After this first sentence is passed, the public trial by jury takes place.

The inquiry into my case lasted till April 1927, — that is, five months, — as though it were not a question of a public incident all the details of which could have been ascertained in a few hours! Meanwhile I remained in prison.

When the inquiry was concluded, the Attorney-General requested the commission to impeach me on a charge of intentional manslaughter, a crime punishable under the Italian Penal Code by from eighteen to twenty years' imprisonment. He deposed that I had acted with brutal malice, having 'under the stress of ambition, and on seeing my hopes of political power shattered, basely committed murder.'

The indignation of all honest people in Sardinia was tremendous. The father of the man I had killed refused to appear at the trial, and sent a message to me in prison to say that he grieved not only at having lost a son in a criminal enterprise, but also to see that in the name of his family a great injustice was being committed against me.

In May 1927 the three judges of the Accusing Section pronounced sentence of acquittal for legitimate defense.

Before the sentence had been registered at the Chancery, and thus made effective, the Chief Justice in the province intervened to obtain its modification. One of the three judges refused to make any concession. The Chief Justice therefore, availing himself of a right accorded to him by law, himself took the place of this judge in the Accusing Section, and deposed that the sentence must be altered and that I must stand my trial according to the request of the Attorney-General. The other two judges resisted. After a fortnight of conflict, the two judges finally consented to modify the sentence, and decreed that I should be tried for 'excess of defense,' but they refused to alter the definition of the crime. 'Excess of defense' constitutes attenuating circumstance and diminishes the penalty by two thirds.

The Attorney-General was still dissatisfied. He appealed to the Court of Cassation, demanding that my sentence should be revoked and that I should appear before the Court of Assizes on a charge of intentional manslaughter. The Court of Cassation could not countenance such a flagrant act of injustice. It confined itself to annulling the sentence, and decreed that the case should come up again before the Court of Cagliari itself, to be reëxamined by other judges.

This persecution leveled at me was so outrageous that it is said an influential personage in the Fascist Militia, General Zirano, in speaking about it to the Duce, expressed the opinion that the scandal was too great, and damaging to Fascism itself.

I am told that the Duce replied that I should be judged by impartial judges outside Sardinia, at Chieti in Abruzzo, and the General was dismissed from his post.

Had I been brought to trial at the Court of Assizes of Chieti, I should certainly have been sentenced to the maximum penalty. The Fascist Government tries all the most scandalous cases at Chieti. The Fascists who murdered the member of Parliament Signor Matteotti in June 1924 were condemned to the minimum penalty by the jurors of Chieti in March 1926. The Fascists who, during the night of October 3, 1925, in Florence, shot and killed the lawyer Ernesto Consolo under the eyes of his wife and children, and the ex-member of Parliament Pilade Pilati, surprising him in bed beside his wife, were acquitted by the jurors of Chieti in May 1926.

My three new judges at Cagliari put up a really heroic resistance to the pressure brought to bear on them by the Chief Justice. They acquitted me for legitimate defense, drew up the sentence, and had it immediately registered at the Chancery before the Chief Justice had time to intervene, as he had done the first time.

This example of courage I record in honor of the Italian bench, while so many judges, especially in its higher ranks, and beginning with the President of the Supreme Court, have entirely submitted to the will of the political power.

V

As a result of my acquittal, I ought immediately to have been set at liberty. The order was, in fact, communicated to me in due course, but at the same time the prison authorities were ordered by the Prefect to keep me where I was, for political reasons which would be communicated to me at an opportune moment.

During these days I was suffering from a chronic high fever, and irritation of the bronchial tubes and the pleura obliged me to remain in bed. I was transferred from my cell to the infirmary, under increased supervision, for they were afraid that I should attempt to escape. They telephoned from the Prefecture even at night to make certain that I was still there.

After ten days I received a half sheet of typewritten paper, from which I learned that the Provincial Internment Commission had sentenced me to internment for five years, as a person 'dangerous to the régime, a confirmed adversary, and one harmful to public peace.' The Commission was careful to point out in a footnote that this decision had been taken by a unanimous vote — this unanimity being naturally of especial satisfaction to me!

I never had the pleasure of seeing my latest judges; I was never called to defend myself. They inflicted the maximum penalty upon me, and informed me of the fact by means of that half sheet of typewritten paper. That was all. The efficiency of the Fascist régime was undeniable.

There is such a commission in every province, which condemns the opponents of the dictatorship to the *confino* — that is, internment. Each commission is composed of five members: an attorney-general, an officer of the Carabineers, an officer of the Fascist Militia, the chief of police of the province, and the prefect, who presides. The political adversary is arrested, sent to prison, and kept there until the commission has decided his destiny — that is, until a piece of paper reaches him with the communication that he is to be set at liberty or sent to the confino.

The provincial internment commissions were originally set up on November 6, 1926, and I had been in prison since the end of October. Since the day on which the new law had come into force, I could not have committed any new misdemeanor, and was sentenced for activities which had taken place before the new law had been thought of. Not even a single day was allowed me in which to prove that I was not dangerous to the régime.

A police commissioner, who declared that he was sent by the Prefect himself, came to see me and told me with extreme courtesy that, in consideration of my state of health, I was to be allowed the exceptional privilege of choosing the place in which I wished to pass my five years of internment, provided that it was outside Sardinia. He spoke sincerely, and in perfect good faith. I realized it when, on leaving, he held out his hand and I did not give him mine; he was embarrassed, and reddened at the unexpected affront.

My medical certificates stated that sea air would be harmful to my health. Nevertheless, on the afternoon of November 16, 1927, the director of the prison informed me that I was to spend my five years of internment upon the island of Lipari, in the midst of sea air.

I was in bed with fever. The prison doctor declared it impossible to move me, and the prison regulations direct that if the doctor considers it harmful to a patient to move him, his removal must be postponed. During the whole evening, conversation on the telephone between the Prefecture and the prison authorities was continuous. The doctor was repeatedly pressed to change his opinion and not oppose my departure; the political authorities assumed the responsibility of any possible complications or consequences. One cannot deny that they had a certain courage. The doctor would not change his mind, however. Italy is full of these humble and unknown heroes who put their duty before all else.

At night another doctor came to see me, sent specially by the Prefect. He carefully examined my tongue four times, and treated with contempt the sister of charity who suggested an egg beaten up with Marsala for me. The following day, at twelve o'clock, I received the order to get up from my bed and to leave.

A closed motor awaited me in the prison yard. 'The Chief of Police,' said a police commissioner, 'has ordered that you should go to the port by car, and not in the prison van.'

I was moved by such kindness, and took my place between the Carabineers. The city was in a state of siege; I saw nothing during the drive of half a mile except Carabineers, police, and armed Fascist Militia. When we arrived at the port, the marshal of Carabineers, to whom the prison authorities had consigned my money and papers, paid for the motor at my expense. My gratitude for the kindness of the Chief of Police became somewhat modified.

The port was deserted and all traffic was suspended. Sentinels and patrols were everywhere to be seen. As I went down toward a police boat, there sailed swiftly in before the breeze a fishing boat, which passed in front of me at a distance of a few yards. A young and sun-bronzed fisherman recognized me and understood what was happening. Springing upright upon the prow, he cried: 'Viva Lussu! Long live Sardinia!' It was my island's farewell to me.

The patrols on the quay threw themselves upon the boat as it landed; I had barely time to see the fisherman surrounded by the armed throng and disappear.

Political prisoners travel as though they were common criminals. Handcuffed, without water to drink, foodless, they are conveyed in 'cell carriages' by trains that stop every evening at a station to allow the prisoners to be given food and to sleep in the 'transit prisons,' or else they are crowded in the hold of a steamer, beside the cattle.

In my state of health such a journey was literally impossible. They would have had to convey me on a stretcher. So I was permitted to travel second class, paying for my own ticket and for those of the Carabineers accompanying me.

VI

The journey from Cagliari to Trapani takes eighteen hours. The steamer was small, but the sea calm, and after a year in prison to find myself in the open air, on the sea, gave me a sense of exaltation. Exaltation and fever never left me.

From Trapani the same steamer took me to Palermo. The morning of November 18 we passed by the island of Ustica, where the worst and most incorrigible of the common criminals are interned. Among them there were at that time a large number of political prisoners. A few months before, one of them, Spartaco Stagnetti, had been killed by a common criminal, whom he had found in the act of stealing. General Bencivenga, who was General Cadorna's secretary during the war, and later, in 1925, was my colleague in the Chamber of Deputies and president of the Italian Press Association, was there until a few months ago; he is now on the island of Ponza.

We arrived at Palermo on the evening of the eighteenth. A police commissioner with his men awaited us, and he shouted with a voice which rivaled a megaphone: 'Where is the arrested deputy? Where is the arrested deputy?'

The people on the quay stopped. The spectacle of an arrested member of Parliament was one not to be seen every day.

'Where is he?' 'Which is he?' 'What has he done?' 'Is he the one from the bank?' 'He'll have put the money in some safe place.' 'What bank?' 'What money?' 'Who is he, then?'

'Political police!' shouted the commissioner.

The crowd became mute.

'We understand,' said a voice, lost in the throng.

I made my way through the respectful crowd. As the steamer, by reason of the rough weather encountered during the last hours of the journey, had arrived very late, the Carabineers conducted me straight to the railway station. I was thus spared the torment, of which all the interned speak with horror, of remaining for a certain time in the prison of Palermo, which is the most frightful of all the prisons in Italy.

I traveled by train from Palermo to Milazzo, where I arrived late at night. The prison was at some distance, and I should have had to reach it on foot; but I had a high fever, and obtained permission from the Carabineers to pass the night in one of the rooms at the station.

Some railwaymen were clearing up the room, which had just been used for a Dopolavoro (a kind of night school) ceremony. There had been a small party and a lecture. When I entered, the men were grumbling at having had to pay five lire a head for two bottles of syrup and a worthless lecture. All wore the Fascist badge, and gave the Carabineers the Roman salute.

I did not speak until one of them asked me who I was. When they knew my name, they gathered round me, prepared me a sofa with cushions to lie on, and offered me hot coffee. Then came confidences. Mussolini should disguise himself as a political prisoner in order to learn what his railway employees think of him personally and of his régime.

The next morning, with as much circumspection as if they were handing me a bomb, they offered me a small bunch of flowers.

I boarded the ship for Lipari. With me was being conducted a woman who had with her a baby two years old. She was worn out with suffering, but the baby was fat and rosy. The woman told me her story.

'I am the wife of Sergio di Modugno. He fled to France, because the Fascists never let him alone. He wanted me and the child to join him, and he went over and over again to the Italian consulate in Paris to ask for our passport. They put him off from one week to another; they kept him for hours at a time waiting for an answer, and then told him to return another day. This went on for six months, and finally he lost his head. He fired at the consul and killed him. I knew nothing of it. How should I know what my husband was doing in Paris? They arrested me with my child and are sending me to Lipari for five years. For a month I have been sent from one prison to another. Do you know anything of my husband?'

She continued to tell me of all that she had endured. Of what use to speak of it here?

At last we came to the Æolian Islands. There was Lipari, the queen of the archipelago. From a distance it is enchantingly beautiful. To the east, Stromboli, with its smoking volcano, stands out against Calabria, like a sentinel. To the southwest the little island of Vulcano guards the way to Milazzo.

Lipari appeared much larger than the other islands. The sun was shining upon a long line of mountains behind the little city by the sea.

I landed, handcuffed with a double chain.

'This is a place to get out of as soon as possible,' I thought as I stepped ashore.

It was my first thought. Other considerations came later.

(*In the July issue Captain Lussu will describe his escape*)

HOW NECESSARY IS ILLNESS?[1]

BY RALPH ARTHUR REYNOLDS

I

Frequently the statement is made that the science of medicine is progressing in this country by rapid strides. In a sense this statement is true. Research is adding every year to our fund of accurate knowledge and the standard of medical training has been raised to a high level. Yet to anyone interested in genuine public health service the question presents itself on every hand: Why is the American medical profession making so little progress in raising the level of health among our people? Especially does that question clamor for an answer when one observes the strides that are being made in certain European countries, where, in spite of straitened economic conditions, good health is being maintained to a remarkable degree.

What are our own most pressing health problems? No one who has had experience with doctors and hospitals can fail to be conscious of some of them. The man with the moderate income is now educated to the value of hospital care, of X-ray and other laboratory tests, but he finds their cost exorbitant. Specialization — necessary though it is in this day — too often degenerates into a system of handing patients around the group so that each may get his fee. 'Preventive medicine' is a term much used; yet very few physicians are giving active preventive service to their patients. Medical departments of industries are often so preoccupied with operations and the treatment of 'interesting cases' that they fail in the simple but most important everyday health service which, by making advice and first-aid treatment easily accessible and satisfactory, can ward off innumerable serious ailments.

These are some of the defects of our system of which we are all conscious. Other defects exist in fields related directly or indirectly to medicine. In the care of dependent children, for instance, and especially in the care of problem children and defectives, there is no coherent policy, and usually no effort is made to do more than clothe, house, and feed the children and give them a conventional education.

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[1] The editor will be glad to answer questions regarding the illuminating statistics on which this article is based.

Before we turn to the solution of some of these problems which is to be found in the new public health systems of Europe, let us consider for a moment the general status of health in the United States.

About two million people in this country are sick at all times with diseases largely preventable. We have 700,000 cases of malaria and tuberculosis annually, and there are among us about one million diabetics. Syphilis and gonorrhea remain fairly general, particularly in the rural districts, when they might be almost entirely banished by educational prophylaxis carried on among the younger generation by the family physician. Practitioners do not generally vaccinate families under their care against smallpox until urged to do so by health departments, and in every epidemic the health department must come forward and urge on the average practitioner in preventive work. In defense of the practitioner, it must be said that some of his lack of aggressiveness in this situation and the resulting 40,000 cases of smallpox in the United States every year must be blamed on the anti-vaccinationists and the public's disposition to listen to them. However, much responsibility lies with the medical profession.

For every ten thousand live children born in the United States, sixty-five women lose their lives from causes connected with childbirth. This rate placed us in 1927 twenty-first on the roster of nations collecting data on the subject. Since Chile improved her conditions, the United States is left at the bottom of the list. Further, even with the advantage of the Schick test and toxin-antitoxin, our statistics on the incidence of diphtheria place us low on the list of civilized nations in the prevention of this malady. Constitutional diseases, such as cancer, kidney trouble, and organic heart disease, are on the increase, the latter two being responsible for one third of all deaths. At a time, also, when 'nervousness' and incipient mental disease are on the increase, authorities agree that the average practitioner knows less on this subject than a well-informed social worker. Fifty to sixty per cent of our population have decayed teeth which could be repaired; 30 per cent have adenoids or diseased tonsils; 25 per cent have uncorrected defects of vision; there are 3,000,000 partially or wholly deaf children among us and 350,000 crippled with rickets, bone tuberculosis, and infantile paralysis. We have 100,000 drug addicts and 900,000 feeble-minded, imbeciles, and idiots.

The committee on the cost of medical care has recently reported that people are, on the average, disabled by illness at least once annually — men about once a year, women once or twice, and children twice every school year (180 days). According to this rate, there would be about 130 million cases of disabling illness in the United States each year. This committee concludes that 36 million wage-earners in the United States lose at least 250 million work days a year and 24 million school children lose 170 million days each school year. These figures take into account only half of the total population.

I dare say there are colleagues of mine in this country who could very convincingly place the blame for this admittedly shameful and disorganized state of affairs on other shoulders than those of the doctor. But the public looks upon these problems as medical, and looks to the doctor for their solution. The average man sees the mounting cost to him of illness and the occurrence year after year of preventable disease; he sees no reason why such conditions should be permitted in the most prosperous country on earth, which has more physicians per capita population (one to 800) than any other country in the world. He wonders how Austria, a country that was in a state of starvation and revolution in 1920, could so successfully reorganize its health programme that the infant mortality rate was reduced from 30 per cent in 1920 to 8 per cent in 1929. He investigates further and finds that Vienna has expressed its dissatisfaction with the medical profession's former lack of attention to preventive medicine by adopting a system of socialized medicine and has undertaken to carry active, not passive, public health to every man, woman, and child in the city. Vienna spends every year seven dollars per person on public health measures that directly concern the health of every person in the municipality. Compare this with the ninety cents per person that we spend in this country on preventive and educational health measures. The state health insurance system of Vienna brings 70 per cent of the population to the clinics and health centres, where frequent physical examinations and active health education are already making marked progress in the reduction of tuberculosis, venereal disease, and other common ailments.

II

What is Vienna's system, and what has it accomplished?

Vienna adopted in 1920 a Social Democratic form of government, having as its principal aim the betterment and reclamation of her laboring and dependent classes. The first step was the establishment of a municipal welfare office under the direction of Professor Julius Tandler, professor of anatomy in the University of Vienna. The policy of this office is to give aid to all those in need with as little red tape as possible. Anyone obviously requiring assistance can obtain that assistance promptly. Another policy is that of thoroughness. In every case in which aid is rendered, the cause for the need is, if possible, discovered, and when individual need discloses poor conditions in the whole family a corresponding extension of assistance is made available.

Each of Vienna's twenty-one districts has its own child welfare office, supervised by the central welfare office, which directs the work also of the relief institutes and the bureau of public health. The district child welfare offices deal with children from the pre-natal stage to the age of fourteen. In exceptional cases the supervision is extended to the age of eighteen. Under state health insurance, every mother is entitled to a maintenance allowance which gives her care for six weeks before and six weeks after the birth of her child. Active health propaganda is influencing increasingly large numbers to come to the health centres in the early months of pregnancy for complete examination and for treatment in case of syphilis. In the fourth month of pregnancy, mothers are advised to consult the mothers' advice bureau, where blood tests are made. When the blood is found to be positive for syphilis, the patient is placed under treatment at once to prevent the child from being affected. If the mother applies before the fourth month, and the blood test shows she is free from syphilis, she receives a statement to that effect; if affected, she is given a document entitling her to free treatment. If after the child is born the mother applies at the welfare centre with the document she received when examined, she receives a sum of seven dollars, and the child is kept under observation. Thus the occurrence of congenital syphilis is being noticeably reduced.

The city of Vienna has knowledge of the birth of every child within the municipality and ascertains that each is well cared for. The welfare worker, a civil servant, is responsible for seeing that every child in his district is properly housed, clothed, and fed. In spite of the low wages and poverty, the Viennese children show an excellent average of health. Infant mortality, as has been stated, has been reduced to 8 per cent, a rate noticeably lower than our own. Every child is vaccinated against smallpox and is given toxin-antitoxin for prevention of diphtheria. The city provides 20,000 dinners daily for school children, and 35,000 underweight children are sent away each summer for a five or six weeks' vacation. The municipality also cares for 8000 children of pre-school age in its day nurseries and kindergartens.

If a child is left an orphan, or if his parents are unable to provide him a home, or if for any reason his home is judged unfit for him to live in, he is placed under the supervision of a bureau referred to as the central reception office. In this group of children one finds, besides the true orphans, deserted and illegitimate children, perverted children, and problem children of many kinds, but none obviously feeble-minded, insane, or with an obvious bodily ailment. These latter types are taken over directly by suitable institutions. For six weeks every child entering such an institution is kept there under observation, the first three weeks in isolation, so as to detect and prevent the spread of any possible contagious disease. He lives in pleasant, sunny quarters with special opportunity for play. During the six weeks' period the following routine measures are taken: vaccination against smallpox, diphtheria toxin-antitoxin injections, Pirquet skin test for tuberculosis, tonsillectomy, circumcision in the case of boys, treatment of vaginitis in girls when indicated, and a thorough general physical and mental examination for all. This general examination includes careful investigation of the state of the child's endocrine glands, since disturbances in the functioning of these glands is so often related to instability.

By the end of the six weeks' period, the child has been classified both physically and mentally. He has been surrounded by a variety of opportunities in work and play and has been under constant observation, so that his mental reactions and natural tendencies and aptitudes have been carefully recorded. Whatever intermediate stages he may go through in case physical ailments need to be treated, his personal and mental classification is never lost sight of, the aim being to place him as soon as possible in a home or institution best suited to his type. In general, the children who show poor aptitude for abstract mental work and who are classified as 'dull normals' are placed in vocational schools and are taught trades such as carpentry, plumbing, and machine-shop work. These children show special aptitude for work that they can perform with their hands.

In addition to these special institutions Vienna has a welfare department for small children not in need of direct pecuniary assistance. These are children of parents who must both work during the day, and who consequently cannot care personally for their children. To meet this need the municipality has day nurseries where the children may remain from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M. The children are not only cared for, but are given kindergarten work, are fed, bathed, and given rest and sleep periods. They are examined carefully to determine any mental or physical defects, which, if found, are corrected.

These day nurseries are, for the most part, situated in Vienna's new workers' apartment houses. The city of Vienna has approximately 50,000 families in these model homes. One building is now under construction which will house 2000 families. Every apartment has hot and cold running water, gas, and electricity, and either faces the street — and frequently parks and playgrounds beyond — or faces a large court which usually contains a garden. Each apartment house has a system of daily collection of garbage and a community laundry in the basement. Workers' stores, libraries, lecture halls, moving-picture rooms, and schools are included in the larger houses. Generally these buildings are erected in the vicinity of the industry where the workers are employed, in order to reduce the time required in going to and coming from work. It is the policy of the city to build them outright with money derived from taxation, while the worker is expected to pay only enough rent to maintain cost of upkeep and depreciation. This, as a rule, amounts to about one American dollar per room per month. By thus housing her labor population in clean, sunny, and hygienic surroundings Vienna is preventing many diseases that invariably accompany overcrowding, filth, impure air, and lack of sunshine.

III

These, briefly, are a few of the ways in which Vienna is solving her physical and mental health problems. The American public, learning of this comprehensive programme that is highly developed and successful in Vienna, a city economically depressed, wonders why our own prosperous communities should lag so far behind.

Compare, for instance, Vienna's system with ours in the care of dependent children. Our public has given and does give generously to care for its homeless and needy. The United States has more than 10,000 institutions devoted to this work under the various welfare and charitable organizations. Actual space and routine care for homeless children are not lacking, but where is there any intelligently formulated system like that in Vienna? With certain exceptions, children in this country are received into institutions with very little thought as to their classification, segregation, and special training. In every institution one can find all degrees of mentality and many problem types. Hardly any of these children are given vocational training. There is very little effort made to segregate certain types into institutions specially suited to them, where they could be fitted for life and where psychiatrists might study them. Medical attention consists mainly of treatment in case of actual illness, and the medical attendants are contributing little to the development of a comprehensive and progressive system in the care of such children. I mention this because it is a field, I believe, closely bound up with the work of public health and preventive medicine, and is one in which our doctors should be taking a more active part.

One important problem of which our public is bearing the brunt is that of the distribution of physicians. There is a growing tendency among doctors to abandon the rural districts and flock to the cities. The recent graduates do not go to the country. They remain in the city and specialize. As a result, not only are many rural districts lacking in efficient medical service, but some have actually no medical service at all. Statistics for 1923 showed that in Vermont 102 towns contained no physicians; in one county in rural Virginia the proportion of physicians to population was one to 3370; in New Mexico there was one to 2000; one county in Montana offered a bonus of a hundred dollars monthly to a physician who would settle there. From Mississippi death reports frequently come with the notation, 'No attending physician.'

Our distribution of hospitals is just as inadequate. To be adequately equipped a community should, generally speaking, have one hospital bed to every 150 persons. While we had, in 1927, one bed to every 175 persons in New York State and the District of Columbia, there was in Mississippi one to 1054, in Oklahoma one to 980, and in Georgia one to 897 — again evidence of faulty distribution.

IV

How have other countries solved this problem? Perhaps in no other civilized country has the problem been so staggering as in Russia. Yet Russia seems well on the way to solving it successfully. Let us consider for a moment how the Soviet Government is meeting this and other health problems which still confront us unsolved. In 1913 there were only 12,677 doctors in all of Russia, or one to every 12,500 people. Of these, 8900, or 71 per cent, lived in the cities, leaving an average ratio of one doctor to every 20,300 peasants. The peasants comprised about 80 per cent of the population. The death rate in this year (the last year when the old régime was in full force) was, for all ages throughout Russia, 27.3 per thousand. The infant death rate was 35 per hundred, as against Norway's 6.5.

Russia in 1913 was a country in which the medical profession was organized on much the same basis as in our own country, particularly as regards irregular distribution and lack of preventive medicine. When the revolution of 1917 ushered in the Communist régime, the new government assumed complete control of medicine and public health. Disease was regarded, not as a person's private affair to be indulged in as he saw fit, but as harmful, not only to the person suffering from it, but also to the State of which he was an economic and social unit. The shifting of emphasis, therefore, was definitely from curative to preventive medicine. The doctors, feldshers, nurses, and pharmacists became civil servants, and all hospitals, sanatoria, and drug stores became state institutions. One of the first problems was that of equalizing the distribution of medical service. It was done in this way: The Soviet Government now supports 97 per cent of all medical students through medical school, the support extending even to spending money. As soon as medical students graduate, they are sent to the rural districts, each to give three years' service wherever he is sent. This compulsory three-year period of medical service among the peasants is considered just payment for the support and training that he has received through aid extended by the government. The number of doctors in all of Russia in 1928 was 44,800, nearly four times as many as in 1913. The average ratio in the peasant districts was one to every 14,000, instead of one to 20,300, as in 1913.

Whereas most of our cities have several hospitals, each receiving all types of cases and thereby duplicating equipment and personnel, Russia's system is to establish specialized institutes, such as tuberculosis, neurological, occupational-disease, and endocrinological institutes. In this manner, not only are great savings effected, but better methods of study for physicians are afforded.

Russia has day nurseries and kindergartens to care for children of parents who are both engaged as wage-earners. Parents leaving children at home uncared for are severely penalized. In the day nurseries, the children are cared for from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M. Full-time physicians and nurses are on hand who examine the children from every conceivable standpoint. Heart and lung examinations, Schick tests and toxin-antitoxin for diphtheria are given. Height and weight charts of each child are made, the use of the toothbrush is taught, and defective teeth are repaired. In short, the State welcomes this opportunity to come in contact with the child, for it feels that the time and money thus expended are good investments in the future manhood and womanhood of Russia.

Russia has carried active public health to the worker by means of institutions that, so far as I know, are entirely new and unique. I refer to the laborers' night sanatoria. The workers who are not sick enough to stop work, but who need special food and good sleeping conditions, are admitted to these sanatoria. When they leave work in the evening they come to the institutions, are given a bath, and lie down from 6 to 7.30 P.M. They then have dinner and go to bed until 9 P.M., when they have tea, followed by light calisthenics, and retire for the night not later than 10 P.M. In the morning they go to work as usual. These sanatoria undoubtedly reclaim most of the incipient cases of stomach ulcer, tuberculosis, and other chronic illnesses that later constitute a large item in the expense of any industrial concern.

Russia has attacked the problem of high infant and maternity mortality rate and has made notable progress in its reduction. In order to combat the forces responsible for the mortality of mothers and infants, there was organized in Moscow in 1918 the health protection institute. Under the leadership of Dr. Lebedev, a woman physician, the infant death rate over the whole of Russia has been lowered from 35 per cent before the war to 19 per cent at the present time. This has been accomplished by means of day nurseries for factories, by a system of pre- and post-natal work (whereby the mother is supported by the State for two months before and two months after the birth of her child), and by the systematic teaching of infant and child hygiene in city and village clinics. In the health protection institute itself are model beds, model rooms for mother and infant, wax specimens illustrating disease processes, posters showing which types of work are dangerous for pregnant women, and charts and pictures teaching proper methods of child feeding and child care. The institute in Moscow is visited by about 20,000 workers annually, of whom 65 per cent are women. Similar institutes are established in most of the large cities and industrial centres throughout Russia.

In conjunction with the health protection institute and its various branches, there are established museums for social insurance and labor protection. Here the laborers can learn in simple graphic form the elements of anatomy and physiology, of hygiene and sanitation. They are also informed regarding the requirements of health in working conditions and the dangers attached to certain forms of occupation. One may see in these museums every day literally hundreds of workers from factories, students from schools, and Red Army soldiers who have come in organized groups to study.

Russia is dealing comprehensively with the problems of venereal disease, of the prostitute, and of abortions. In Russia a trained commission acts as adviser for every woman applying for an abortion. If she is judged physically able to bear her child, she has presented to her every reason for bearing it and is given information in regard to the care and support of mothers before and after childbirth which the government gives free to all women who need it. About 25 per cent of all women so approached decide to have their babies. The other 75 per cent are allowed abortions, performed scientifically under hygienic conditions, without cost. The record of the number of abortions performed in Russia compares not unfavorably with the estimated records in other countries, and, because of the scientific methods used, the unfavorable results are reduced to a minimum and the abortion quack has gone out of existence.

In the large cities are venerealogical institutes where patients may go for scientific treatment and where extensive research work is constantly going on regarding questions of immunity and improved methods of treatment. In the institute in Moscow under the direction of Professor Efron more than 60,000 patients are treated annually, and fifty physicians from the farm provinces are there constantly studying modern methods of treatment so that they may return to their own communities and carry on their work more scientifically. Besides these visiting physicians, more than 150 physicians are there in regular attendance, devoting their full time to work in the institute. In addition to the actual work of treating the patients, these physicians carry on an intensive campaign of education and follow-up work among the patients and their families by means of posters, lectures, and motion-picture films that have a nation-wide distribution.

So many prostitutes came to these institutes for treatment that it soon became apparent that some programme of reclamation of these unfortunate girls was necessary. There were accordingly organized vocational homes for prostitutes. At the present time there are five in Moscow, two in Leningrad, and others are being organized in Odessa, Kiev, Stalingrad, and other cities. The girls received into the homes remain for from six to eighteen months. They are taught vocational work, most often the trades, such as stocking weaving and dressmaking. The illiterate are taught to read and write; the more intelligent are allowed to study art, music, science, and other more abstract work. At the end of their training they are given work, usually in factories, and they go back to society with no stigma attached to them. The statistics after three years of such a policy show that 40 per cent return to prostitution, while 60 per cent remain reclaimed.

V

The question naturally arises whether a system of complete socialization of medicine such as Russia's, which makes health opportunities equal among all classes, is the most desirable plan. Let us see, specifically, mass medicine at work. The railway workers' clinic in Moscow is designed to serve the clinic needs of 100,000 railway workers and their families, — in all about one half million men, women, and children, — the workers being employed by four different railway systems which have station terminals and other facilities in Moscow. This clinic is subsidized by the social insurance fund and employs 143 full-time physicians, and 40 more attend to necessary calls in the homes of patients out of clinic hours. The average number of patients treated daily in the clinic is about 3500. Each physician must see a certain number of patients daily — for instance, each internist must see 35 patients, each pediatrician 28, each neurologist 30, each ophthalmologist 40, each dentist 18, each surgeon 45, and each ear, nose, and throat specialist 40. In addition to the physicians on the staff, there are 157 other full-time employees, including nurses, clerks, orderlies, janitors, and other attendants. There are 18 dental chairs occupied constantly, and the department of dentistry makes and distributes 30,000 sets of artificial teeth annually. There are also departments for making artificial limbs, body braces, spectacles, and crutches, and for issuing free medicines, bandages, and similar supplies. The physicians are paid a salary by the company out of the social insurance fund, which, of course, is a fund of the State. They devote their full time to the work, which requires about six hours daily actually at work in the clinic. The rest of his time the doctor has free to spend as he chooses. Large clinics, such as the railway workers' clinic, publish medical journals of their own, and every month various phases of the work are described.

These are only a few examples of the methods that I saw first-hand last year in Europe — methods that are successfully solving the very problems that we are discussing with increasing fervor here. These countries, as I have stated, are solving their problems by one or another system of socialized medicine. Regardless of what system we apply to our own problems, our public is beginning to demand that in some way we produce similar effective results in the field of public health. The time is at hand when the medical profession must, of its own accord, shift the emphasis from private practice and curative medicine to preventive medicine and active public health. We shall have to carry adequate medical and hospital service to our rural communities; we shall have to stabilize our fees; we shall have to give, above all, service which convinces the public of its thoroughness and sincerity — otherwise an unwelcome radical system will be forced upon us. The physician of the future will be not only a minister to the sick, but also a teacher of health. Health service for all will be the rule, prevention the watchword.

HUMANISM—ATTITUDE OR CREDO?

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

I

HUMANISM until recently has been regarded as an attitude too vague to invite definition. Those men of the Renaissance who first bore the name had at best a rather loose community of ideals. All expected to find spiritual nurture in the great examples of classical antiquity. They read the Greek and Roman historians and poets that they themselves might live more largely. But this reference to classical antiquity is weak in as notable a humanist as Leonardo da Vinci, whose interests were chiefly scientific.

The first humanists all sought a rich personal culture, a self-fulfillment not too much hampered by social, political, or ecclesiastical authority; but they made very different uses of their culture. Some, like Sir Thomas More, Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, Lorenzo the Magnificent, applied it to public affairs. Others, like Petrarch and Erasmus, viewed the world from afar as secluded men of letters and detached critics. Some, like the tender-minded neo-Platonist Pico della Mirandola, lived on ideal heights of intuition; others, like Machiavelli, whom I think the humanist must, however reluctantly, accept as a fellow, made tough-minded diagnoses of the behavior of men as individuals or in nations. Most of them were in their own fashion religious, but their faith ran from the mystic faith of a Marsilio Ficino and the hearty piety of a Colet to the decent conformity of the skeptic Montaigne, the thin if lofty Deism of Leonardo da Vinci.

If it is difficult to find a governing idea that reasonably covers the historic group, it is as hard to find a common practice. They were chaste or lewd, contentious or serenely peaceful, self-seeking or magnanimous — it all depended. If there be a common attitude, it is this: they were all what we should call to-day practical psychologists, keenly interested in man's motives and behavior, upholders of the dignity of life on the mundane level, free and audacious analysts in disregard of mediæval limitations and proscriptions. They hoped to attain a good life by the study of man past and present. One would like to assert a common bond of tolerance, but, while a few were beautifully tolerant, many were of a bitterness of opinion that would justify our adding to the scholastic and philological hates also the *odium humanisticum*.

In short, for humanism as a historic fact only the loosest definition will serve at all. We might say that the humanistic attitude was to seek a fine worldly wisdom through direct study of man in thought and action, such study being powerfully reënforced from those precedents of great living contained in the literature of Greece and Rome — a fresh research balanced and somewhat directed and measured by a great tradition. I can find no stricter formula that seems to meet the case. The attitude adumbrated above seems compatible with many other attitudes, indeed with almost any attitude that is not dogmatic or fanatical, or life-denying. For example, to-day one might be an agnostic humanist, a Catholic humanist; a royalist humanist, a socialist humanist; a utilitarian humanist, an idealist humanist; conceivably a Mormon humanist or a liberal hard-shell Baptist humanist. That is, a quest of a fine worldly wisdom nurtured by tradition might in theory be compatible with any of these policies, philosophies, or faiths. Nor does this divest the notion of humanism of any real meaning if the main thing be the attitude, for the humanistic attitude may be after all simply a leaven which is potent in the most various materials. We do not deny the identity of yeast because it may work in bread, cake, or home-brew.

While the notion, and I think the word 'humanism,' hardly survived the third generation from Poliziano, the cast of mind having become widespread and of no news value, whenever the word was used until the present century it meant what I have tried to sketch above — the attitude of a cultured, curious person versed in humane letters and tolerantly studious of his fellow men. One may say that both the word and the attitude had a tendency to flatten out in the last century. Thoughtful people began to find greater hope in a more or less automatic progress based rather on science and invention than on scrutiny of human behavior; politically the interest was shifted from the man and the citizen to schemes and forms of government, to which it was assumed man would adapt himself, and even where study of the moral individual was still pursued, the quest was no longer helped by rich parallelisms from the funded experience of the race. Indeed, the mass of tradition tended to shrink. Very few knew it; fewer thought it of any practical avail. The word 'humanist' even went into a kind of confusion and disrepute. If you had called a man a humanist in the so-called 'naughty nineties,' at least half your hearers would have supposed that he was a Y. M. C. A. secretary, a social worker, or a prison reformer.

So, early in this century, Irving Babbitt found the word 'humanism' in the gutter, took it up, cleaned it, burnished it, defined it, and equipped it with a clear and simple set of principles which he has preached from his professor's chair and from his books with a rare conviction and eloquence. For this act of salvage and rehabilitation he has been highly praised and even more extravagantly abused. Since he needs no praise of mine and is very able to bear abuse, I appear neither as his defender nor as prosecutor, but merely as a humanist in the ranks seeking the likenesses and differences between the old humanism and the new, and weighing the values involved.

II

The common objections to Irving Babbitt and his teaching fall into three singularly scholastic categories—namely, lexicographical, historical, and moral. The lexicographical objection is that Babbitt has taken a good word and slyly given it a new meaning which is helpful to his propaganda. Such an objection is hardly serious. We do not chide the Salvation Army for using the word 'army' in an unusual sense, nor an Atlantic passenger for 'sailing' in an electric-driven liner. Words have their fates, and it may seem lucky for the word 'humanism' that, falling into Mr. Babbitt's hands, it came to have a meaning again.

More serious is the historic objection: Mr. Babbitt has affixed to the word a definition and a doctrine of which the historic humanists were not aware and to which they would not have assented. With such tender chivalry toward the historic humanists it is hard for one of their admirers and distant emulators to cavil. But since the old humanists did not ordinarily speak, think, or write of themselves as such, — it was their friends and foes who thus dubbed them, — it is hard to see that they suffer from having a label they never adopted shined up and perhaps slightly twisted and modernized by Mr. Babbitt. Nor again is the objection that the old humanists would have disowned the new humanism as defined by Mr. Babbitt really as weighty as it seems. He is not making an interpretation of the humanism of the Renaissance, but framing a set of principles for the humanism of the twentieth century. So it is really the coherence and value of the definitions and the few doctrines of Mr. Babbitt to-day that need consideration, and not their relevance to the undoctrinal historic phenomenon called humanism.

But I am again willing to meet a caviler on an historic issue on his own grounds by insisting that, while perhaps none of the old humanists consciously worked on such principles as Irving Babbitt's, none would have objected to them, none of those principles being in any way antipathetic to that Renaissance attitude which we loosely call humanistic.

To make good this assertion, I must restate Mr. Babbitt's position, and since it has never hardened into anything like a code, but consists in a few principles, this can be briefly done. The prime articles of faith are man's free will and his intuition of a higher and lower self. These are postulated, not proved; indeed, they probably do not admit of proof, being, like consciousness itself, immediate data of experience. The humanist technique is self-examination, self-knowledge, self-control, emerging in conduct as moderation and a quest of the golden mean. As ethics this is Confucianism, and equally Aristotelianism. One attains the golden mean chiefly through avoiding excesses of whatever sort. Hence the 'inner check' (*frein vital*) is the indispensable monitor of all good living. There is a law for man and a law for things. The law for things is change and expansion; the law for man is centrality and a balanced character. One must work within wisely established limits, imposed by the higher self for the end of happiness. Such, roughly, is the teaching that for a quarter of a century Mr. Babbitt and his friend Paul Elmer More have reiterated with every resource of eloquent dialectic and with the widest enrichment of illustration from letters and from life.

The counsel, 'Be wise, be moderate,' is the most compact form of credo. It is in no sense a code. Merely to cite it is to rebuke those unreflecting critics who have attacked Mr. Babbitt's humanism as 'legalistic.' Let us recall that Mr. Babbitt has been as roundly blamed by religiously-minded critics for failing to provide a technique, with humanistic equivalents of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount — that is, for failing to be legalistic. He has been sagacious, I feel, to stand on essential principles and leave their interpretation and application to individual discretion.

Now if I have learned anything whatever about the humanists of the Renaissance, and I have studied them off and on for thirty-five years, there is nothing in Mr. Babbitt's principles to which they would not have subscribed. Rather few of them, perhaps, trod the golden *via media*, but from the magnanimous Sir Thomas More, through the shrinking ironical Erasmus, to the boisterous and vicious Aretino and the subtle skeptic Montaigne, there is no humanist who would not have approved, in principle, Mr. Babbitt's credo. Did time and space permit, they could all be quoted in favor of the temperate life. That many of them actually lived inordinately has nothing to do with the case.

III

All this is secondary to the larger issue: Is the new humanism a real philosophy in the Greek sense of being a guide of life? Can one live by it? Or is it still, as it apparently used to be, merely a partial attitude needing the prop and aid of other more essential attitudes, say religious? Into this fundamental problem I cannot burrow deeply in a short essay, but I hope to touch at a few points the relation of humanism to religion, a relation obviously important to both. But before undertaking the main theme let me say that, despite the unintelligent cry of 'legalism,' it is no disadvantage for a sound attitude to find a credo. Indeed, if the credo be valid and appealing, it will in turn cause and enhance the attitude. I fancy that such ideals and words as courage, magnanimity, and truthfulness are really more efficacious in bringing any youth to take the attitude of a gentleman than is just the bare idea of being a gentleman. Far from compromising the future of humanism as an attitude, Mr. Babbitt's brief credo should aid it, and it will really be displeasing only to such as object to putting behind the attitude any idea whatever. It would be hard indeed to show that in reformulating the old ideal of moderation Mr. Babbitt has either misrepresented the old humanism or done a disservice to the new.

The tempest of dispraise now whirling about Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More may be brought down to the following objections: (1) They have applied moral canons too strictly to literature. (2) They have badly minimized the importance of science and invention. (3) Here the criticism falls to Mr. Babbitt alone, since Mr. More has dug himself in at Chalcedon — that humanism is impotent without the aid of religion. My position as an eager camp follower of humanism becomes a somewhat delicate one, for I sympathize with some of those objections, while Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More are my dear friends. It is in the assurance of their generous sympathy that I seek to clear up misunderstandings without emphasizing minor differences of opinion.

Through the chance that both Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More were professional students of the history of literature and accomplished critics, they have conducted their campaign in morals largely with reference to great writers. Occasionally, when they discuss a poet, for example, they appraise his moral tendency or his moral professions somewhat at the expense of his entire literary accomplishment. This has through the whole fight given an unfortunate impression of narrowness in literary judgment, which has unfairly prejudiced the whole moral case. The golden mean has appeared not so much a straight and narrow path toward virtue as, condoning the metaphor, a bludgeon wherewithal to beat up such naughty poets as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. To feel this about the criticism of Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More is to have read them carelessly. They make their provisos, but the misunderstanding persists; and where a misunderstanding lasts through twenty-five years and many explanations and disclaimers some responsibility presumably attaches to the person or persons misunderstood.

I feel sure that neither of my friends would want the *frein vital* to work in the realm of theory and imagination as promptly and as sharply as it should in the realm of practice. I am sure that neither would deny a wide poetic license, that both would admit in the field of literary invention and theory a broad and audacious experimentation with final principles. But to the careless reader these critics seem often to equate the practical and theoretical faculty, submitting both to equal checks, restraints, and circumscriptions. Such an exaggeration of emphasis on their part and a misapprehension of its importance on the part of the reader have alienated on tactical grounds many who would naturally have agreed with Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More in principle. There is always a disadvantage in presenting any well-loved great writer primarily as a demoralizing influence. Great writers are so rare that we must take all the risks of them. Mr. More is entirely aware of the situation, and has recently told me that he would now rewrite his essay on Wordsworth with a somewhat different emphasis. These exceptions have already been taken with much overemphasis by an able antagonist of the new humanism, Mary Colum. I think the proper course for the new humanism is to admit the none-too-soft impeachment and, for the future, conduct what is essentially a campaign in morals in its proper field.

Obviously Mr. Babbitt's and Mr. More's occasionally too stepmotherly attitude toward the great romantic authors does not really vitiate their humanistic teaching, but it does somewhat impair confidence in their judgment generally, and to that extent it weakens the effect of their aggressive in the field of morals. Since I agree heartily with their ethical position, I feel free to note what seem to me infelicities in tactics. An effective humanist must be nothing if not a sure and delicate tactician. He needs more than most men to double his principles with the wisdom of the serpent.

Something less than this wisdom has been shown in the recent symposium, *Humanism and America*, in the constant disparagement of what are vaguely called 'the pretensions of science,' meaning rather the illusions of the laity concerning science. By the eternal truism that, while science and invention multiply our facilities for action, neither is able to give us these values which should guide our actions, the humanist must firmly stand. Science as such has never made such a claim, and never will, but scientists now and then have traded on their professional authority to pontificate in the field of morals. Of course no humanist would bar the field of morals to the scientist, who is after all a man, and as much concerned with morals as the rest of mankind. All that the humanist really needs to maintain is that qua scientist the scientist has no prerogative whatever as a moralist. His standing is simply that of any other man of equal experience and competence. This, I think, will be generally admitted, and no offense taken.

IV

Several critics of humanism, Dr. Canby in particular, urge something like an *entente cordiale* between it and science. This proposal seems to me to evince confused thinking; indeed, where it applies at all it applies not to science but to its application in invention. The humanist's *frein vital* might conceivably forbid an invention providing a poison gas that would annihilate a city, an aeroplane which would go a thousand miles an hour, a regimen which would extend human life to five hundred years. But the *frein vital* would evidently have no jurisdiction over the scientific hypotheses that made such inventions possible.

The reciprocal relations between science and humanism may be about this. Since the scientist is as much concerned with the good life as anybody else, so far as humanism furthers the good life the scientist has a stake in it like the next man; the stake of the humanist in science is less direct and is really concerned with invention. Since humanism is an ethics and morality, — a way of living, — there might be a very good humanist who disinterested himself in science completely. He would act the same whether he regarded the atom as a very small pill or as a miniature whirling solar system, but he could not disinterest himself in invention. It would be constantly offering him new possibilities of action, to that extent complicating and confusing his field of choice — possibilities silently but effectually demanding his acceptance and putting increasing burdens upon his *frein vital.* Indeed the humanist's plight before invention is every man's plight, only he is supposed to have a superior method of dealing with the situation.

I have said there might be a good humanist who disregarded science, but his would hardly be a socially effective or successfully militant humanism. For contemporary society is largely, perhaps chiefly, shaped by science and invention. Badly shaped, perhaps, but the humanist who aspires to mend matters must first study and understand the case as it is. Misinterpretation of science and misuse of invention are indeed the most prevalent and formidable allies of amoralism and immorality. But it gets the humanist nowhere to attack science and invention. The true objective of attack is the erroneous use of both. The fault is with the people who err and not with the conditions behind this error. Error is possible from any antecedent. There is nothing especially heinous about errors derived from science. They are like any other sort of error, and call only for the same remedy of thorough exposure and substitution of better feeling and thinking. Sometimes I feel that the anti-scientific humanist is really shouldering off his own task on the scientist, or peevishly scolding the scientist for moral reverberations from his hypotheses and discoveries which he could not possibly anticipate or forestall.

Broadly speaking, the humanist as such cannot give the scientist a method of research, and the scientist as such cannot tell the humanist the way to a good life. Their attitude should really be hands off and mutual respect. Unquestionably science has, however innocently, immensely complicated the task of militant humanism, but this is plainly in the day's work of any stalwart humanist, and is to be accepted cheerfully.

Moreover if psychology, still largely in the empirical stage, should ever develop into a science, that would put into the hands of the humanist new and most effective tools. It would not alter his main strategical position, but it would immensely enrich and strengthen his tactics. We are to-day a little in the position of seeking a centre and a golden mean without even approximate measurements. Where the humanist walks is asserted to be the golden middle path, just as where McGregor sits is *de facto* the head of the table. I hasten to add that I feel in practice the moral centre may be found with sufficient accuracy as it is. But in the broad field of human relations, individual and social psychology may give us at least working probabilities where we now have not much more than guesses. Thus the analysis and classification of behavior should provide most valuable material for the humanist to work on, even when the much reprehended 'behaviorism' shall be forgotten. John Dewey's counsel of experimentation, too, though personally I think it a doubtful and wasteful morality, may actually hasten, if tragically, the better adjustment of men to an age teeming with invention. In short, what are sore errors to the severe humanist — and, less sorely, errors to me — may incidentally serve the cause. Shall we humanists assume the attitude that no person in error shall be permitted to serve us?

It will do to ignore and belittle science if the new humanism is to be a small sect of forest sages with their holy places amid the elms of Cambridge, the maples of Princeton, and the live oaks of Chapel Hill. If humanism is to be more than that, if it is to be a broadly quickening power in a restless, confused, and somewhat wearied world, it must take science and invention very seriously into its account.

V

For over twenty-five years Irving Babbitt has been building up a 'positive morality,' a theory of a good life requiring only the sanctions this life and world afford. Now he finds such a positive morality poor and perhaps untenable unless there be also supernatural support and warrant. In moving emphatically toward 'supernaturalism' he does not define it, and he does not associate himself with any going religion. Some ten years ago, after spending himself in the creation of a similar system of morals on the mundane level, Paul Elmer More retreated, or advanced, to a mystical type of liberal Anglicanism. Thus the humanist group, which is largely agnostic, seems to have lost to religion both of its leaders.

I hasten to add that, if humanism be simply an attitude, our leaders are not lost. They have merely added a new to an old attitude. Very briefly, then, I must have a word on the relation of humanism and religion. If humanism be merely a personal disposition toward moderation, there is no problem whatever. This disposition could tie up with any religion that was not fanatical. If humanism is a self-sufficing credo, in its fashion a substitute for the historic religions, then the case is quite different. As usual, there are here both an issue of principle and a problem in tactics.

Dialectically it is hard to see how with any logical consistency a humanist can profess a religion. His values are by definition human and worldly, whereas those of any sincerely religious person are supernatural and otherworldly. Conceivably, a humanist, finding his bare credo too cold and unenergized, might call on religion to give him the incentive and the force to act humanistically. Probably this is about Irving Babbitt's present position. But a religion which is merely an auxiliary of an ethical system is really not much of a religion. Mr. T. S. Eliot, in the humanists' symposium, very correctly demands that the relation be reversed, humanism being for him a valuable auxiliary of religion, as keeping the devotee from superstition or fanaticism. But this relation logically leaves very little of humanism. None of its sanctions are regarded as sufficient; it is called in to do for religion what religion should do for itself. It becomes a sort of mustard plaster to draw off those humors and irritations which mysteriously occur even in the body religious.

No really good religion would need

humanism. And the logical difficulty thickens when one contemplates alliances of humanism with particular religions. Doctrinally, every humanist is a probabilist, but if he is also a Roman Catholic he must accept the absolute authority of the Pope. Should Irving Babbitt, as seems possible, follow his friend More into some form of Christian belief, he himself would be in the very curious position of accepting a Christ who, according to all his own well-labored definitions and distinctions, is a humanitarian and by no stretch of thinking a humanist. Under these entirely possible conditions, what becomes of Irving Babbitt's humanism? Or is humanitarianism, which is sternly forbidden to a mere mortal, quite licit in a God?

I have wished to state these paradoxes frankly without trying to solve them. Nobody is obliged to hold strictly logical positions. Historically most humanists have been religious. There is often plenty of practical and personal good in adjustments that defy index, lexicon, and syllogism. It is not the moment for any humanist to berate his fellow either as a Christian or as an agnostic. Tactically we should all go ahead as if humanism were merely an attitude. Personally I believe it is more than that, and some day I may yet try to say why. Logic, however temporarily ignored in practice, in the long run has its revenges. If the new humanism shall have any future as an independent system of morality, history may well regard its founders as defeatists, and we shall have the very curious and otherwise unexampled phenomenon of a manner of religion virtually found wanting at its beginnings by its major prophets. If, however, humanism be merely an attitude, then the founders are acting in their good rights, and a true humanist should not characterize their transit, however paradoxical, otherwise than genially.

So, for the present, let humanism be simply an attitude. It will save us much profitless wrangling among ourselves, much uncharitableness toward such parallel activities as science and religion, much intolerance toward thinkers who are broadly in sympathy with our ideals. And I am satisfied that an attitude so flexible and, if you will, so yielding will not compromise the chance for an independent and militant humanism. If that is to be, it can come only as religion dwindles and humanism offers a reasonable and attractive equivalent. It will not come by demanding a strict orthodoxy now, nor yet by telling people who think they are and wish to be humanists that they really are nothing of the sort.

MACHETE TRAILS

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I

I WAS afraid of the jungle, and fascinated by it. Perhaps it was because I had come too untraveled, too directly from the pines to the palms and the strangling figs and the clawed wild pineapples, though I was not so much surprised by the strangeness as I was shocked by the manner and temper of the jungle. It gave me no welcome, showing me only a dark, averted face. And now, after weeks of parley and wandering on the trails, I am departing unwept, the alien and the suspect that I came.

The fault is mine, no doubt, yet I am not so certain of that, since I have lived this short time with some of the jungle's native born. They are much of my mind. The arctic tundras are as hospitable as the equatorial jungle, and neither of them the natural habitat of man — bananas in the one as hardly come by as blubber in the other. And as for raiment — it is just as difficult to keep comfortably naked on the equator as comfortably clothed at the poles, intense heat being as stultifying as extreme cold.

I have read in books of jungle peace, as if it were a highly specialized peace, peculiar to the jungle. So indeed it must be, and shy like the peaceful tapir and cougar, and like them denning apart and alone. If peace comes out upon the trails of Barro Colorado Island, it must come with the great cats at dead of night. In the daytime only confusion and disorder crowd out and cross the narrow trails. Order is not the jungle's primal law. The jungle has no plan or pattern, no halls or rooms within the great house, no windows except an occasional break in the roof, and not an open door. The only entrance to the jungle is through the narrow, machete-cut trails, which cross and recross the forest, but which let no one into the heart of the woods. A long steel blade under the fifth rib is direct, yet it is not a loving way to the heart, nor provocative of tenderness. A forest so approached cannot be friendly, and I felt only its dark, inimical frown.

The jungle and I were never at peace; nor is the jungle ever at peace with itself. Where all is confusion, there all is struggle, conflict; and in the jungle it is internecine war without quarter, and without safe conduct for the stranger. When hot, high noon broods the jungle, it is but hatching strife; and at midnight, when the barrage of the cicada has ceased, the strained, unnatural silence creeping through the lianas is only a shift of forces — dawn stealing out to the trenches on the edge of no man's land.

> O well for the fisherman's boy,
> That he shouts with his sister at play!

And better still for our nature writers in prose and verse that their forests primeval have not been rain-forest jungles. I had come straight from that murmuring pine and hemlock literature, from the bearded, Druid trees with voices sad and prophetic — sad, indeed, in contrast to the warlike jungle. I found no bearded pines or hemlocks; but such trees as dwell in the jungle, some fifty species of them on Barro Colorado Island, including an ancient tree fern of the genus Hemitelia, wore not only beards but shaggy manes, plumes, and feathers in the shape of ferns, yellow and purple orchids up their backs and on their arms, tails and fetlocks like horses, lines like Maypoles, and hawser hair that cascaded from their matted tops, coiled down over their limbs, wrapped about their trunks, and hobbled their splay feet in bights that would make the writhing serpents of Laocoön feel like angleworms. And so many of the trees grew quills like porcupines!

A fantastic forest, its feet in the air, being swallowed by boa constrictors, was my first impression of the jungle. And the snake persists. The liana, the leaping, reaching, clasping, throttling vine, whose boughs have neither end nor beginning, is the true *motif* of the jungle. If I have counted over fifty species of trees in Barro Colorado Reservation, I have listed over a hundred species of vines upon them, Hydra-headed, serpent-bodied things that overrun the forest, roof and floor.

Such, however, is the genius of the jungle, else it were a different, less bedeviled thing, this murmuring forest of our poets transplanted into the tropics. I would not have it less a single liana, not even were I forced to slash my own machete trails across the Island, whereas I am trying only to carve a way through my own bejunglement, having lived so long in Hingham under my hemlock tree!

Local, provincial — I am, it may be, my own jungle, for the one on Barro Colorado Island seemed to give me little heed, while I gave it all the eyes and ears I had, seeing only uncouth shapes and hearing only unintelligible sounds, though the coatis and the parrots and the monkeys seemed perfectly to understand. It must have its own language, and so its own logic and order, and somewhere, kept hidden from me within the tangled lianas, its own imperturbable peace.

I was probably no slower in picking up the language of the birds and animals of the jungle than is the average visitor, for, once heard and known, the call of the motmot, waking the forest in the morning, could neither be forgotten nor confused with any other cry. The hollow, muffled notes, now like rocks knocking together under water, now like a small engine puffing through the forest, devoid of all voice qualities, have a peculiar vibratory effect upon the morning which shakes everything out of its sleep. And at the opposite end of the day, out of the silence and utter dark on the floor of the forest you see a shooting star, you feel a stab of pain, before you realize that stab and star are bird notes — or are they flute notes, or piccolo, or Pan himself, startled by the night, and laying a spell upon the jungle? Pipe of Pan, piccolo, and blending flute, and something indefinably more is this stabbing, starry whistle of the tinamou.

Two species of these birds inhabit Barro Colorado Island: the chestnut-headed tinamou, about the size of our ruffed grouse, — which is its next of kin among our birds, though the tinamous are an order by themselves, — and the pileated, more like our quail for shape and size; both deep-forest birds, both possessed of pearl-strung voices, and both given to calling day and night; yet I could never tell which voice I had just listened to, a chronic unpreparedness diverting my close attention, and a certain reluctance to analyze the spell.

Add to this temperamental stubbornness a snow-white ignorance, and my report of the jungle is partly explained. I yielded as fast and as far as I was shown. One dare not throw one's self into the arms of the jungle, for one of its arms may wear a serpent bracelet, while up the other, both of them in fact, will be running red or black or brown biting ants, all three colors quite likely, with a few terrible Congo ants to boot. When I find jungle peace I will report it in the name of science; but if my chief experience is tick and red-bug trouble, then I must report the trouble — short shrift in the jungle for sentimentality.

II

Of the thousand plants roughly constituting the forest I knew by name not a single one. The countenance of the three-toed sloth, if it can be said to have any expression, looks the utter blankness that I felt. Yet it was less of a task to learn the actual botany about me than to unlearn the literary woods that I had expected to find. I had heard trees murmuring in books before I heard them doing it in the breeze. But here they only rattled, quite contrary to literature, and so to life, only a flapping of thick, leathery leaves in the steady trade winds, unless some great-disked Cecropia leaf let go, or a plaited frond from some palm gave way, and crashed into momentary silence. The death and dropping of a jungle leaf are attended with violence. Every tree was strung, but the monotonous, harping wind fingered the sagging strings northeasterly to southwesterly without variation or tune. The toucans croaked, the big green parrots squawked, the black monkeys howled, the fighting coatis screeched and spat and bit each other, but not musically, murmuringly. There must be music in the jungle — in the wind, in the leathery-leaved trees, in the sagging, tangled vines, and in all these unsoothed, savage breasts, just as soon as my own is tamed and soothed. Then there is the cry of the tinamou! I must remember that.

And I must mention the fussing, singing wrens in the box near my window, the Panama house wren, — according to the book, *Troglodytes musculus inquietus,* but, according to song and feather and manner, just fickle Jenny Wren, — and a temporary lover, singing dooryard ditties of home. And then one morning, on the edge of daybreak, the full-throated singing of a stray Bonaparte's thrush — our robin, every ion of him, except the color of his feathers! This stray song for color and tune was so utterly robinlike that, as it woke me, I heard rain upon the shingles, though this was the dry season and a corrugated iron roof was over me, and I smelled apple blossoms on the faintly stirring wind, drifting in across the tops of the banana trees.

With such themes to work on, one might in time and with understanding weave the whole inharmonious, sombre jungle into a symphony. But it could come only out of careful, scientific study, for such wood lore as I had forsook me here. I stood in the presence of bombax and bombacopsis as one who had never seen a tree before. And, further to confound me, I picked up in a cabin at the end of one of the trails, where it had been left behind by some other nature lover in his flight from this jungle confusion and fear, a volume of *Thoughts from Thoreau.* Thoreau! My sylvan High Priest! The man universal! He would understand. I hardly needed the printed page, so often and with such faith had I followed him afield. But I could make nothing of these great sayings here, only a rat-ta-tat of words, as unintelligible as the rat-ta-tat of the slatted palm leaves beside the cabin, and the chatter of the parrakeets, and the jabber of the white-faced monkeys farther off among the trees, so different were the woods about Walden Pond from this rain-forest jungle here in the waters of Gatun Lake! What would Thoreau have written, I wonder, of coatis, agoutis, peccaries, toucans, crocodiles, iguanas, and a bean patch planted to bananas, and his Panamanian townsmen across the lake at Frijoles?

Frijoles means beans, but nothing Thoreau wrote about beans could remotely be made to mean Frijoles. If we wish our literature safe abroad, we must keep it safe at home, and possibly, like Thoreau, stay at home with it. He traveled much in Concord.

There is a line which runs,

> The groves were God's first temples,

done by an American poet, but associated in my mind with the Ten Commandments — previous to my contact with the jungle. There are coconut groves in the tropics, but the context shows that the poet was not thinking of these. He was thinking of savages in native forests, but he could not have been thinking of jungles, where the savages beat tom-toms and hang spell strings across the trails to scare away the devils. The Indians and the bush Negroes of the rain forest have their gods, as we have ours, but the good gods are not associated with the forest, nor are they worshiped there. Before the conquering, cathedral-building Spaniard came and framed

> The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
> The sound of anthems,

no Central American savage ever knelt down

> . . . in the darkling wood,
> Amidst the cool and silence . . .
> And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
> And supplication. For his simple heart
> Might not resist the sacred influences —

not, of course, had such sacred influences been there. But they are not there among the snakes and ticks and jaguars and thorny vines, and until the Americans came there were only hookworms, mosquitoes, — malarial and yellow-fevered, — evil spirits all to lay him low. Ninety-five per cent of equatorial peoples live half-sick, and they know the jungle is not their sanatorium, still less their place of worship, the temple of the Most High. One God or many is strictly a matter of dogma, whereas the classification of religions is a kind of natural history, an aspect of physical geography, not of mission stations. You can't show a hookworm the majesty of God, nor teach the malarial mosquito to sing His praise.

Yet this is precisely what the entomologists have done in the Canal Zone, and what preventive medicine must, and will, do throughout the jungles of the world. Dividing two continents and uniting seven seas is a thrilling feat of engineering, the Panama Canal being still something of a world wonder. The work of the engineers is tame, however, when put over against that of the doctors who first had to track yellow fever and malaria to their dens and take them captive there. It was the bold imaginative engineering of the naturalists that made the Panama Canal possible; and making things possible is more than making them real.

The machete-cut trails across Barro Colorado Island jungle are not only safe now from the deadly mosquito, but the whole jungle breaks into singing every time the once-fatal insect, scourge of the world, goes winging by. Or so it seemed to me. So sing the twin giants Ajax and Hercules, the most powerful steel cranes ever built, down in the Canal. When they were sick with malaria and yellow fever they were powerless to lift so much as the weight of the two mosquitoes, Anopheles, the malaria carrier, and Aedes, laden with the 'yellows.' The mighty shovels and the dredges steamed up hungrily to Culebra Hill, but lost their appetites when Aedes and Anopheles sang their fever song. Men lay down and died at sound of them, and, had they been left at large, the Chagres would still be flowing unhindered to the Atlantic, and the cut at Culebra would have been deepened into the most gruesome graveyard in all the world. But the entomologists came — though very late. From my little study on the Island I can hear across Gatun Lake the rumbling of the Panama Railroad train, every crosstie of whose original bed from Porto Bello to Panama City was a dead man, who need not have died had commerce called in the doctors and entomologists before it called the civil engineers. The civil engineering of the future will be in the field of preventive medicine. The doctors will survey and lay out the next great forward movement of mankind on the map of the world.

So I can sing in the jungle not only with the wren and the 'Panama robin' and the tinamou, but also now with all the mosquitoes — quite worth while going to the jungle for. Dawn and dusk are safe there now, speaking strictly of the Canal Zone. At dusk yesterday I sat in the edge of the jungle more than an hour watching for the night monkeys that move abroad only after dark, and most of the time I was slapping at Aedes, for all I knew, and smashing at Anopheles, entirely unconcerned except for the momentary irritation of the stings. Science has not exterminated the mosquitoes in the Canal Zone, nor lessened their lust for blood, but it has mightily confined them, and quite perfectly cleansed them, and put a new song in their mouth, which means a sterilized hypodermic needle in place of the old fatally infected bill.

III

Barro Colorado Island, among other things, is a wild-life sanctuary, and the only tropical reservation of its particular kind in territory controlled by the United States. At the urgent request of a few enthusiastic and farsighted naturalists it was set aside in 1923 by the Governor of the Canal Zone and given over for administration to the Institute for Research in Tropical America. It is not a national park and, being dedicated to research, must not become a park open to the public. It is in no way connected with, or supported by, the Federal Government, and is none the poorer for that, though desperately in need of money. Its six square miles of jungle life is regarded as so much biologic material for study on the spot, and not as a collecting ground for museums and laboratories elsewhere. The reservation has its own well-equipped laboratory, at the top of a little clearing, looking down over Gatun Lake and the passing ships in the Canal. The wall of the forest presses up close and high behind the laboratory, and through the wall, running in every direction clear across the Island, start the machete-cut trails. Nowhere else in the tropics is the jungle so accessible, the material for study so varied and abundant, and the conditions for research so favorable, as on Barro Colorado Island.

Before the Chagres River was dammed and its waters backed out into the low-lying valleys and swampy bottoms along its course to form what is now Gatun Lake, Barro Colorado Island was only a high hill or mountain top along the river. As the waters gradually rose it was completely cut off and safely separated from the mainland, and, though only about four years in being set adrift, it cannot be called an 'Island Ark,' the slowly rising water allowing ample time for all to go ashore who were going ashore. Its insular position and years of protection have doubtless affected both its flora and its fauna, without modifying to any extent, however, its essential features as a semi-rain-forest jungle.

It was those essential features that constituted my particular problem. I had not gone out to see a reed shaken by the wind, but the whole jungle when the trade wind blows. And though the trade wind blows obligingly all the time, yet six square miles of shaking jungle is distressingly hard to see. I stopped and looked and listened for weeks along the trails, and from windows on all four sides of my little study near the corner of the laboratory, baffled and thwarted continually in trying to compass the whole woods by the very trees.

My study is a small box of a house on stilts, a sort of termite test house, built out of stuff contributed by certain lumber companies as an experiment with the so-called white ants. Nothing that I do inside affects the quiet destruction being wrought forever on the house by these all-conquering ants. Nothing that anybody can do in the termite tropics can as yet stay this destruction. The termites and the true ants — not the fevers, not the reptiles, not the heathen in their darkness, nor palms on coral strands — are the tropics. We think of the sun as the great circumstance along the belt of the equator, but he is not so great as the ant, who never sets, for whose multitudinousness all figures fail; neither the sun by day nor all the watching stars by night have seen the beginning or ever will see the end of the ants.

Termite men from Washington are here to-day trying to read the writing of the insects on my study walls. The copper screening on the windows seems to be still proof against them, as does the corrugated sheet-iron roofing — or rather, I should say, at this writing the roof is still tight; but this is March, and the dry season, and no one knows what the acid squirt-gun battalions of the termites may have done to the galvanized iron roof since the last rain back in early December. They are chemists, among other things, these termites, and their armies have been immemorially versed in what we fondly call modern warfare.

So I was put in a termite test house when I arrived at the Island, which sounds less like a welcome than it really was. And yet I had a feeling that I had somehow been thrown to the ants, just as everything and everybody is on coming to the jungle. Science has done marvelous things in the Canal Zone, working on a scale that is almost cosmic, and with so much imagination as to give to concrete and structural steel the very breath of life, something even of a soul. And more than that, science has given to the mosquito a made-over, better soul.

Not so with the termite gnawing away at the underpinning, at sill and plate and rafter and the iron roof of my house. From my window I look down upon a constant procession of ships, under their own power, threading the jungle and piercing a continental divide. All day long they pass, and all across the night. In the dead silence which settles over the jungle with the dark I can hear the purring of great engines in the woods, and soon upon the bosom of the lake I see a medley of phantom lights, an eerie flare of colored fox fires, passing into the woods again. Six hundred and twenty-six ships, if I remember, swam into the lake beneath my window in February — a record month for the Canal. A long ore carrier from the mines in Chile is crossing now, flying the Danish flag; and out of the jungle to meet her midway, heading *east* by the compass, noses a Japanese passenger ship — for Honolulu bound, maybe, or more distant ports beyond the far Pacific. So hath modern science wrought, smiting the Panamanian rock to give the ships a seaway through these rainy forests and arid Isthmian hills.

But the magic rod has proved powerless with the plague of termites. Modern science has no terrors for the termites, nor for any of the true ant tribes. It may hold them in check over the temperate portion of the globe, but how can it ever dispossess them of the tropics?

They are the restless, savage soul of the jungle, and while this shocking first consciousness gradually comes to be accepted, the longer one remains in the tropics, the more significant, I think, the insect rôle, especially that of the ants, becomes. I had barely arrived at Barro Colorado Island — was having my first meal, in fact — when the laboratory was attacked by army ants. Unwarned, of course, because we had not heard the cheeping of the ant birds which accompany the ravaging horde, we suddenly were startled by a shouting in the yard. I understood no word of the excited, highly colored Panamanian Spanish, but I knew a war cry when I heard it, and the coming of wild beasts. I was the first one through the door, landing with a jump in the thick of the fight, then landing with another jump as far out on the thin edge of the fight as one good leg and a half could drop me, hopping, kicking, stamping, and slapping to shake off the biting ants, Miguel and Nemesia dancing and yelling like Hopi Indians, and pumping creosote from high-powered squirt-guns along the advancing lines.

I felt a shade of disappointment at first, expecting jaguars. I have learned to expect nothing of jaguars in the jungle, though there are instances, fairly well authenticated, of their having attacked women and children in remote parts of South America; whereas I came to live in constant expectation of being eaten alive by the ants.

They had me beaten psychologically from the start. To stage their attack in the open yard of the laboratory, before I had learned anything but the way to the table, was masterful tactics. And the fight was real enough while it lasted, as well as highly dramatic, and stranger even than it was dramatic, so mysteriously from nowhere had the black flowing multitudes come, so magically sudden their disappearing before the smothering spray. The soup in our dishes was still hot when Nemesia retired to her cookhouse, and Miguel had washed his battle-begrimed hands, ready to serve our second course.

Instead of with tom-toms and Krags and gins and snake sticks, I had been met at the door of the jungle with creosote squirt-guns, tin ones, and bitten by black ants, as was wholly meet for one who had come to see the real jungle, not to exploit an imaginary one. Seeing the jungle requires a pair of jungle eyes, however, and reporting the jungle a vocabulary and a literary form to go with the eyes — equipment not readily come by, in spite of the work of Bates and Wallace and Belt and Hudson and Beebe. I have not the words wherewith to describe the voice of the black howling monkey, nor do I know where to find them. What unto shall I liken the toucan with his half-ripe banana for a bill? And when I say a three-toed sloth (there is great effort in this) looks like the infant offspring of a sea turtle and an idiot rag doll, who but a few Freshman English teachers will understand? I might, as many do, resort to the camera, could an honest camera be found. It is hard enough to keep a sincere, plodding pen to the truth; but I doubt if there is such a camera, and if anyone could make it tell the whole truth even of known, familiar things, much less of this weird jungle life about which the will to believe is so strong.

No temperate-zone, home-bred botany, ornithology, I had almost said astronomy, stood me in stead here, where west-bound ships ran east, and just over the hills the sun, before the eyes of Ancón and all Panama City, rose every morning out of the broad Pacific.

IV

As I was stepping off the launch at the Island landing that first day, I heard close about me the peeping of spring frogs — hylas, ushering in the month of February, just as they might if a genuine thaw and freshet were on in the marshes at home! What courage the little beggars gave me! Later on that day I heard them again, the same sweet piping, but this time high among the trees in the middle of the forest, and my courage oozed away. Something was awfully wrong. Everything was going wrong, had to be wrong, no doubt, else there could be no jungle, even the small patches of sunshine breaking in upon the forest floor of a sickly color, jaundiced, or, possibly, yellow-feverish! Then, far overhead in an unknown tree, I saw birds, the banana-billed toucans, saying these dear, familiar, but — away up there, and out of such enormous beaks — ridiculous, froggish things.

As I sit here facing the wall of the jungle rising from the bottom of the ravine, I am probably looking at one hundred species of Barro Colorado Island flora, a scant dozen of which I can call by name, and none of which I can make conform to Gray, as I learned Gray, in stem or branch or leaf or blossom. I see *Triplaris americana*, like a little pointed tower of red tile upon the green roof of the forest; I can also call it *palo santo*, as the more feeling natives do, the 'sacred tree,' an indirect reference to its gorgeous crimson flowers, spurting like a fountain of blood above the matted greens against the blue of the Panamanian sky. I know *Cordia alliodora*, too, which the natives call their laurel, and whose profusion of soft creamy flowers swaying up and down the steeps each side of the laboratory gives the color key at this moment to the outside of the jungle. Why such satisfaction in mere names? Yes, I have heard about the rose with any other name smelling just as sweet — in a parlor to a poet; but I am in the jungle, whose parlor is a biological laboratory, where all the poets are scientists, and names, mere names, are language. Here only the blind ants communicate with smells. I can smell my way among the peccaries when the wind is right, but not among the blossoming tree tops — they are so far away, and so entirely odorless. I have to shout to most of them, and how can I make them listen unless I call their names?

I should feel sensibly nearer the jungle if I knew the name, and family relations, and life history (all bound up with the name), of a low, bushy tree in spreading panicles of lavender flowers along the margin of the lake, and very abundant up the sides of the steep ravines. It looks so much like the old-fashioned lilac at home that, lacking its true name, I am bound to think lilac every time I look at it, and, thinking lilac, I am bound to smell lilac; but the thing has no odor at all. How very distressing! It may be Macrocnemum, or it may not. It is lovely, and plays a lovely part in the general color scheme; but, for men to whom knowing is essential to feeling, this 'may be Macrocnemum or may be not' must needs be plucked and pressed and sent off to the Field Museum for identification, its purple patches wave so irritatingly red!

Poets might get on better with Barro Colorado Island than do the scientists. Panama has bred only one poet whose work is known to me, and the best he could do for the jungle is expressed in the following stanzas from his poem, 'Beyond the Chagres River': —

Beyond the Chagres River
  Are paths that lead to death —
To the fever's deadly breezes,
  To malaria's poisonous breath!
Beyond the tropic foliage,
  Where the alligator waits,
Are the mansions of the Devil —
  His original estates!

Beyond the Chagres River
  'T is said — the story's old —
Are paths that lead to mountains
  Of purest virgin gold;
But 't is my firm conviction,
  Whatever tales they tell,
That beyond the Chagres River
  All paths lead straight to hell!

The poet has his troubles with the jungle too, and on the whole they seem more sulphurous than those of the scientists.

The rain-forest jungle from within is not colorful. There is no period of bloom comparable to our dogwood and rhododendron show. The passion vine burns in places, now in the darkest glooms on the cluttered floor, now under the very ceiling among the twisted rafters; here and there along the trails stands a parrot-beaked heliconia, a striking, exotic yellow thing gayly daubed with red; and frequently one's eyes, one's very feet, are refreshed by a stretch of blossom-strewn trail, funnelform and butterfly flowers, orange and white and purple and old rose, the sweepings of roof gardens hidden up under the sky.

Seen from without, and above, the forest on Barro Colorado Island is probably never lacking its flashes and bursts of color, an ineffable sight while the great *guayacáns* are in glorious yellow bloom. They have passed now, giving way to the tender rose-pink of the equally tall roble and to the leaf-screened purple of the jacaranda. And with them, draping the tree tops and pouring over the eaves in cataracts of sudsy white and splotches of pale blue and salmon, begins the rainy season of the lianas, the purple wreath, *flor de la cruz* (*Petrea volubilis*), very much like our wistaria, a storm just now of azure flower.

Yet all this hardly lightens — indeed, if anything, it accentuates — the gloom; the strangling figs, the smothering vines, the terribly armed palms, and the host of half-parasitic ferns, orchids, and aroids, some of the arums of monstrous size, burdening the trees, emphasizing the bitter struggle of the jungle beyond any sweetening.

An overtopping tree at the entrance of the main trail from the laboratory gathers unto itself, concentrates, and seems to incarnate this spirit of struggle. It puts a spell upon me every time I pass beneath it on my way along the trails. Tall, lithe, muscular, its trunk is a complex of spliced thews and tendons, the leanest, most athletic living thing that I have ever seen, a bole dissected to bare bone and sinew, but spreading into an airy, triumphant crown of pinnate, and, in the wind, of almost lacy, leaves. Every visitor stops to look and wonder at it, and ask its name, yet no one on the Island knows its name, so aloof, unyielding, and unapproachable it stands.

And behind it stands the whole forest, imbued with the same spirit, secret, inscrutable, alien, if not inimical, uncouth and often bizarre, repelling familiarity, and showing itself least friendly to its native born, who are given a machete against it when they are given their names. The jungle is not peace, but war. Its people are all strangers to each other, fighting individuals, with no common interests, no common mind, no common language, but only an infinitude of tongues. It is without a society, a howling band of monkeys its nearest approach to social order, if we except the amazing programmes of the colonial insects. There are other organized groups, too, like the roving herds of peccaries, the hunting packs of coatis, small flocks of guans, toucans, parrots, and, in favored sections, what amounts to social patches of wild pineapple and thickets of climbing bamboo. These are parts of the jungle, to be sure, but they are inchoate groups without report, so overwhelming, so anti-social is the spirit of the whole, there being nothing even tribal or communal in the jungle, nothing faintly suggestive of the social consciousness and the serene, settled order of a white-pine forest or a piece of old-growth hardwoods on a mountain side in Maine.

So Adventure tags you, or stalks you, at every turn along the machete trails, not in the tawny skin of the tiger, for you never see the cat tribe in public places, nor in the shape of hissing serpents either, for I think the peccaries must have made as clean a sweep of the venomous ones on Barro Colorado Island as Saint Patrick made in his blessed island, though as yet on Barro Colorado we have not canonized the savage little pig. The great adventure of the jungle is with the wild spirit of the jungle itself.

Instead of the tusked head of the peccary, the symbol on the shield of Barro Colorado Island and its jungle is to be the black howling monkey on the roof of the forest roaring defiance at the airplanes roaring over between Ancón and Cristóbal, the irreconcilably wild hurling anathema at the still wilder tameness of civilization. Well enough for a letterhead, but the true symbol of the jungle is the twisting, writhing, looping liana swinging from a giant bombacopsis up whose elephantine trunk run earthen tunnels of the termites to a big black nest among the branches. That for a true symbol, and for an open sesame the long, sharp-bladed machete.

EVE'S APPLES

The Story of an Abandoned Orchard

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

ONE mild day in February Mr. Ward and I drove Bird from Clintonville to the orchard, followed by a wagon at which I was continually glancing back with pride, for on it were heaped, not only my precious pruning tools, but a beautiful secondhand cookstove, a bed and a cot, two chairs, and enough provisions, I thought, to last months.

Mr. Ward was a kindly old gentleman whom I had met in Clintonville and who had known my mother's family for a generation or two. He owned orchards in a county farther south, and was wise in horticulture. When I had left my orchard in December he had offered to go back there with me later on and teach me to prune.

It was one of those days, neither winter nor spring, when Nature seems to be attending strictly and secretly to her own affairs — like the preliminary tuning of the orchestra which so fills the heart of a music lover with delicious anticipation. Later, tight red buds like fairy drums will sound in noiseless music from the stark black oaks, and in the sacred symphony of spring the creeping earth-bound vines will sing through such tiny throats that you are overcome with wonder that they should draw breath from the cold ground through such fragile, transparent stems.

In a silence too precious to be lightly broken we drove the nine miles, and as we neared the orchard there came the cheerful tap-tap of a hammer. There was my carpenter, all in brown corduroys, pounding on the roof of my own house.

To my bitter disappointment, the house seemed to be unfinished. The carpenter ran down the ladder and told me that the weather had been 'agin him,' that he had had other work to finish; and, in a burst of candor, with a disarming smile he added, 'To tell the God's truth, I did n't think you'd come back anyway.'

The little unfinished house had two rooms below and two above. There was, half completed, a great outside rock chimney — the rock from my own land; the hooded windows, as yet without panes, were pretty; and some day, I thought, there might be money enough for porches and climbing roses. Now, the windows were boarded, the partitions were but lathed, and there was a ladder for a stairway. The kitchen chimney at least was finished, and the carpenter set up the little cookstove and we moved in. Mr. Ward said that as the weather was so mild he would remain awhile in spite of conditions.

To my dismay, there was no fuel provided. When I had gone away in December a very poor man had agreed to cut wood from my land and have it ready for use on my return, but the carpenter revealed the fact that I had bitterly offended Mr. Sanders. At Christmas I had sent his children some simple gifts, addressing their father in the accompanying letter as 'My dear Mr. Sanders.' The carpenter told me that the man said he knew 'what was due his wife' and refused to cut wood for so bold a woman. Ever after Mr. Sanders was called 'my dear' in the neighborhood, and shortly afterward he became demented — though I never attributed the poor man's misfortune to my ignorance of manners and customs. But the carpenter went on to say that in my absence two Dutch boys had bought the forty acres west of the orchard and had built a house for fifty dollars, and as they subsisted almost entirely on rabbits from my orchard he thought they might cut wood for me, and would walk over and ask them.

In the afternoon Hans came. He was a second-generation German, stocky and blond, with steady, secretive blue eyes. He laid about him in the most promising way, and the wood piled high at the south door. Steadily too, but not greedily, he ate at supper. I think I have never seen anyone consume so much food so quietly and so persistently. (Later he told me that that night he cooked his own supper after my slight meal.)

The carpenter brought some men to help him finish the house and the chimney, and Mr. Ward and I pruned merrily in the orchard every day. At dawn the carpenter would come, light the fire, and make cocoa. Then he would call Mr. Ward and me. Such a kind carpenter! But the work on the house progressed slowly.

One day Mr. Ward complained of a severe pain in his side, which the carpenter diagnosed as pneumonia. We heated irons and blistered him with mustard plasters. But he yearned for home, and caught a ride in a passing wagon in the very teeth of a coming storm. (He wrote me at once that except for the blisters, which were still painful, he was quite recovered. It was not pneumonia, but a bruised shoulder from the pruning shears.)

The storm began in earnest the night Mr. Ward left me; piercing splinters of ice came on the north wind. How glad I was that Bird's barn was finished — all but the padlock for the door — and that one side was railed off to store corn I had bought from the carpenter.

By five o'clock that day it was quite dark. I carried in great loads of the green wood in an effort to keep myself from freezing, for the little cookstove was not constructed for heating an unfinished house. The kind carpenter, knowing that I could not keep warm, flung discretion to the north winds and said, 'Wrap up and come on and go home with me.' I admired his courage, for he lived with his mother, who was reported to be a superior woman with a very firm character and who disapproved of me thoroughly. So I gratefully declined, and builded myself a tepee with a blanket, a broom, and a bough before the oven door of the cookstove.

Alone! The long-invoked, the reluctant spirit of solitude descended. And I found her such an unexpectedly hilarious guest! While the furious wind shook the house and rattled the boards at the windows and doors where the sleet struck like bullets, I made myself coffee, I played gypsy airs on the violin, I danced, I sang. I recited all the sonnets I knew, and much of Walt Whitman. It grew colder and colder, and at last I climbed the ladder to my bed with a candle in a tin can for fear of fire, — the house was full of shavings, — a hot rock for fear of freezing, and my trusty pistol for fear of robbers.

II

In three days all was calm again, and work once more began on the house. I do not think that it was ever finished as to details. But one day the carpenter departed, saying that but for locks on the doors of the house and the barn all was complete. And well that it was, for that night there descended a storm such as I had never seen. Sleet, and snow, and ice, and a thermometer below zero. Bird had in some way hurt her leg, and each day I would sit in the doorway of her little stable and dress the wound. On the morning of the second day of the blizzard I sat on the doorsill of the barn, my back to the furious wind, when suddenly a terrific blast blew the door shut and the great log by which I kept it fastened fell against it securely — and there was I imprisoned with Bird, with the thermometer below zero! I tried frantically to pull away the boards before the corn at the side. I screamed aloud, though I knew that no one could hear me and that I should have long since perished of cold and starvation before anyone missed me. The shrieking, mocking wind shook the frail shed until I prayed that it might fall upon us.

At last I threw my arms about Bird's neck, and she whinnied softly and nuzzled against me. 'Now,' I thought, 'before I am too numb with cold, I must reach through the boards and pile corn before Bird.' She would not overeat, I knew, and at least she might live until help came. As I reached for the corn, I saw there, hanging on the wall, the old Spanish bolo that Eugene and I had had in the studio. I had used it to cut the smut from the carpenter's corn before I learned to rub the ear against the wall in the accepted way.

It seemed hours before I managed to pry the bolo through a crack in the door and push away the heavy log. There was none to pity, so I did not weep, but made a great fire in the fireplace and read a chapter in the New Testament — Epictetus I found too cold for the occasion. But I succumbed to la grippe the next day, and was barely able to water Bird, dress her leg, and give her a hot mash of oatmeal. Then I fed the birds waiting patiently at the south door. The terror of the blizzard had forced them into meek companionship, and there were cardinals, dazzling against the snow, blue jays, their harsh impudence a little softened, pathetic little brown birds which I did not recognize, a pair of all too optimistic bluebirds, and even a few quail who often came to feed about the house. I was too ill to desire anything for myself, too ill to climb the ladder to my bed; so I lay before the fireplace on the cot, little caring whether I lived or died.

It must have been nine o'clock that night when there came a loud knock, and Hans entered, looking like a snow man. Without any words, he replenished the fire, drew my cot closer to the hearth, toasted biscuits, broiled a frozen rabbit he took from his pocket, and made a pot of steaming coffee. He set the table before me, but first gave me a tablet of medicine. I did not inquire about it — cheerfully I would have taken poison from him. At last I managed to say, 'Hans, how did you know that I was ill?'

'I don't know,' he answered. 'I know things like that sometimes.'

And in the years to come, though I could never explain it, he often did know things like that. All night at intervals he gave me the tablets, and the next day I was much better, and soon I was pruning the trees again. Sometimes I lost myself among them and wandered about for hours before I came upon my little dot of a house in the wilderness.

One happy day I discovered that through the tangle of broom sedge my feet had worn a path to Bird's stable. I wept with delight, like Ben Bolt's Alice, for that path had set its seal of home upon my trackless wilderness. Faint, indeed, and walled by ghosts of weeds as high as my head — but a path! For even the trail worn smooth by patient, clumsy feet of cows stalking through the hot noon to the riverside, or the dim line marked by furry little feet that hop home to a burrow, touches the heart and quickens the imagination. Roads are tramped by any careless or unwilling feet, but a path is a chosen way, and in the wilderness often a way selected by small brains — half asleep, maybe — above melancholy or furtive eyes alive with hopes and fears.

I smiled to think that the first path at the orchard recorded footsteps that led along a way, not to comfort or to ambition, but to friendship. Perhaps even through loneliness and hardship my paths might lead to pleasantness and to peace.

Dreamer! That very night strange things began to happen. For hours a mysterious ticktack on the window-pane. Weird cries among the trees. Rifle shots in the orchard. A chorus of owls all hooting together. And once sheeted forms dancing about the house in the cold moonlight.

Hans told me it was the neighbor boys trying to frighten me away.

'This country don't like strangers,' he said. 'My brother promised to stay here with me, but he can't stand it, and he is going back home. I worked six years in the harvest field to get the money to buy this forty, and now I'll have to go and leave it. For I have heart spells from drinking cold water once when I was overhet in the field, and I don't like to live alone.'

'Do you really want to stay here, Hans?' I asked.

'Of course I don't want to leave my property.'

'Well, move over here with me. You can work your farm from here. Then neither of us will die alone.'

His brother left at once, and I went with Bird and the cart — Hans had no horse — and brought him over, bag and baggage.

Hans was, perhaps, twenty-eight years old, though he seemed older as the result of a life of hardship and privation. He prided himself on being 'skretive,' and would never tell his age. He worked so surely and so swiftly that other men whom I afterward employed would say, 'You need not expect me to work like Hans. They kain't nobody else do it.'

III

While Hans was surprisingly ignorant in many respects, he could read, and when the subject was sufficiently abstract he often amazed me by his wisdom. Many a night he read me to sleep when I was ill or troubled — though he refused to read anything but what he called 'facts.' So from my library of four books he would read but the New Testament, and in addition to that a paper which came to him and seemed to be about astronomy. One night before a great log fire he said, 'We are going to have a mighty hard year.'

'Of course,' I answered.

'Harder than you ever saw. It'll be the greatest drought in twenty-five years.'

'How do you know?' I asked but for information; I did not question Hans's powers of divination.

'The stars tell it. I'll read you about it in *Hicks' Word and Works*.'

Hicks was to Hans the greatest man of his time, or of all time. Once, he told me, he and a friend set out, each with a blanket rolled under his arm, on a pilgrimage to Hicks. I asked him if the visit proved disappointing.

'No,' he replied; 'a feller just could n't be disappointed in Hicks! But he lives in a awful ignerant city. We asked a dozen people on the street where to find *Hicks' Word and Works* before a one of them knowed we was talking about a paper at all. And they stole our blankets there. They was mighty fine blankets.'

While Hans had no opinion of cities, he said that once he lived in one for some months and took two baths a week and wore a clean collar every day. In answer to my questions he said that he was staying at a famous stammering school.

'They cured you!' I cried. 'You do not stammer at all.'

'I never did stammer,' he answered quietly. 'I kind of stammered in my mind. I went to try it out for my brother. He stammered.'

'And did they cure your brother?'

'He would n't go. He stammers awful yet. I worked three years to get the money to go try it out for him.'

And that is Hans.

It proved sometimes inconvenient for me that Hans had such a profound contempt for anything emanating from the mind of a woman. Once, a year later, I sent him to the telegraph station to prepay a message to a stranger. I wished this message to be terse and convincing.

When Hans returned he said uneasily, 'I just put on a few words more. It did n't cost any more.'

From long experience, my mind misgave me. 'Hans,' I cried, 'what did you add to the message?'

'Well, it was an important telegram, and it did n't sound exactly polite. There's a heap in being polite. Where I come from we always say something about the weather in a letter.'

'Hans,' I said sternly, 'tell me at once what you added to the message.'

'I just wrote on the end, "No snow here."'

As far as any connection with my telegram was concerned he might have added, 'Love to Mary.'

Soon, hidden about the house, I found small packages of food, wrapped or in boxes; thread, needles — any little article. Once I ventured to speak to Hans about them, and he told me that he could n't help trying to save things, as he was haunted by the thought that he would starve to death or be without the necessities of life; it was 'a grasshopper year' when he was born, and his mother faced starvation. In after years, when Hans habitually helped himself secretly to the proceeds of the orchard, I remembered this. Indeed, when I came to keep a somewhat original set of books I always estimated a certain disappearing percentage; and once I asked Hans not to vary this, as it interfered with my bookkeeping. He agreed pleasantly to keep within bounds. Often this percentage was spent for orchard equipment, and often, too, in gifts for me which were amusing and touching — as Hans did not think that I dressed in a manner befitting my position.

No doubt this arrangement was scarcely ethical, but I am sure the fact did not occur to either of us — that is, until Hans fell under the spell of an evangelist some years later, when he told me he was 'on the road to sanctification' and suffered from a sense of guilt. During this unhappy time he read the Bible to me constantly; and it was in vain that I urged my own point of view, which was that the whole scheme seemed to be a plan for ridding the individual of a sense of sin, from ancient scapegoats down to the joyous young Son of Man, who pleaded with us to be happy and cast our burden where it naturally belonged — on the Creator. But Hans refused to see even the unalloyed joy of the Sermon on the Mount, and we experienced no respite from gloom until one day he told me that he had fallen from grace and guessed he was doomed to sin. Then, with the utmost relief, we settled down to normal again.

The spring this year was long in coming. We had no horses, no sprayers, very little money between us, and all we could do was to prune the trees. And to me there are few greater delights than on a mild, windless day to set about making a tree clean in the sight of God and man. Just below the 'collar' I would carefully saw off an interfering limb — it is always a serious question which to cut away — and immediately disinfect the wound with corrosive sublimate dissolved in turpentine. I did not try to balance the tree for fruit this year, as Mr. Ward had warned me against pruning too heavily, and only pruned for symmetry. At last I would scrape the trunk for 'oyster-shell' and stand in happy admiration before my happy tree.

Though Hans worked hard, he never made a pruner. In all my years at the orchard I found but two men who made successful pruners. It takes a real love for trees, and an imagination that divines the balance between growth and fruiting. So, while I pruned always, Hans took over the cooking — much to his satisfaction and to mine.

IV

One day two flashily dressed, shifty-eyed men called Hans outside for conversation at the woodpile. Presently he came in and announced that he was driving to Clintonville with the men, as he was trading his forty acres for a house and lot in town. In vain I urged him to wait and to consult someone; he answered that for a woman I had 'a heap of culture, but no knowledge of business.' So he became the possessor of a house and lot, mortgaged, with an insignificant equity and a flaw in the title, and situated in an impossible suburb. We both wept over it.

It rained constantly. I wrote melancholy verses and sent them to magazines — we had a rural mail box now. I was snowed under with returned poems. Hans had small opinion of them, as not being facts, but they were mine, and he preserved them; and one year when we barreled he put one in each barrel and said grimly, 'I bet somebody reads 'em now, anyway.' There was a sawmill near, and Hans worked there for a few days to get enough lumber to make what he called a set of 'legless furniture' for his attic. For, the gentlest of men, he piqued himself on 'skretiveness and revenge.' They were cardinal virtues and must be acquired. And as he had a horror of 'any insect with legs,' he meant to 'run a revenge on all nature by legless furniture.'

Now that Hans had lost his home I felt that it was inordinate selfishness to keep him with me. I told him that the orchard was a gamble and that I might not be able to pay him. He replied that he would make it pay, and that ever since his stay at the stammering school he had desired culture, — that is, in a measure, — and that as long as the culture held out he would stay, provided I would teach him. A friend sent me a grammar. But the grammar offended and fatigued Hans. He said openly that 'good grammar' in the spoken word lacked pith, and after a half hour's study would plead for cards as a relaxation. I tried the 'make believe the work is play' system and said, 'Now, Hans, as I deal, give me the principal parts of the verb "to deal."' After long deliberation Hans cried proudly, 'I got it! "Shuffle, deal, play."'

This was eminently practical; but many a night over the blazing logs we talked long of life, and the clairvoyant mysticism of Hans's mind made me believe in inspiration. He loved beauty, and found a certain wood which would burn with little blue electric flames; and my table was always decorated with wild flowers he had gathered. But he must always work. So one day, foreseeing the time when we might keep chickens, — on the principle of the man who purchased a shirt button in the hope that he would sometime have a shirt, — Hans spent his last remaining cent for high woven wire and built a small chicken yard. When it was finished, he threw his axe with reckless pride over the fence, called me to behold it, and crowed loudly. I admired, and then went into the house, for it had begun to rain. Presently, in somewhat sullen accents, I heard my name. Hans had built himself in. His feathers fell as I gave him the axe to cut a gate.

At night before the fire we read until late, each at his own small table. Hans had made the tables of barrel tops, like great spools. They were insecure, and the mortality in lamp flues was frightful. Once Hans, having walked three miles and back in a cold rain for lamp flues, gazed in pride at his own table, stepped back and knocked mine over, then plunged in horror against his own. That night we read by firelight.

We never saw anyone but an occasional passer-by, and I wonder that we did not develop what the old prospectors called 'cabin fever' and rise and slay each other. Perhaps there was such a vast difference in the background of our lives that we were not close enough to get on each other's nerves. But that does not imply that to this day I do not regard Hans as my closest friend.

V

Spring came. The two gaunt sycamores at the south door dressed their white arms in filmy green. Windflowers drifted to the doorstone, and violets bloomed amid the sad leaves heaped at the foot of the oaks. After a while a hundred acres of apple blossoms were sweet in the sun. Then early there settled over all the land the most terrible drought in a quarter of a century. Our precious garden died. Hans had crooned over every seed he had put to sleep in the moist earth. All grass withered, and dust settled deep over every living thing. The chickens of our neighbors died on the roost. Our apples shriveled on the trees, as if they were baked. The farmers hauled water from the deep pool in Pleasant Run in my wood. My own grief was lost in anxiety for these poor farmers, for Hans said there would be no crops.

The house was unbearable. I moved my bed to the orchard, and Hans moved to the yard. We put the cookstove under a tree, protected by a great umbrella. After wild greens we had no summer food. Supplies and money ran low. Coffee, tea, and cocoa were luxuries denied, and Hans brought sassafras from the woods. He drank water in preference; no black Aunt Becky had trained him to habits of sassafras tea in the spring; but I renewed childish memories with its fragrance. One stifling day I cooked the last of the macaroni which Hans so liked, and, as I opened the kettle to serve it, from within the umbrella above fell a great ball of granddaddy longlegs squarely into the kettle. Desperately I seized a spoon, but their legs went everywhere, and to this day I suffer in my mind as to whether I should have told Hans — especially as his concern that I could not eat was so touching.

Suddenly, on the first of September, came the rains. Too late for crops; but the apparently baked apples swelled astonishingly, and began to color beautifully. We were to have a crop! And rather a clean crop, as the dry heat had discouraged pests and fungus.

All winter I had read government bulletins, and I felt that I was competent to detect and to demolish any pest in the orchard; but, alas, we had no equipment. We managed to get an orchard paper, and after much discussion decided that this was to be 'a barreling year,' and that we should therefore sell 'on track' — that is, take carloads of apples to various large towns and sell them by the bushel from the freight-car door. Assiduously I studied how best to pack them.

The neighbors were there for the picking and sorting. For these poor men and women must live, and they had raised little if anything on their farms. I employed all who asked for work — men, women, and children. The women were placed at the packing tables, though many of them picked. The children gathered the fallen apples, which we sold at once at a good price to miners and to peddlers.

This year we had packing tables, and picking bags over barrel hoops, that the apples might not be bruised or the trees injured. And now no more of lazy summer days beneath the trees. No more of song and story with the whispering broom sedge. Hans and I were up before the dawn, and often working at midnight measuring apples for a sale the next day. No smoking in the orchard. No throwing about of the apples in 'sunburnt mirth.' No cessation of labor. We were capitalists out for profit. Much to Hans's disgust, I paid by the hour — for the trees were so unevenly loaded that it seemed the only fair way. Worse still, I paid five cents more an hour than was customary. Hans assured me that he knew laborers — that the workers would but consider me 'easy,' and would not be grateful. Perhaps he was right; but what had gratitude to do with the question? Besides, I never could endure gratitude given or taken. And I felt guilty enough in driving about the orchard and keeping these tired women and children bent over my apples.

We had no sheds, so we made three grades and piled them separately in long narrow piles, covered with the ubiquitous broom sedge.

One day I sold my first carload in the orchard. It was a thrilling experience, though it was but eight hundred bushels of hand-picked seconds to a commission house a hundred miles away. I was to accompany the car and receive my money upon delivery of the fruit. How beautiful that car looked at the village railway, and how carefully we packed it! As the car was started I received a telegram saying that the friend I had visited in the winter was dying. I set out to her at once, sending a night letter explaining the situation to the commission house. Upon my return from her new-made grave I found a telegram from the commission house reporting that the apples had arrived in such bad condition that they would pay the freight only. With a weary heart I went at once to the town. Arriving unexpectedly, I found my apples selling at a good price. With the assistance of a lawyer, I proved my case. But I have never sold to a commission house since. It is highly probable that I got the only frog in the pond; but I conceived such a horror of frogs that I never went near a pond again.

I hurried home to Hans, who worked so faithfully, but who was always struck with paralysis under responsibility. We packed a full carload of our best apples, and, leaving a neighbor and his wife whom I knew I could trust at the orchard, we billed the car to a town of five thousand, eighty miles away. The apples were very fine, and we 'handled them like eggs.' Indeed, that fall I said, 'Don't bruise them,' so often that one of the women workers who brought her child with her told me that his first words were 'Don't booz 'em.' I had learned not to place straw under the apples, as straw draws dampness, and to have a railed-off place in the centre of the car for convenience in selling; and we provided ourselves with sacks and balls of twine, a broom, a lantern, and bedding for Hans, who insisted that he sleep in the car.

VI

Never in my life have I been more frightened than when in a strange town we paid our freight one morning and watched the agent unseal our car. For there was certainly an inimical atmosphere about this place that I felt we had done nothing to merit. Why, we were bringing a carload of wholesome food to this town, and the natural thing would have been to receive us with open arms! Far from that. The night before, we had distributed handbills inviting country grocers and farmers to come the next day for their winter apples, and two men had followed us and torn down the handbills. Before dawn we had put up some more of them, and there were many wagons evidently waiting.

As Hans pushed open the great doors and my apples appeared in all their scarlet and gold, a man in the assembled crowd advanced and, pointing to the star on his coat, said, 'Before you sell one apple, miss, you will pay me thirty dollars.'

A small sum, but to us it was ruinous; and besides, I had raised these apples. So, speechless, I shook my head as vigorously as I could.

'All right,' said the marshal, 'I'll read you this, and then if you don't pay I'll have to take you to the calaboose.'

Poor Hans was trembling with horror, and whispered, 'Let's close the car. If he takes you to the calaboose you'll never be a lady any more!'

The marshal read to the gathering crowd something which I did not understand, but which no doubt was appropriate to the occasion. When he had finished an old man with a beard stepped to the car door and said, 'I'll take a dime's wuth o' thim apples. Stick to it, miss. If you raised 'em he can't make you pay.' I sold him, you may believe, a liberal 'dime's wuth,' and others began to buy. The marshal turned on his heel and cried, 'I told them grocerymen I could n't bluff that red-headed woman!' Hans had borne all in silence, but at this he called the marshal a fool. (And indeed it is not red enough for character — just reddish.)

The next day we were swamped with buyers. I had foolishly counted on watching from afar, but I found I must assist, and I hired two men also. One of these men told me that he was a direct descendant of Betty Washington, that he had influence in the town and knew everyone. The other was a youth who told me he was a 'chicken picker.' Hans, who was from Kansas and class-conscious, disliked Betty Washington's descendant, and I heard him announcing wonderful and exotic fruit from a limb on my own family tree. But the other man said, 'I ain't nothing but a chicken picker, and I have to quit that ever' once in a while when the mites get too bad, but I can sack as many apples as if my daddy was Roosevelt.' At that instant the car was switched without warning, and we all fell into the bin regardless of precedence. Thus was violence avoided.

There was a realtor's sale, and Hans went with a wagon to sell to the crowd, but was ordered away. The chicken picker and I took the wagon to a side street and sold at such a price that I was ashamed to look the pleasant purchasers in the face.

In three days, without demurrage, we had sold a maximum carload of apples, and none at less than one dollar and thirty cents the bushel. How happily we boarded the train with a check for our small fortune — to pack the next car at the orchard.

There is no denying that it had been a terrible experience to us both. At the hotel, on my last night after selling out, I looked in the mirror aghast, and sent out for a box of the best beauty cream. As I applied it I read myself a lecture on the evils of pride and vanity. I reminded myself that I had sometimes played for an audience when I was no less in the public eye than at the door of a freight car, and that I was now distributing — rather against the will of some of the inhabitants, to be sure — good food for this town. But still, in a cowardly way I hoped that with the next car Hans might manage alone and I look on from afar. Alas, poor Hans! After our experiences with the next car it was certain that I 'never could be a lady any more.'

But gradually, after the next car, I think that we both ceased to cherish the old standard of loaf-giver.

(*Mrs. Risley's concluding chapter will be 'The Serpent in the Orchard'*)

THE MARKET FOR FRESHMEN

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

I

The American public still thinks of our colleges and universities as besieged by applicants for whom there is no room, just as was the case immediately after the war. In truth, however, the rush to the colleges seems to be over. Many of our big state and city universities, required by law to accept all high-school graduates regardless of other qualifications, and charging little or no tuition, are embarrassed with masses of students they cannot assimilate. The small colleges, however, for the most part are earnestly and even frantically searching for recruits. In some of them enrollment has fallen off so as seriously to impair income. According to Dean Walters of Swarthmore, nearly half the small colleges — those with less than a thousand students — have had actual decreases in enrollment during the past two years, in spite of their vigorous recruiting. In many institutions the high hopes of raising the standards of college entrance which were entertained a few years ago have gone glimmering, and the practice now is to maintain enrollment by accepting all regulation high-school graduates who apply.

Everyone recognizes that a great institution seldom can be built on such policies, and our colleges are searching for some opportunity for selection which will ensure a higher quality of applicants. They have discovered no new solution to the problem, but they are finding a 'bigger and better' use for the old institution of scholarships.

Scholarships originated in a desire to help good students of small financial resources to get the benefits of higher education. The element of competition between colleges was but slightly in evidence at first, and, although there were always a certain number of disappointments, yet this form of aid made possible a college education for many a well-qualified boy or girl.

With the present intensive and increasing drive for students, scholarship funds are applied to the virtual purchase of students on a competitive basis in the open market. Both large and small institutions are raising funds to enable them to compete successfully in this bidding.

A few cases will illustrate. A prospective freshman, son of a prosperous professional man, applied for admission to the college of his first choice, and was accepted; shortly afterward another college offered him a scholarship of five hundred dollars a year for four years, and he promptly accepted the offer. A college president sought and received a gift to 'improve standards of scholarship'; he used it almost solely to offer scholarships to students who otherwise would not have attended his institution.

High-school seniors are becoming aware of this competition, and admissions offices receive letters which say, in substance: 'Blank College will pay me three hundred dollars a year to go there. What do you offer?' More often it is the high-school principal, looking after the interests of his students, who makes the approaches for them. Repeatedly he writes, in effect, 'Provide scholarships, or my better students will be advised to go elsewhere.'

Scholarships are not always used to promote scholarship. With the publication of the Carnegie Foundation report on college athletics, we have definite evidence of what was generally known before — that in many cases neither of the original purposes of scholarships has been much regarded, and that often they go to students who are not outstanding in academic work or especially in need of financial help. Too often the sole claim to excellence is on the athletic field.

Up to the present, financial competition for students of high scholarship has not been extremely serious, although some colleges which claim to have exceptional opportunity to choose students are paying approximately a third of all tuitions from scholarship funds. With the rapidly increasing recognition that quality of the student body can largely make or unmake an institution, there is a rapid acceleration of drives for scholarship funds, and of competition for students on a money basis.

The result of this course will be that many students will be drawn to an institution primarily because scholarship funds are available, giving only secondary consideration to the quality of the work of the college or to the degree to which it meets the particular student's needs. No blind drift of events will cure this tendency. Only an intelligent policy can ensure that good work will bring good students.

II

The writer wishes to suggest such a policy. In providing scholarship funds for higher education, he would suggest the establishment of one or more scholarship trusts to receive and disburse such funds. These might be administered partly through the college and university accrediting associations.

The relative quality of applicants for scholarships and their relative financial needs could be determined by representatives of the trust funds, and the scholarships could be issued in recognition of ability and accomplishment in scholarship and qualities of character. Thereupon a prospective student, or a student already in college, receiving a scholarship, would be free to use his funds in any reputable institution of his own choice, provided, of course, that he met its requirements for admission.

If such a régime should become general, colleges and universities would be immediately concerned more acutely than ever with the quality of their work, and their resources would be used for improving that quality rather than for active competition with each other in buying students. One of the evils to which the Carnegie Foundation report has recently directed our attention would be met, since the competitive recruiting of athletes by means of scholarships would be forced out into the open. For a star athlete to hold a 'closed' scholarship would immediately be a suspicious circumstance.

It is not to be expected that colleges and universities amply provided with funds for scholarship competition will quickly relinquish them to be administered by such trusts and rely solely upon the quality of their work to bring them students. If the trust policy should be established, however, persons or foundations interested in providing education for pupils of high promise, rather than in subsidizing pupils to go to a certain college, would prefer to contribute to such trusts rather than to individual institutions, and this would tend steadily to strengthen institutions doing good work.

Many benefits would accrue from central administration and unified control of scholarship funds, while the autonomy of the several colleges in selecting students for character, initiative, and other intangible qualities, according to their own standards, would be in no wise interfered with. It would be a very wholesome provision that a student must have been accepted for college entrance before applying for a scholarship. This would tend to remove undue influence in the administration of such funds. Nothing in the trust idea implies that donors may not restrict scholarships to particular classes of students or for particular objectives, provided that the student is free to choose his college. A student who had partly completed his college course, and who wished to complete it at the same institution, should be privileged to apply for a scholarship in the same way as the student about to enter college.

With many institutions a prospect of the adoption of such a policy would arouse grave misgivings. A number of distinct and sometimes conflicting tendencies would be manifest in its operation. Many Americans accept size as being an authentic indication of quality, and with the freedom of motion provided by general scholarships they would flock to the larger universities. Small colleges might suffer in this drift unless they had established claims to excellence. Yet regard for small colleges runs deep in the minds of the old American stock, and the better institutions of that type probably would be in greater demand than they had been formerly.

Some of our large city and state universities, as well as semi-endowed institutions in large cities, are attended largely because they are inexpensive.

If scholarships were not restricted as to location, and especially if the tuition charged should represent the whole cost of education, attendance at some of these institutions would shrink, and be confined largely to mediocre students living in the immediate vicinity.

Objection to this régime would come from several sources. Certain sectarian institutions are distinctively centres of indoctrination in a religious outlook. Not only would they often lose by freedom of motion, but they would deplore the loosening of special religious commitments which that freedom would tend to bring about. Other institutions would fear the change because of a general uncertainty as to the results. Still others, conscious that the quality of their work would not bear scrutiny, would make every possible effort to avoid exposure of their condition.

No self-respecting institution wants to hold its students because they are unable to go elsewhere. A good institution will welcome freedom of choice for students and will trust to the merits of its work for its survival and growth.

III

There is a further development of this principle which, the writer believes, would be a great advance in educational policy. Our state universities are democratic institutions in that they accept all standard high-school graduates and charge almost no tuition. A student's year at a state university may cost the institution $400, of which the state may pay $300 and the student or his parent $100.

This programme, however, is not so democratic as it seems. The student has other expenses besides tuition, such as board, books, and travel, which, with the small tuition, amount to perhaps $800. In effect, the state says to the high-school graduate: 'If you have $800 a year, or $3200 for a four-year course, to invest in a college education, we will match it with $1200 of public funds. If you cannot raise that money, the state will not help you.'

A young man or woman with no serious purpose, but with financial backing, is helped by the state to four years at a country club, while, so far as the state is concerned, the young man or woman without funds, but with a serious purpose, is under a very severe handicap. Would it not be better for the state university to charge a tuition representing the entire cost of education, and then to use the state appropriation for the university to provide competitive scholarships for students of quality — scholarships which would pay all tuition and perhaps help in meeting living expenses?

Such scholarships should be good, not only at the state university, but at any reputable institution of the student's choice, either in or out of the state. By this method the state would immediately come into a competition in excellence, and not a competition in expenditures, with other institutions; for absence of quality soon would become evident.

As for mediocre but well-to-do students who attend state universities because it is the thing to do, let them pay the entire cost of their education. Society makes a bad investment in paying its funds for them to the exclusion of those of earnest purpose. Our present system of providing college education at less than cost, as President Aydelotte of Swarthmore has pointed out, has the result that students who are amply able to pay for their education are, in fact, recipients of public or semi-public charity.

The system we suggest is not so unprecedented as it might seem. In fact, it is now in operation in England. Unable to supply a college education to every aspirant, the government provides public scholarships for the best, with the result that these scholarship students are setting a stiff pace for their wealthy classmates.

Much of our overproduction of mediocre college students is simply bad educational management. For every student in an American college or university, there are two or three others of college age and of equal ability outside. There are not too many students in college, but many of the wrong ones are there. If all of the right kind of students were in college, the same number could be in attendance, and the quality be equal to that of the top half of the present college population. For both endowed colleges and state institutions, the scholarship policies described would improve the quality of the student body and give the student much greater freedom in choosing his or her Alma Mater. This would very greatly stimulate institutions of higher education to more excellent work.

The public may be more nearly ready for this change than college administrators suspect. Some years ago the writer was repeatedly warned that a college could not survive if it did not give athletics their conventional prominence. The institution he represents completely ignored these warnings, and discovered that the public was eager for a college to come forward which would put athletics in their proper place. Similarly, he was frequently warned that an institution which puts none of its funds into scholarships, but everything into the quality of its work, would be hopelessly handicapped. Here the problem is more difficult, for financial help often is imperative; but it has been discovered that there is a large American public with which cost is not the controlling consideration in higher education. Given anything like an equal chance, the institution which builds on the quality of its work, and not upon restricted subsidies, will win out.

Large sums are being provided to ensure to young men and women the advantages of higher education. As now used, these funds lead to active competition in buying students in the market. On the student's part the funds available often determine the choice of college. Those giving funds for scholarship should administer them so that the student will have freedom of choice and so that their use will stimulate educational excellence in our colleges and universities.

REUNION

Now welcome back, and health! he said;
After so many years apart
I thought that half of us were dead
And half in wheel chairs or deranged.
Sit down! We've all got lots to tell;
It warms the cockles of my heart
To see how little you have changed. . . .
The clock ticked on. *Farewell, farewell.*

Here's whiskey, John; here's brandy, Ned;
What's yours, old man? I'm glad to see
There's not one gray hair on your head.
Why, hang it! You look twenty-five.
The world's your oyster; I'm the shell,
But at this moment I should be
Thankful I'm even still alive.
Farewell. The clock ticked on. *Farewell.*

There's Bill and Toby over there
Just as they used to be, he said;
They'll wrangle all the night, that pair,
After so many years apart.
Fill up — lots more when this is gone;
Don't sit there staring like the dead.
Good God! Something is at my heart. . . .
Farewell, farewell. The clock ticked on.

ROBERT HILLYER

ROSIKA THE ROSE

BY CLAUDIA CRANSTON

I

MARGIT SZABO was a little edgy as she talked to Erszabet Kovacs in the potato patch. Erszabet had come to get a pail of milk, and it was early — before Rosika had gone to the business college, or Piroska to the button factory, or Yolande to the suspenders factory, and Wilmonz, Kati, Ilka, Lenke, and Ollidar to school. Mr. Szabo was sharpening the hand scythe to cut meadow grass, with little four-year-old Jeno beside him. And all the others were hurrying in preparation for their departures of the day.

'Your Rosika is nineteen already,' said Erszabet contemplatively, drawing her bright head shawl well over her ears to keep out the sharp autumn cool of Connecticut. 'And two offers you have refused for her yesterday!'

'Yes,' answered Margit Szabo, with a stream of words in the rich Hungarian tongue which these people used among themselves. 'The offers were not good enough. The best good Hungarian farmers we must have for our fine girls.'

'But, besides Rosika, your Piroska is seventeen already!' Erszabet added. 'And your Yolande, she is sixteen, and Lenke fifteen.'

'Lenke?' cried Margit in dismay. 'Do not say the name of Lenke! She is too young. The older two, Rosika and Piroska, yes. They are old enough to marry. And maybe, too, Yolande,' agreed Mrs. Szabo, her eyes sparkling. 'But Lenke — no!'

Margit Szabo, mother of nine, standing in the potato patch beside the tall spare Erszabet, looked as rotund as her wooden washtub. And she was as clean and fresh and weathered, too. Her face was full of humor, her quick, small, comely hands full of gesture, her classically cut mouth equally ready for laughter or invective.

'With your Rosika,' Erszabet counseled, 'you should make it like the old days in Hungary, Margit — "in spite of peace, in spite of war, a maid must go when she's asked for."'

'No, no, no, Ersza!' Margit cried. 'We shall wait. I shall mate my six Hungarian daughters with six fine Hungarian sons!'

'Yoi, yoi, yoi,' Erszabet rejoined. 'At home you could talk so. But Hungary is far away, and the Danube, and the customs of our youth. Ye came here for freedom for yourself, Margit. Well, here is freedom also for the young. In America the young mate where they will. And mind me, Margit — watch your flock! There are not only Americans here who hunt among us for our fine Hungarian girls. But there are Italians, too, and English, and French, and *Greeks!*'

'Greeks!' Mrs. Szabo spat the word. 'What are they? *Greeks?* And French and Italians — dagos, wops, guineas! What are these, Ersza?'

Mrs. Szabo put into Erszabet's hand a milk pail foaming full.

'Ah, Greeks!' she spat again, as her tall, blooming eldest daughter, Rosika, came out of the farmhouse, and stood talking to her father.

And what a Rose was Rosa! Though only nineteen, she was gorgeous as midsummer. In the quiet country landscape she was like a sudden burst of music from a band, in which the sound would come out of the flower-shaped mouths of the brass trumpets in colors!

For, though the Szabos lived on a New England farm, Rosika was not the boyish American girl with the long slow seasons of the temperate zones of life. She was of the heart of Hungary, of those full races whose women have a short season — a bloom time suddenly and ravishingly beautiful, and no autumn, but upon the heels of spring a long hard winter.

But who recks of winter when the spring is here? Rosa had health and nourishment, and she expected love. That happy moment for which God created the world in six days was Rosa's now.

As she turned out of the front gate, and down the road toward the business college, Mrs. Szabo went back into the big, fragrant, whitewashed kitchen, still muttering from her lovely mouth incoherent bitternesses in Hungarian, about 'dagos and wops and guineas, frogs and cockneys, Americans and Greeks.'

II

Beside the village green in front of the business college, as Rosika approached it, stood a delivery cart, and written upon the cart, in letters a foot high, was the legend, ICARUS XENOPHON, CONFECTIONER, NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT.

To the casual eye this would have been an ordinary delivery cart. But Rosa's eye was not casual. She wondered curiously what nationality the name 'Icarus Xenophon' could represent, for she had never met with it before among all the foreign-born around the great manufacturing centre of Bridgeport.

On the seat of the cart was a stringy, leather-colored boy, shouting some foreign language to the sleek fat horse in the shafts. And beside the boy was a very distinguished person. Swarthy he was, as a richly brown Havana cigar. His body was inclined decidedly to be prosperous, yet he was still too youthful to be corpulent, and awkward he would never be.

As Rosa came abreast of the cart, this bronze, well-dressed person stepped down over the bright red wheel and on to the pavement in front of her. His bold black eyes took in all of her youth and beauty that were so abundantly there for the taking. His dark small hands, with a big diamond sparkling on one finger, made an involuntary gesture of approval. He stood and stared, the burnished effrontery of his eyes gradually melting to entreaty.

And Rosa was no less spellbound. She was noting that his hands were neither the whitish color nor the awkward big shape of the American grocery boy's hands. She was fascinated by their smooth shapeliness, with the sparkling diamond ring.

Then Rosa's eyes suddenly turned in confusion from his as they seemed to draw her to him. She blushed as red as a ribbon, and turned violently into the path leading to the business college.

But the confectioner from New Britain was instantly beside her.

'Pardon me,' he said. 'I see you are going to the business college.'

His voice was like thick whipped cream. Rosa could no more place his accent than his name. He was strange and new to her. He took off his brown felt hat, and his hair was beautiful in the sunshine, lying in shiny black waves, glossy with grooming.

'The business college is just beginning me,' Rosika stammered.

'And when will it be finishing you?' he asked, his black eyes glistening.

'Not until six months,' she answered.

'I will wait,' he said, planting his small feet firmly on the sidewalk.

'You will wait here?' Rosa said. 'For six months?'

Xenophon's suave face broke up into laughter. It made him look much younger. Though Rosa was sure he was very old — perhaps thirty!

'I have come to the business college to-day,' he said, 'to have recommended to me a stenographer. For my business in New Britain. It grows too much for me to write all the letters myself.'

Rosa's eyes shone and sparkled. Was it possible that stenographers were snatched up off the sidewalk in front of the business college like this? And this only her first week!

'In April I will be a stenographer,' she said conclusively.

Then, encouraged by Xenophon's friendliness, and remembering that, her father having turned down two suitors for her yesterday, she had made up her mind to be 'on her own' like an American girl, she became friendly too.

'It was my wish to go to the Academy in Milford and learn to be a lady,' she said. 'But my mother said, "Of what use is a lady?" My mother wished me to go to the factory and learn to make suspenders in English — like my sister Yolande. But my father was afraid I might fall in love with the American suspenders men.'

'Do you — fall in love easily?' Xenophon asked, a little flurry in his eyes.

'I have never had a chance,' Rosa answered.

The swarthy gentleman fairly scintillated.

'Hungarian girls are not permitted to fall in love until after they are married,' Rosika explained. 'But already my father has refused five suitors for me, including the American boy who delivers the groceries, and who now makes eyes at my fourth sister, Lenke. And I, for myself, I am tired of waiting.'

'For that no one could blame you,' agreed Icarus. 'How many sisters have you?'

'Five,' Rosika replied. 'In the village we are called "the Six Beautiful Sisters." And we also have three brothers, Wilmonz, Ollidar, and Jeno.'

With more of this conversation, between intimate informations, Xenophon managed to make the hard-and-fast arrangement that Rosa was hired, to be his stenographer the very minute she was anybody's. He even intimated that at a pinch his business might not require a full-six-months stenographer, that she might, in fact, have the job now and finish learning to be a stenographer on the typewriter in his soda shop.

Rosa was trying to listen carefully to what he said, but all the time he talked she felt herself being drawn mysteriously nearer to him, until, when she tried to thank him for his offer, she found her hand in his! At first she only felt a little warm tingle in her fingers, where his fingers clasped them tightly. Then she had the social consciousness to snatch her hand away.

'Who — who are you?' she exclaimed suddenly, in Hungarian, startled into her mother tongue.

And Icarus laughed, and replied in some strange language which she in her turn did not understand.

'I mean,' she repeated then, carefully, in English, 'whence do you come? Of what race are you?'

And he answered, 'I am Greek.'

Rosa's joy was frozen in her veins. She could not have been more terrified.

Why Rosika feared this strange unknown race she could not have told, but antipathy had been inbred for generations. The very word 'Greek' had never been spoken calmly in the potato patches, in the farmyards, or in the peasant cottages of her ancestors; it had been spat — *Greek!*

But Rosa was even more fascinated than she was frightened — which is not at all unusual. And when Xenophon drove off in the red-wheeled cart she stood looking after him, the slip of paper with his name and address clasped close against her breast.

III

Her first thought alone was that now she was in love like an American girl, without benefit of parents, and it made her heart pound until she could hear it plainly. For Rosika's was not the cool, amber, apple-cider blood of New England, but it was warm like the Tokay wine from the famous vineyards of the land where she was born. Even the colors of her were not New England, though color all over she was, cream and milk color, berry and russet. Her eyes were the impenetrable Slav blue of the blue Danube, and her mouth was the sleepy red of the poppies that grow in the cornfields eastward, toward the steppes of Russia.

On the way home that evening Rosika caught up, along the country road, with her sister Piroska, from her day's work at the button factory. Abreast of each other, the inquiring expressions of Rosika's azure eyes and Piroska's eyes of silver gray changed back and forth like the shuffling of a bright deck of cards. And Rosa reached out, snatched under the neck of Piroska's sweater with competent fingers, and pulled out a bright ribbon.

At the end of the ribbon was a shining locket. And when Piroska opened it Rosa could see why Piroska, who was called the Silver Sister of the six, had lately grown more like a slim silver princess than ever. For the face in the locket was surely that of a prince.

'Are — are you in love with him?' Rosa asked in an awestruck voice. 'But I am seeing that you are. What is his name?'

'Quo Vadis is his name.'

'Quo Wadis? Quo Wadis?' Rosa mouthed the words inquiringly.

'He says it's a Latin name,' Piroska explained. 'He says it means in Latin, "Where are you going?"'

'You mean, if you marry him, your name will be Mrs. Where Are You Going?'

Piroska drew in a big breath, with a cold douche of fog down her throat. 'My name shall be Piroska Quo Vadis. And I think it is a beautiful name.'

'Surely the name is not of Hungary,' Rosa said. 'Tell me, of what race is this Quo Wadis?'

Piroska shivered in her thin green sweater, snapping the locket shut.

'He is,' she said, 'Italian — the tailor — in Bridgeport.'

'*Italian?* A tailor? A *wop?* A wop tailor!' Rosa's voice stuck in her throat like a fishbone. 'And this is what you would bring upon us, Piroska — that your children should be wops!'

Indignant, Piroska ran on ahead where she could not hear. And when she was out of sight Rosika was left alone in the fog that now shut out everything. It was a close, soft, eerie world, with Rosa so solitary in the centre of it that she could hear her own heartbeats. Or was that the beating of a horse's hoofs she heard! A horse, with a cart behind. And, as far as Rosa was concerned, were there not only one horse and one cart in all the world?

She stepped off the road, and the cart loomed up, shapeless in the fog, huge, devouring the atmosphere. And the owner was out over the wheel again, beside Rosa. For how could a mere Sound fog hide such a shining two from each other?

And, more than that, something was going to happen which Rosa did not know about — and therefore for which she was not responsible. Icarus took her in his arms.

'The day has been long, so long,' he said brokenly. 'All day have I driven my horse up and down the roads from Bridgeport to New Haven, thinking what to do. And I could not go back to New Britain without you!'

'G-go — go to New Britain?' Rosa's teeth chattered, as she dragged herself out of his reach. 'I am g-g-going home.'

'But, my pearl. My Rosika. My Rose. Do you not love me? As I love you?'

And Rosika did not know—although she knew, quite unexpectedly and suddenly, that she would die if he left her.

'Is — is love like this?' she asked. 'Are people — like this always — when they love?'

He took off her bright woolen cap, and smoothed back her damp hair with trembling hands.

'All are the same when they love,' he said.

'Then I am seeing now why my father wishes to do all the talking when the suitors come to propose!'

Xenophon laughed, and drew the diamond ring from his finger. Rosa looked on in amazement.

'For — for me?' she asked incredulously, as he reached for her hand.

'Of course for you — for my wife, Mrs. Xenophon! Once you are wearing my ring, you are promised to me. And not even your father can part us.'

'But I dare not wear the ring,' she said. 'My mother would burst it from me if she saw it. But,' eagerly, 'I could wear it on a ribbon around my neck!'

'Wear it then on a ribbon, until we are married,' Xenophon consented. 'Until next Sunday.'

'Next Sunday? Oh no, no, no!' Rosa answered in dismay. 'That could not be for long — for many weeks, months — years.'

'Is not until Sunday a year?' the Greek answered. 'Ah, my pearl, life is short.'

But how could Rosika tell this delectable person that, diamond ring and all, he would be *persona non grata* to her family? How could she tell him that she was meant for a fine Hungarian farmer, and none other whatever, much less a Greek? How could she tell him that even the word 'Greek' was not spoken, but spat, in her family?

And so with laughs, and promises, and warm shaking hands, they tied the sparkling ring with a bit of cord Icarus had in his pocket, and dropped it down out of sight inside the neck of Rosa's woolen dress.

'Oh, my Rosika, my Rose,' he whispered in her ear. 'How long shall I be waiting alone in my soda shop in New Britain! For when you come I shall give you golden goblets to drink from, and emerald plates!'

Rosa turned first one pretty ear and then the other to his murmuring lips, for there was enough Mother Eve in her to teach her a way with a lover; so that when Icarus left her he was the most unhappy completely happy man in New England.

But, even with all Rosika's cleverness, probably the delivery cart never would have turned and gone back in the fog the way it had come unless she had promised to begin being the stenographer of the soda shop the next day, instead of waiting for the business college to finish her.

As for Rosa, was there any reason why she should go to school any more to learn to be a stenographer when she had a stenographer's job already? And as for Icarus, the Greek knew deeply that he was a lucky man. His heart beat faster than his horse's hoofs as he turned at last toward New Britain, with Rosa's promise to come to-morrow morning to be the stenographer of his soda shop.

IV

As the dusk descended deeper and deeper, and the fog rolled in from the Sound, Mrs. Szabo was feeling even more uneasy than she had felt all day. As she went into the closed, cold summer kitchen to dish out the supper of pot cheese and milk, with great thick slices of rye bread, she was complaining again to herself, as in the morning.

'Yoi, yoi, yoi,' she murmured. ''T is time my Yolande was home from making suspenders in English. And far past time for Rosika from the business college, and Piroska from the button factory. Italians!' she muttered, brandishing the big sharp knife over the loaf of rye bread. 'Greeks!'

Then the Szabo sisters began to pop like electric lights into the large farmhouse kitchen, its bare white corners filled with soft shadows. First there came Piroska, and, seeing her enter without really looking at her, Margit thought it was Rosa, her figure was already so large.

Piroska was as scintillating as Rosa was blooming. She was shiny all over, even her voice. Very white and flawless was her skin, sparkling and very light gray her eyes. She was taller already than Rosa, and slender as the sapling of the silver birch.

After Piroska, in poured all the others. Yolande, the Madonnaesque, with Kati and Ilka, and the two older boys from school. Then last, as always, there was Lenke, who was fifteen and in the first year of the high school. Lenke, who was tawny as a leopardess, and ready to spring avidly upon any crumbs of life that overflowed the fingers of her older sisters. Margit feared even that Lenke, who was fourth, would be the first one married. And she could not keep from laughing, even in dismay.

For what a life was the life of the mother of six beautiful daughters! And how Margit loved it all. For joy and color still meant as much to the eager, youthful, healthy Margit as to the most life-loving of her flock.

There was *lackwar* too for supper — prune jam with nuts and fat round raisins in it. Everybody was at the table already when Rosa took her place. And, in spite of all her efforts to depress herself, Rosa looked so happy that it was as if a golden halo shone all around her head.

Lenke sat between Jeno and Wilmonz, near enough to Mrs. Szabo for a long-arm slap. And at this moment long, feline, invisible antennæ like a cat's fairly stuck out in front of her inquisitive nose and waved in the air toward her two older sisters. For psychic Lenke could feel that there was something forward. But she could not make out what it was, and was finally forced to bend her efforts upon her jam and bread.

Then came the exciting news.

'Mommo,' said Rosa, out of a clear sky. 'I have got a stenographer's job already. By a shop at 223 Elm Street, in New Britain.'

All eyes turned, as one, upon Rosa.

'And you only one week at the business college!' exclaimed Stefan Szabo from the head of his table.

'Yes, Poppo,' she said. 'A shopkeeper who needs someone to help him write his letters, and at the same time learn to be a stenographer on his typewriter at New Britain, has offered me a job. To begin to-morrow morning!'

Mrs. Szabo's bright eyes were just as inquisitive as Lenke's.

'A stenographer of what are you already?' she demanded uneasily.

'A stenographer of a confectionery shop.'

'Yes? Yes? Zo? A confectionery shop? And that might be well,' her father said.

'Does it sell ice cream?' piped Lenke.

'Yes, it does,' Rosa snapped. 'But I pray you never get any of it.'

'Oh, you do pray it, do you? Well, "a dog's barking goes not up to heaven,"' quoted Lenke nimbly.

'Mommo!' Rosa cried in a fright, as well she might. 'If Lenke is going to hang around the confectionery shop of which I am the stenographer, all will be lost. Once they see there are six Szabo sisters all wanting to be given treats of ice cream, I would no longer be employed by Mr. Xenophon!'

'Mr. *Xenophon!* Xenophon?' exclaimed Yolande, the Madonnaesque, she who was learning to make suspenders in English. 'What a strange name.'

'Well, did I name him?' asked Rosa.

'There, there,' said Mrs. Szabo fairly, as all eyes were rounding accusingly at Rosa. 'Did Rosa name him?'

'And, Rosa, what will you be paid for what you are not worth?' asked Wilmonz, the oldest brother, between bites of rye bread.

Rosa was taken aback. With all Icarus had had to say to her, and all she had had to say to him, the amount of her salary had not been so much as mentioned. But this was no time for scruples. So she answered, 'I shall be paid twelve dollars a week.'

And her voice was very gentle, for she was thinking she could not be indignant with Icarus for forgetting to mention her salary, when he had been only too busy imploring her to take half his whole shop.

Respect and awe greeted Rosa's announcement of the sum. It was the salary of a lady's job, twelve dollars a week! But it was only right, for being the stenographer of a confectionery shop. They all knew that.

'Xenophon?' inquired Mrs. Szabo politely. 'Is that a Turco name?'

'A Turk name!' stammered Rosa, red in the face. 'Of course, Mommo, it is not a Turco name. It's a Greek name.'

'Greek!' spat Mrs. Szabo. 'A Greek name you are the stenographer of the soda shop of? And his *wife*, Rosika?' she demanded. 'Mr. Xenophon's wife, Mrs. Xenophon? Is she Greek?'

Rosa was almost balked by this question. But what had to be had to be.

'Of course Mrs. Xenophon is Greek,' she said firmly. And to make it sound more convincing, she added, 'And very beautiful.'

There were sighs of relief up and down both sides of the table. For the word 'Greek' had put a strain on the Szabo psychology at a point where it was little able to bear it. But Xenophon being safely married, — and to a beautiful wife, — everybody now turned back to the business in hand, the jam business. Everybody except Mrs. Szabo, whose nimble mind was still revolving as fast as the minute hand on a watch.

'So Mrs. Xenophon is beautiful,' said Mrs. Szabo pleasantly. 'How nice. And I suppose she is rich, too.'

'Oh yes, she is very rich,' Rosa acquiesced eagerly. And again, to make it convincing, she added, 'She is so rich she never drinks plain water — only soda water.'

That settled the Szabos for a while. It gave everybody at the table something to think about. Only the gleam in Lenke's eyes told that she needed no time in which to think — that her mind was made up already. And Rosa knew, in her elbows, that the first afternoon Lenke could evade the family she would come leaping limberly to the soda shop in New Britain! Oh, why had n't she said she was the stenographer of some other sort of shop?

After all the other Szabos had gone to bed that night, Rosa sat dreaming beside the big bare kitchen table, until at last even Mrs. Szabo fell asleep, contenting herself with calling out to Rosa in English, 'There you go burning your candle on both sides.'

As Rosa rode on the trolley the next morning to New Britain her heart thumped. When she entered the confectionery shop Xenophon was alone, for he had thrust the customers out of the shop and had given his young assistant from Salonika the whole day off for a holiday.

Icarus had been working in the shop since dawn. The glass show cases, which shone like diamonds, had been pushed back a little to make the middle aisle wider for Rosa to walk upon. Fresh garlands of colored tissue paper were festooned above the bright bottles of sweet syrups. The glistening white soda fountain was rubbed and polished. And, as a last touch, the whole place was sprayed with the perfume Xenophon used on his hair.

The confectionery shop was therefore easily the finest thing Rosa had ever seen. And from Xenophon's arms Rosika's charming blue eyes looked upon all, and liked all they looked upon.

'But ah, my Rosika, my Rose,' Icarus began at once, his lips murmuring against hers. 'Can we not close the shop now for to-day, and go together without waiting to the Greek Catholic priest?'

'Greek Catholic?' Rosika cried, aghast. She had not thought of this complication. '*Greek* Catholic? But I am Roman Catholic.'

'You will be Greek, however, when you are married to me, is it not?' Icarus asked innocently.

'Greek I am not!' Rosika cast in his fine white even teeth. 'And Greek I shall never be! Am I not already your stenographer? And is it not enough? Whether I shall ever be your wife depends upon your own behavior.

'Besides,' Rosika added, 'I shall have a great wedding. Is it for such as I to hurry to the side door of the priest?'

But Icarus caught her fiercely against him. 'But, Rosika, my Rose, my white swan, do not leave me.'

He held her close in his arms, his face against hers, and all the will went out of her into him. For that is the way with such things. And she murmured, 'I — shall never leave you — if you are loving me — so much.'

And by noon Rosa and Icarus had only come to this — that part they could not. So Rosa went to pray in a Roman Catholic church, and Icarus went to pray in a Greek Catholic church. And their prayers came to the same thing, as true prayer always does everywhere. For they each prayed for the miracle of love, and they both received it.

In the afternoon, this being the amiable state of Connecticut, where preliminaries are unnecessary, Rosika and Icarus were married by the justice of the peace at Greenwich. In the train going back from Greenwich to Milford, two hours later than Rosika was expected at home, the bride had no false modesty about cuddling against the bridegroom on the brown plush seat — he with both his arms about her, the fragrance of her hair against his face, and on her finger the new gold wedding ring.

But Rosa had no intention of causing the Szabos at home any sorrow she could save them, and also she meant to keep Icarus for herself; and she had succeeded in making it part of the bargain that she should have time to tell her family of the elopement gradually —

that Icarus should keep the wedding ring, and the diamond ring, and all the coral jewelry he had bought for her this afternoon, and she should go home, and pretend for a while to be no more than the stenographer of the soda shop.

When Rosa lifted the latch of the kitchen door and saw her father waiting up for her, he whose habit it was to go to roost with the chickens, she forced a smile upon her lips, though in her heart the tears were falling, falling. For it is always so with love.

But Rosika's latenesses followed ever more thickly. Almost every evening of the next two weeks she was late to supper; twice she went to spend the night with her cousin in Bridgeport.

Then there came, inevitably, the day when Lenke ran home all the way from the village with the news she had heard. 'Listen, Mommo!' Lenke cried. 'Listen to that which I have but now discovered — about Rosika!'

'Come, Lenke, to your dinner,' said Mrs. Szabo shortly. 'There is napkin pudding with château sauce flooding it.'

'But, Mommo!' insisted Lenke, and poured into Margit's reddening ears the tale she had to tell.

'I thought, Lenke Szabo, I told you not to go near that soda shop,' was all Margit said, though her heart was bursting against her breast.

'I did n't go,' Lenke explained. 'Have I said that it was I myself who saw Rosika kiss the Greek in the soda shop? I was told by those who saw her do it! And what do you suppose Mrs. Xenophon will do, Mommo, when she finds it out?'

What the beautiful Mrs. Xenophon would do, Margit refused to discuss. And the next night Rosa sent word home again — late — that she was staying the night with her cousin in Bridgeport. And Margit sat all night on the steps of the farmhouse, awake; for Rosa was not at her cousin's when Wilmonz was sent to inquire there.

V

Early the next morning, Margit was on the trolley for New Britain. Piroska and Lenke were with her, and Wilmonz and Ollidar. Mr. Szabo and Yolande both steadfastly refused to be a party to this early morning march, standing out loyally that Rosika had only gone with some girl to the movie, and had found herself caught too late to go on to her cousin's afterward. For of one thing Stefan Szabo was certain — his own blood. And Yolande, the Madonnaesque, was much like her father.

But Margit bore forward, every drop of her blood straining. In a street of New Britain near the soda shop Margit annexed a large policeman, who listened with the greatest avidity to all she had to say — Rosa's beauty, the Greek's perfidy, the beautiful Mrs. Xenophon's ignorance of the whole thing.

And when the Irish policeman saw how comely Margit was as she told the tale, how beautiful Piroska was, and how full of strange attractiveness the tawny Lenke, he could hardly wait to see Rosika. The more he heard, the greater grew his indignation. The low-down Greek! The shoe-shining, soda-selling, banana man! Forward, march!

Mrs. Szabo made her cohorts wait outside on the sidewalk, while she entered the soda shop alone. And it happened that Rosa had gone out of the shop at the back door at the moment her mother entered at the front, so that Xenophon and the assistant from Salonika, two unprotected Greeks, were in the shop when the Hungarian mother burst in upon them.

'You! So it is you!' Margit shrieked in English as she entered the door, pointing at Icarus, waving her short, rounded, pretty arms, bare below her tight sleeves to the elbow. 'I have come to tell Mrs. Xenophon, your wife, the beautiful Mrs. Xenophon, what *you* are!'

Xenophon was struck dumb. Mrs. Xenophon was certainly beautiful, so this was no case of mistaken identity. The Greek blinked his glowing black eyes into Margit's almond-shaped eyes in which Tatar ancestry gleamed fiercely.

'Yes!' continued Margit at the top of her voice, as that was the Szabo method of making English intelligible, 'you are untrue to your beautiful wife!'

Of all things, this was a false accusation, for Icarus would have gladly laid down his life for the beautiful Mrs. Xenophon. And, stung with injustice, he shouted back now as loudly as he was shouted at.

'To my beautiful wife I am not untrue!' he cried. 'Nor shall ever be!'

Mrs. Szabo shook like an aspen leaf at this barefaced denial. She even forgot that she must speak in English, and poured out the vials of her wrath upon the Greek in Hungarian. She made an excellent job of it, if only he could have understood a word she said.

And when Margit saw that she would have to begin all over again in English, she was more furious than ever.

'Son of a horse!' she shrieked, her pretty mouth as red as Rosa's. 'Bloody dog!' she shouted. '*You*, Mr. Xenophon, are a wamp. A male *wamp!* I can see it in your eye!'

'You cannot see a wamp in my eye. I am a confectioner.'

'A wamp I am saying you are. A wamp, a wamp!' Margit repeated louder, believing if only she could say it loudly enough he *must* understand her.

Then in upon this familiar family struggle with the English language came Rosa, through the back door. At the sight which greeted her eyes, there fell pell-mell from her hands upon the floor the lunch she had been buying for herself and Xenophon — a fresh brown loaf from the bakery next door, round red radishes out of season, a big garlic head, some slices of sausage, and two oranges.

The oranges and the garlic head rolled, and bumped against Margit's nervous feet. She gave them a quick kick that sent them flying across the floor straight against Xenophon's feet, and he contemptuously kicked them back again, whereupon Rosa, seeing her mother and her husband kicking back and forth upon the floor the lunch she had selected with such care, burst into tears.

Mrs. Szabo had now given up the unequal struggle with the word 'vamp' in English. But she was scarcely more fortunate with her second effort.

'*Wermin!*' she shouted at Icarus. 'Wermin is what I say you are.'

She advanced one catlike step at a time toward him at each reiteration of the word, 'Wermin, wermin, wermin!'

And Icarus backed a step to her every advance, until he backed himself up against the show case, and there had to make his stand.

'Wermin!' Margit announced so close under his nose that physical encounter seemed unavoidable, when Rosa put in a word hopefully.

'Vermin, she means,' Rosa explained. 'She can't say her *v* in English.'

But this did not seem to help the situation, and the Greek's color grew garnet beneath his swarthy skin. Not being able to back any farther, he shouted 'Wixen!' at the pretty woman in front of him, to which Rosa's explanation, 'He means vixen,' added no olive branch.

Then suddenly Icarus began to discern the strong family resemblance between the small and attractive 'wixen' and the tall and beautiful Rosa, and it dawned upon the hapless Greek that this was his Hungarian mother-in-law.

He had a wild idea of offering her an ice-cream soda. But at this moment she ran to the door and poked out her head. And in poured her camp followers — the Irish policeman first, sticking out his chest; Piroska, shrinking; then lean and hungry Lenke, looking for ice cream; and after her Wilmonz and Ollidar.

Mrs. Szabo pointed a shaking finger at Icarus. 'There he is. Pinch him,' she said in perfectly good English to the Irish policeman.

But the policeman seemed less aggressive than he had been on the street. He removed his cap, staring at Rosa.

'He makes me veep, the vasp!' Margit said, again pointing to Icarus.

Lenke caught her mother's hand. 'Don't say "veep" and "vasp" in English!' she hissed. 'If you can't say "weep" and "wasp," you should say nothing!'

'Say nothing? But I do veep. For there's nothing left for Rosika but to take the weil!'

The assistant from Salonika had lined up beside Xenophon; the populace from the street had pushed into the shop. And Rosa's cheeks floated two red flags; her eyes were blue steel. She looked past her mother, and fastened her hypnotic gaze upon the brown and limber Lenke.

'Have I not forbidden you to come to my soda shop, Lenke Szabo?' she cried. 'Take that one out!' she commanded the Irish policeman. 'That small brown one.'

Lenke slunk behind her mother's skirts.

'As for you, my mother,' said Rosa, and fished down in the bosom of her frock as she talked, 'I have something here for you.'

What fine hands she had, as she fished in her bodice! And how she was hung all over with jewelry! The necklace of corals Icarus had given her, in three loops, the bracelets, the brooch, the pendant earrings, the diamond!

At last she drew out with difficulty a handful of papers, considerably crumpled.

'See!' she cried. 'I am married in English! It is I myself who am the beautiful Mrs. Xenophon!'

Icarus, at the soda fountain behind the beautiful Mrs. Xenophon's back, was slyly 'jerking' a soda for Lenke and showing Wilmonz and Ollidar how to dish out ice cream for themselves.

And thus it came about that the Szabos, recognizing an accomplished fact, had to content themselves with demanding that the marriage be performed all over again by the village priest of their own choosing.

And whoever was fortunate enough to be passing the chapel in Milford, Connecticut, at high noon on the next Sunday saw one of the most engaging scenes imaginable; saw Rosika, wearing a new plum-colored frock with plum-colored satin slippers and plum-colored silk stockings to match, and on her head a hat of plum-colored velvet with Catawba-colored flowers and yellow lace; and, walking beside Rosika, a happy Greek; and following them a large wedding procession, including the other five of the six beautiful sisters.

And hanging at a distance upon the flank of the procession, gazing upon the lovely Piroska, the second sister of the six, could be seen veritably one of Mussolini's *giovanetti* — a young Italian as flawless of face as a Guido Reni Saint Michael, and as chinless as an olive — one Pietro Quo Vadis by name, the 'wop tailor' from Bridgeport.

LIGHT AT LAST[1]

BY KATHRYNE MARY FRICK

I

DURING my first few years in school, my interest in my studies did not lag. Everyone was kind and very considerate of me then as all through my school days, and the interest the directors and the other officers of the Institution took in my progress was a constant incentive.

I was responsive to praise and easily influenced by others, and for this latter reason my teacher did not want me to mingle too freely with the other pupils and allowed me to play with them only at certain times under the watchful care of some responsible person. In spite of this precaution, however, the girls gave me some queer ideas that worried my teacher. It was my habit to tell her everything, and I liked to find something that was not in keeping with her views, because I loved debate. When I said something of which she did not approve, her way of spelling was more impressive than usual and there was more life in every word and gesture. How I did love a jolt! Though I was perfectly willing to do patiently all that was required of me, I craved excitement and welcomed anything that would make me think faster.

Every morning my teacher brought something to eat, and at half-past ten we would sit on the doorsteps, or somewhere in the shade, and eat fruit, bread and butter or crackers, and drink lemonade, while my teacher told me about the objects she could see near us. As soon as we had divided the luncheon and had started to eat, she would begin to spell out something like this: 'I see a bird. It is hopping.' I would spell, 'Where is a bird?' After she had corrected the article 'a' to 'the,' she would say, 'Near us' — or she would name whatever it happened to be near, under, or on. A short statement like that was sure to open the floodgate of questions I had always on tap, such as 'What color bird?' 'Where bird go?' or 'Bird wants bread? Bird eat?'

Sometimes my teacher would begin to eat without saying anything. Then I would start with such questions as 'Who?' 'Who you saw?' or 'You saw who?' After she had straightened out the question forms, she would answer, and nearly always would add something interesting to the direct reply. She says now that she did not restrict herself to any one tense when talking to me, but used any tense or language form demanded by the occasion, and that I used mostly the past tense, except with the verbs 'like,' 'want,' 'love,' 'have,' and 'be.'

I remember one time she spelled: 'I see two birds. They are hopping.' When she asked me to tell her what she had said I spelled: 'You saw two birds. They ared hoppingped.' I spelled this very fast, because I was proud of the fact that I could change verbs from the present to the past tense without help from her.

My teacher now tells me that this

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[1] Earlier chapters of this authentic record of triumph over blindness, deafness, and loss of speech appeared in April and May. — EDITOR

mistake of mine is unusual and that in all her experience she had never met it before, because teachers nearly always give their pupils the past form of a verb before requiring them to use it, or tell the pupils to leave a blank for the word they need but do not know. And to my question, 'Would it not have been better if you had given me the past form of "are hopping" before you led me into using it?' she replies: 'No, not in your case. If I had undertaken to do that, it would have required signs, and the superintendent had requested me to avoid using them as much as possible and to see how much could be done without them. To be sure, at times I did resort to signs, but only when it was absolutely necessary. With a class, I should have pursued different tactics, but I was on the firing line with you all the time and wanted you to receive all the bumps that one would naturally encounter when first learning to use any language. I wanted you to meet and overcome the same obstacles that the average hearing child meets and overcomes before he enters school, thus increasing your power to think and overcome difficulties as you went along. Then again, the two mistakes you made threw more light on the progress you were making than if you had spelled a perfect sentence. The sentence "They ared hoppingped" showed that you had in some way discovered that words a little different from the ones I had used were wanted and that you were perfectly capable of quickly calling upon what you had already learned to help you out; also that you had self-reliance enough not to depend upon your teacher for everything.'

The first time I went home for a short vacation, my teacher came on a Saturday to stay the following week and then take me back to school. On the Monday after her arrival, when Mother was clearing off the breakfast table, I made some sandwiches and put them in the refrigerator. I put a pitcher and a lemon on a plate near two glasses and two spoons. Mother did not understand what I was doing, but she was too busy to ask for an explanation. My teacher went around the house spelling to me, and though I was interested in learning the names of all the objects in my home I kept a sharp outlook to see when the sun would reach the steps in our back yard. I felt that the sun was lazy that morning, for I had not yet learned that it does not shine in all back yards at the same hour. Taking my teacher's hands, I led her to the clock in the kitchen and spelled, 'Eat bun. Yes? No?' She spelled 'Yes.' Then I showed her where to get ice water and sugar and, giving her a knife, told her to make some lemonade, while I got some fruit and the sandwiches.

We sat on the steps of the back piazza and I at once began to question her about our surroundings. Poor Mother did not know what it was all about until my teacher explained that at school we had an early breakfast and, as dinner was not served until one o'clock, it was necessary for us to have a bite between meals. I purposely did not tell Mother why I made the sandwiches in the morning because I wanted her to be shocked at finding my teacher and me sitting on the back steps eating like tramps, with a plate of sandwiches and a pitcher on the piazza floor. I thought Mother would be horrified, and I enjoyed the sensation this thought produced more than I did the sandwiches.

As the time drew near for my return to school, I racked my brain for some device to prolong my stay at home. I could see no reason why my teacher could not teach me as well at home as in the Institution. The day before we were to return, we attended a picnic near a stream, which we crossed on stepping-stones, and I became aware that my teacher was fearful of having her skirt splashed. Then it flashed across my mind that if she got her dress good and wet she would not be able to take me back to school the next day, for I knew that the only other dress she had with her was unsuitable for travel. Having crossed the stream without a mishap, I coaxed her to lead me to the water and let me feel it running. This she did, and then, without any warning, I gave her several pushes, but somehow she managed to save herself until Mother took me in hand.

Then I thought of another plan. When I first entered school I had a sore finger which was very slow in healing, and to make matters worse I got a splinter under the nail while picking up something from the floor. The splinter was removed in the Institution infirmary and my finger was receiving medical care when I started on my vacation. On the day of my return to school, while Mother was getting me ready for the train, a great desire to stay at home a few more days overwhelmed me, so I told Mother I did not want to go with my teacher because she had put my sore finger on the table and beat it with a big stick. I showed her how it was done. My grandmother, who was waiting to see me off, was called, and I repeated my story. Then I was marched to my teacher, who was waiting for me in the living room. Mother showed her my finger and asked what had happened to it. My teacher told her about the splinter. Then Mother asked me why my finger was sore, and, feeling sure that she believed in me, I did not hesitate to accuse my teacher before her and Grandma.

Nothing more was said about the matter at the time, and I had to go back to school. The next morning, however, my teacher took me to the Institution infirmary and showed the head nurse my finger, going through the motions I had used in accusing her of having smashed it. The nurse shook her head and showed me how she had removed the splinter. My teacher explained to me that there was a written record of the accident to my finger, and when we returned to our schoolroom she requested me to write to my parents and tell them the truth. When I refused, she said she would take me to the superintendent's office and have him write to my parents. She made it clear that the superintendent would question the nurse, matron, and my supervisor in order to get at the truth. Then I saw the uselessness of adhering to my story, and I wrote home telling of the mistake I had made.

What a fuss about such a little thing, I thought. Why did n't she let the whole matter drop? I had learned a lesson — was n't that enough? I had learned that it was useless to fib to her or about her, for she had ways of reaching the truth of which I knew nothing, and she would do her utmost to right anything she knew was wrong. Long afterward I ventured to ask my teacher why she bothered about my accusation when she knew herself guiltless, and she answered: —

'If you had succeeded in making everyone believe that fib, there would have been no hesitation, on your part, about telling many others. What is generally considered harmless fibbing in a child, if ignored by those who should correct the fault, usually leads to something worse. I positively believed that, by this lesson, I should relieve you and your future teachers of much arduous work in training you to be truthful and trustworthy.'

I was led to ask if I was an unusually

dishonest and untruthful child, to which she replied: —

'On the contrary, you were the most honest and truthful deaf or hearing child I have ever met. This fib was the only one I ever knew you to tell. You did write imaginary stories about your dolls and other toys and sometimes pretended that you did not believe what had been told to you, but you did so in order to gain more information about the subject or to satisfy your desire to debate. All this could be classed with untruthfulness, but few would so classify it.'

It seems rather egotistic for me to quote my teacher as I have in this respect, but I feel justified, for she maintains that there are no born liars, but that circumstances, fear, shame, vanity, desire, or all together, make the liar.

II

By the second week in September we were started again on our regular school work, and everything rushed along merrily. My teacher had a carefully mapped out programme for every day, but we seldom, if ever, followed it to the letter, as she was sure to dwell a little longer on something when I seemed eager to continue and cut short anything in which I did not at the moment seem interested. There was one exception to this — counting. She was anxious to have me learn to count to ten, as she wanted to classify words according to what is known as the column or five-slate system of teaching the rules of syntax. For I had now arrived at sentence building, and syntax, as every teacher of the deaf knows, is a most difficult matter.

The first time that I put a verb in the wrong place — as, 'I a cake ate' — my teacher took a large blank yellow card that was divided into six vertical columns by pricked lines and told me that 'I' should always be put in the first column, 'ate' in the second, and 'cake' in the third. So far I understood. Then one day I wrote, 'A table is a cake on.' When my teacher saw my mistake, she led me to one side of the room, where six blank cardboard charts were hanging in a row on the wall. A week or two before this, when she had hung them there, I had asked her, 'Why?' and she had spelled, 'Keep awake and you will see in good time.'

Of course at that stage of my acquaintance with English such spelling was Greek to me, so I held her spelling hand up with both of mine, which told her that I did not catch the idea and wished her to explain. Then she spelled slowly, 'Wait and you will see why I hung the cards on the wall. After a while we shall use them.' 'Use?' I asked; and she spelled, 'Want them.' And then, 'We shall want to work on them.'

This is an example of the way I acquired language. When we went into the yard at recess, my teacher was electrified when she saw me spell to a girl, 'See.' The girl asked, 'What?' I spelled, 'Keep awake, and you will see.'

After recess, my teacher asked me why I had used the language she had spelled first and not the simpler form, and I answered in signs, 'I wanted to show the girl that I could spell like grown-ups and not in baby language.' Then she asked, 'Who told you that I spelled baby language to you the second time?' All I was able to say then, however, was, 'I know.'

Each of the six charts on the wall had several narrow strips sewed across it horizontally to hold small cards — another of my teacher's inventions; and, taking the large yellow card marked off in six columns, she showed me that the six charts corresponded to the columns on the yellow card. On the table near the charts were four boxes containing small cards of different sizes and shapes, on each of which was written a word in Braille. I had been introduced to Braille the first week in September, and we had been making these cards off and on for some time. Whenever I needed a new word of any kind, it was pricked on a card and placed in one of the boxes, though I did not then understand why.

Nouns of all numbers and genders were written on white oblong-shaped cards and put into the box marked '1, 3, 5'; the verbs were written in the present tense on yellow cards two inches square and placed in the box marked '2'; the prepositions, which were few, were written on oblong cards smaller than the ones for the nouns and put in the box marked '4.' In the box marked '6' were square cards much larger than the ones on which the verbs were written. These large square cards were for words that expressed time — such as 'to-day,' 'to-morrow,' 'now,' and so on. It did not matter what grammarians called them so long as they told me, when used in a sentence, which tense of the verb was required.

Taking all the noun cards, my teacher showed me that they could be placed in the holders on chart 1, 3, or 5, but never on chart 2, 4, or 6, and, in turn, that the verb cards were always placed on chart 2, the prepositions on chart 4, and the time-expression cards on chart 6.

Then my teacher put my hand on a cake that was on the table and asked, 'What is on the table?' I answered, 'A cake.' She told me to take the card with 'cake' written on it and asked me on which chart it should go. I hesitated, and she spelled again, 'What is on the table?' holding her hand on chart 1. I spelled 'cake,' holding my hand right under hers; then I understood that the 'cake' card should be put in the holder on chart 1. Next she put on chart 2 a card which had 'is' written on it and told me never to put a card on chart 3 when 'is' was on chart 2. She gave me the 'on' card, which I put on chart 4, and then I put 'table' in the holder on chart 5.

This was my first lesson in correcting my language mistakes. I had been using the verb 'to be,' having picked it up from my teacher, and I had wondered why she kept the cards with 'to be' and its variations in the same box with the verbs, but held together with a strong rubber band. I asked her why she did not want 'to be' to mix with the other cards, and she said, '"To be" is a very troublesome little fellow and we have to watch him closely.'

I laughed at the way she used the pronoun 'him,' because she had taught me that the neuter pronouns were 'it,' 'they,' and 'them.'

I asked her 'Why? What "be" for?' and she explained that 'to be' and all his friends say 'yes' — that is, affirm the statement. I asked where the 'no' cards were and she showed me cards on which 'no' and 'not' were written. Then I placed cards on the charts so as to read: 'I am in my schoolroom now. I am not in the yard.'

1	2	3	4	5	6
I	am		in	my schoolroom	now
I	am not		in	the yard	

When my teacher took me to the charts she had no intention of dwelling so long on the verb 'to be,' but I was so curious about the little word which did not seem to mean anything that she took advantage of my interest. When I was told in my second school year that I used this verb surprisingly well for the short time I had been under instruction, I felt that it was because I had obtained a clear idea of its use on the day my teacher first gave me the charts to straighten out my mistakes.

III

By the time I went home for the Christmas holidays I had been under instruction nearly seven months, and it could be said that I was fairly started. I could count objects to ten, write from 'one' to 'ten' in words and in Braille figures, and read and write many words and short sentences in both Braille and Roman letters. I knew that only the sightless use the dotted print, that the Roman letters are used by people who can see, and that every person and thing has a written as well as spoken name. I could spell with my fingers and read what others spelled to me, and when I was puzzled my teacher would always find a way to make me understand the meaning of every word and sentence. She encouraged the pupils to spell to me after school hours, giving them to understand that they need not confine themselves to the words and language that I knew, but that they might express themselves in the language they used when talking to their teachers. In this way she was laying the foundation for me to cultivate a 'language memory.'

Shortly after the Christmas holidays Mr. William Wade, that benevolent citizen of Oakmont, Pennsylvania, who was such a generous friend to all the blind and deaf in the United States, sent me a Braille writer. I was not long learning how to write with it and I wanted to discard the slow, laborious method of writing on the Braille slate, but my teacher insisted that I use the slate occasionally. She attached some mental discipline to my making letters backward, as one must when writing on the Braille slate.

It was great fun to sit by my teacher and read as she wrote stories and news for hours at a time. I found it far more interesting to read as she wrote than to have the finished page of writing handed me. I was not allowed to interrupt her until she had finished a page, when I could ask all the questions or say anything I wished, as long as what I said had some reference to what she had written. After she had finished one subject I could talk about whatever her writing had suggested to me. When it came my turn to write she observed the same rule, and after she had corrected my writing by spelling and questions I usually copied what I had written.

At first my teacher answered my questions in a direct way, and in writing the story I confined myself to the bare facts that I had gleaned from her answers. By constantly listening to her opinions concerning what she had seen or had been told, however, I almost unconsciously, through imitation, learned to express my own ideas.

Sometimes this was rather embarrassing for my teacher. For instance, when I was in my third year at school a very dignified lady came to our schoolroom to see me while I was lying on the lounge taking my regular afternoon rest. My teacher asked the visitor if she would like to see me write something unaided, and, upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, she introduced me to the lady. Then she led me to the typewriter and said: 'I saw you spelling to yourself while you were on the lounge. What were you thinking about?' I immediately began to tap out on the keys: 'You are a dear little busybody to want to know what I was thinking about, but I do not mind telling you. I was thinking about home and Mama and Papa and a new dress that Mama is making for me. I do not like store dresses. My Mama can make pretty clothes.'

I gave the paper to my teacher and she handed it to the lady without glancing at it. I put my hand on my teacher's face to see how what I had written was being received, and to my surprise she held her lips firmly together as was her wont when nonplused. Our visitor's stay was short, for as soon as she had read my paper she asked my teacher if I knew about God and if my parents were Christians, then bade me good-bye stiffly and departed.

I asked my teacher what was wrong, and she answered, 'Nothing.' This did not satisfy me, however, so she explained that the lady was a dear kind soul, but that she evidently belonged to the old school of pedagogy, which would consider it almost a crime for a pupil to speak openly of his teacher as a busybody.

'But I was in fun,' I pleaded.

'To be sure,' said my teacher. 'Any modern person would understand that, but the old school did not permit such familiarity between teacher and pupil, and for a pupil to joke or laugh and sometimes even smile brought the schoolmaster's switch into play.' For a moment I was worried, until she said that times had changed and that the moderns believe in making the schoolroom a pleasant as well as a profitable place.

Fearing that the lady had carried away a wrong impression of me, I asked, 'Did the lady think I was stupid and naughty?'

'No,' said my teacher, 'but her whole manner and expression said plainly: "What will become of that poor child if she is left to such teaching? To be allowed and encouraged to talk about such vanities as pretty clothes in school, when she should be on her knees for what she has now!"'

I wanted to know if the lady had on shabby old clothes, and was told that, on the contrary, her clothes were of the very best and that she was evidently a woman of education, culture, and breeding. If the dear good lady happens to read this I hope she will not be offended, but will rejoice in knowing that she helped me to enlarge my vocabulary, gave me a broader view of what to expect of people, and, above all, afforded me a couple of days of delightful learning, since her visit gave rise to much questioning and explaining.

It was the right psychological moment to acquaint me with new expressions. My teacher had been training me all along to repeat whole sentences after they had been spelled once to me and to get the meaning of words at the same time. I knew that nearly all words have several meanings, as I had learned that several signs may be made for one word — as many signs as the word happens to have meanings. I learned this from the other pupils, not from my teacher. I also knew that when my teacher used, for example, such a phrase as 'praying continually' she did not mean that one should keep praying every minute of the twenty-four hours of the day and every day of one's life. Some instinct told me that she was using the words in a sort of Pickwickian sense. She often spoke to me in that way because she knew that when I took up reading I should come across many things that could not be taken literally.

IV

As I have already stated, from the first my teacher endeavored to help me by every means to recall the language and speech I had before I was stricken, and whenever we met anyone who could hear she would tap me under the chin, which meant that I was to speak. When I did make an attempt to say something that I had spelled she would repeat it to me as soon as she met anyone who could hear, and a tap on my chin told me to do my best. I was anxious to talk like other people, and a second tap was not necessary.

Whether these exercises were reviving my lost memory or whether I was learning the words anew is still a question with me, but I do know that a word suddenly came back to me one day when I was rejoicing over a surprise gift that Miss Weston, a reporter, brought to me. It was a dear little stuffed rabbit all covered with fur, and the reporter hoped that I would say 'cat' or 'kitty,' words she was pretty sure I had known before losing my speech. As soon as I had taken the rabbit, my teacher spelled 'cat,' and touched my chin. I was indignant and shouted at the top of my voice, 'Bunny!' My teacher said, 'No, no. Cat.' I repeated 'bunny' so plainly that even the reporter, who had seen me only once before and was not accustomed to the voice of the deaf, understood me at once. I showed my teacher the stubby tail in proof of my assertion.

This little incident helped to increase my self-confidence, and I continued of my own free will to give some sort of sound or combination of sounds for all the words I had learned to spell, although these sounds usually meant very little to others. Now and again I would recall the spoken name of something, but was very seldom able to say it plainly enough to be understood.

My teacher was very anxious to have my speech developed at once, and at her request, in my second school year, Dr. Crouter and the directors arranged for another teacher, Miss Stewart, to undertake the task of instructing me in the elements of speech. The methods used were practically the same as those used in teaching the seeing deaf to speak, only I was required to depend upon my fingers instead of my eyes when I wanted to know the position assumed by the teacher's lips or tongue. This could not have been very pleasant work for Miss Stewart. She gave me about twenty or thirty half-hour lessons.

Meanwhile, my own teacher, Miss Foley, in addition to my other school work, was training my sense of touch so that I should learn to distinguish variations in sound vibrations. One drill that I found more interesting than the others was tapping on a toy drum. Removing one side of the drum, my teacher strung wax threads across it and had me, by simply holding my hands on the drum, tell her which thread she had strummed.

It was through the drum exercise that she taught me how to keep time when dancing. I got the waltz step by my teacher's striking the drum with her forefinger, then following this quickly with a stroke of her middle finger and then with her ring finger, the last stroke being somewhat prolonged into a sort of glide. This meant 'one, two, three, balance.' Having obtained an idea of rhythm through my fingers, I placed my hands on my teacher's toes while she went slowly through the waltz steps, and it was not long before I could follow her. Soon I could waltz with anyone, and how I did love to dance! There seemed to be something within me that I longed to express, and dancing gave me an outlet. After mastering the waltz step I took up rhythmic skipping, the one-step, scarf drills, and other æsthetic drills. During my first four years in school ten minutes every day were set aside for these exercises.

Among the many other things, I was taught to understand both script and Roman letters when written on my hands and arms, in order to keep me in touch with people who could not spell with their fingers. In short, training of my sense of touch in different ways never ceased while I was under the instruction of my first teacher. As a result, this sense became so acute that I could recognize and even enjoy various kinds of statuary.

V

All the directors were exceedingly interested in trying to make my school life pleasant and profitable. Mr. Emlen Hutchinson, Mr. Archibald R. Montgomery, Mr. Joseph H. Burroughs, and Mr. Robert Glendinning were among the many who did a great deal to make it so. Among Mr. Glendinning's many gifts to me was a precious and very useful wrist watch which enabled me to be on time for school, shop, and meals without depending on being hunted up by the supervisors. Indeed, the watch made me feel very independent and almost normal.

Before receiving the watch, I could tell time by the clock. Seeing how I was striving to guess time by the sun and shadows, my teacher acquainted me, during my second school year, with the use of the clock. She made a hole above the figure XII on a pasteboard clock dial, explaining that the hole was the top. Then she sewed an oblong wooden bead over each figure on the dial. Touching the bead over figure I with the hour hand, while the minute hand was on XII, she spelled: 'It is one o'clock now. It is dinner time. School is out.' Moving the hour hand to II, she spelled, 'It is two o'clock.' She continued thus until the hour hand reached XII. Then, moving it to I, she waited for some response from me. I promptly spelled, 'It is thirteen o'clock.' 'No, no,' she laughed; 'we never say that. It is 1 A.M. now. You are in bed. When it is dinner time it is 1 P.M.'

In a week or two, after I had mastered the hours, five wooden cubes were sewed between the figures XII and I. Then five wooden balls were sewed between I and II, and so on, five cubes alternating with five balls between the various figures on the dial. Now the minute hand, which so far had remained at XII, was brought into play. My teacher moved the minute hand from XII to I, while the hour hand was moved just a tiny bit past I. She spelled, 'It is five minutes past one.' Then, moving the minute hand to II, she spelled, 'It is ten minutes past one.' This continued until the minute hand was again at XII and the hour hand at II. This drill was carried on day after day until by actual count I knew that the minute hand had to pass sixty beads while the hour hand crept slowly from one oblong bead to another.

The number of short sentences that I mastered while learning to tell time is almost beyond belief. My teacher has a notebook filled with expressions I learned in this way.

Among my good friends not directly connected with the Institution were Governor Edwin S. Stuart, several members of the Legislature, and Mr. Ellis Lit, Jr., of Philadelphia. Governor Stuart always remembered me handsomely on my birthdays, and he remembered me on my graduation, too. Mr. Lit often took me for long rides in his auto, with my teacher or supervisor always accompanying me to tell me about the interesting places and sights we passed. I was in my third school year when he gave me my first auto ride in Philadelphia, and it was then that I did something that my teacher saw fit to record in her school journal.

> Yesterday, Mr. Lit took Kathryne for a ride in his car, and I went along. After we had ridden a mile or two a little weakness of Kathryne's came to the surface — something I thought she did not possess. Kathryne had asked, 'Why did Mr. Lit invite me for a ride?' and on my answering, 'Because he is your friend,' she asked, 'Is he rich?'

On receiving the reply, 'He has everything he needs and is very comfortably situated,' she drew herself up haughtily, threw back her head, and, turning it slowly, cast her eyes down as if looking in disdain at the people in the street. To-day I questioned her about her attitude in the car and she said, 'I did that because I felt that way.' To my question, 'How do you know that some people look and act that way?' she answered, 'I do not know. I just thought and wanted to play I was a fine lady; then my head moved itself.'

So much for human nature.

The journal also tells how, when we had passed an intoxicated man on the street, I said, 'I smell beer.' When my teacher informed me whence the odor came, she added, 'It is wrong to drink beer.' I resented her statement, saying, 'Many nice ladies and gentlemen drink beer,' for I had lived among the Pennsylvania Germans, to whom beer is nothing more than tea or coffee. Many of them were my friends, and I was ready to pledge myself then and there that they would never do anything wrong. We dropped the matter for the moment, but when we returned to our schoolroom my teacher took it up again, in spite of the fact that she usually avoided any reference to the subject of liquor or intoxication.

She told me that she knew an intelligent man who had been in good circumstances and was well liked, but who took to drinking and in a few years lost his health, fortune, and friends. The last time she heard of him he was ill, very poor, and without a friend. 'No friends! No friends!' I repeated, for I could not imagine a worse fate befalling anyone than to be friendless. Then my teacher spelled with more energy than the occasion seemed to warrant, 'Who wants a drunkard for a friend?' I replied, 'Why, another drunkard,' for my first few years of silence had impressed me with the thought that any sort of company was better than none. My teacher paused for a few seconds and then said, 'I do believe I have neglected the words "no one" and "nobody."'

Then she began with still more emphasis, 'Who wants to associate with a wicked man?' I answered as truthfully as I could, 'Another bad man.' Still my teacher kept up her querying, her next question being, 'Who would like to have the President of the United States for a friend?' She hoped by this question to lead me to say 'everybody' or 'everyone,' and thus lead me to use the opposite, 'nobody' or 'no one'; but my answer was, 'The King of England.' She continued, 'Who would like to have Governor Stuart for a friend?' My answer came quickly, 'The President of the United States,' for I had placed Governor Stuart above all others, and why should not the President yearn for his friendship?

My teacher's notes on this subject end with, 'It is true that to-day I failed for a while in cornering Kathryne into using voluntarily "no one, nobody, everyone, and everybody," but I did spend a very interesting and amusing half hour with her in which my brain received more stimulus than any beverage could possibly have given it.'

VI

In Wissinoming Hall there was a teacher, Miss Mabel P. Whitman, who had, previous to coming to the Institution, taught a boy who had become deaf after he had learned to speak and who had lost his sight at fourteen years of age. He had been in a school for the deaf several years before becoming blind. Although his educational problem could not have been anything like mine, Miss Whitman very bravely and generously took up the task of instructing me in speech without any recompense save observation of Miss Foley's methods and my heartfelt thanks, which still go out to her. Miss Whitman could spell with her fingers and knew New York point, but was wholly unacquainted with the American Braille that I used. However, she soon picked up American Braille, and it was not long before she had me gliding along the path Miss Foley had marked out for me — that is, learning how to pronounce words as soon as I was able to use them.

Since it was necessary for me to place my fingers frequently on Miss Whitman's lips and tongue, cleanliness had to be a watchword, as well as cheerfulness and willingness to learn. Miss Foley inspected me to see that my teeth, hands, and nails were scoured and cleaned thoroughly, though my supervisor kept me spotless in every respect. A half hour was spent in school before I had my oral lesson, however, and, since my fingers were doing duty for both eyes and ears, my hands were sure to accumulate some foreign matter. Every morning, therefore, we placed a small table in the centre of the room with everything on it that might possibly be needed in a speech lesson, and a basin of water and towels were put within easy reach, so that not one minute of the precious oral hour would be lost.

The following letter from Miss Whitman in response to my questions will indicate the methods she used.

DEAR KATHRYNE: —

In teaching you to speak, the method was not much different from that used in teaching the deaf, except that you found the positions of the vocal organs by the sense of touch while they get them by sight. The first sounds taught were *ar* and *ah*. You felt and found that my tongue lay soft and flat. You placed your hand on my chest and felt the voice vibrations. Then you imitated me and reproduced the sound yourself. Then you got the sound of *p*, *b*, and *m*, feeling the vibration of the nasal sound of *m* on the nose. The various vowels were learned by feeling the position of the lips and tongue and giving voice. Sometimes you had to try several times before getting the right sound, but when you got it I told you, and you repeated it till you knew it. You were getting a certain amount of lip reading by taking syllables, words, and sentences from my lips. This was never hard for you to do. I remember that sometimes, when I got tired of spelling, I would give a lesson by lip reading. You always liked to do it for a change. I could not let you keep your fingers on my nose for the nasal sounds, because it tickled me, but you got along just as well. . . .

In my fifth school year Miss Whitman became my teacher. I also had two hours daily of industrial work directly under Miss Jennie Diehl, the head of the sewing department, who, during all the rest of my school years, took great pains in giving me special instruction. I had already had instruction with Miss Foley in knitting, crocheting, tying, knotting, weaving on a kindergarten frame, making silk patchwork, simple basketry, cutting and making dolls' clothes. Miss Diehl carried on the manual work started by my first teacher, to which she gradually added other work, such as caning, weaving on a large loom, and fancywork. It was in the industrial department that my early years of sense training reaped a harvest. My dancing, gymnastic, and æsthetic-dancing lessons were dropped at the end of my fourth year, I am sorry to say, as well as writing with a pencil and on my arm. I did continue to dance occasionally with the girls after school hours, but they hopped and jazzed and seemed to know nothing about the slow, gliding waltz and the rhythmic skipping that gave me so much pleasure.

As my tenth year in school drew to a close, Miss Whitman was lured by a larger salary to another institution, and from then until my graduation, in 1925, I had in succession three other teachers, each one being, like my first two, the best obtainable. They were well educated, energetic, and up-to-date in educational ideas and practices. Each had interesting ways of teaching, but I cannot give details, as no notes on the subject are obtainable.

On leaving school, I made no attempt to enter college, as many of my friends thought I should. Instead, I followed the advice of my teachers by returning home to my parents and adjusting myself to the quietness of home life. So here I am, as busy and as happy and content as most persons in the circumstances of my parents are. I help Mother with her household duties and do little things for Father when he returns home tired from work; I dress dolls and sell them to get pin money. Then, in addition, I am taking a course in English composition and rhetoric from the Hadley Correspondence School, which, with my reading, helps to keep me mentally alert.

When I began to learn speech, lip reading was very valuable, but it is not agreeable to most persons to have another's fingers constantly on their lips, and if a deaf person does not want to be left entirely alone he must make every effort to avoid being disagreeable to his friends. While I can read Mother's lips without much strain, she, like Father, finds it more convenient to spell to me, except when her hands are too busy to stop to spell. It is then that I gladly resort to lip reading.

My parents continue to be as devoted and anxious about my welfare and happiness as they were when I was a helpless child. And the future? Well, my first teacher taught me to enjoy the present and to leave bridge-crossing until I should come to the bridge.

HORTON AND THE UNIVERSITY

BY EDITH L. NEALE

In a marginal notation in my high-school text on the history of English literature were the words 'At Horton.' The reference was to John Milton and those five years after he left Cambridge when 'to the outward view he was all but idle, merely turning over the Greek and Latin classics in a long holiday,' but when 'really he was hard at work preparing himself,' and so on. To a farm girl whose chores were forever in the way of her reading, here was Utopia. I announced forthwith that some day I was going to have a Horton period. Mother hoped I might. She knew well my pathetic attempts at combining a Horton period with churning and the resultant slowing of the tempo of the old barrel churn.

From high school I went on to the state university. My reading there was good, but not Hortonic in scope. Too many courses cluttered up my days and nights. And it was much the same after I finished school and commenced teaching. My days were spent in administering courses and my nights in checking up on the efficacy of the administration. The old hunger for time off to read gnawed more acutely with my growing consciousness of the awful gaps in my education. Then after four years I decided to go to a great Middle-Western university, notably hospitable to graduate students, there to begin the process of stopping gaps.

I arrived at the university with the preconceived idea of taking a bit of French, some history, perhaps, for background, and one English course, allowing, I thought, much time for my unexplored classics — those books on which I could so glibly comment and of which I knew so pitiably little firsthand. Horton was at last coming into view — its green pastures of learning, its quiet waters of meditation. With the staff of hope, I, literary pilgrim, sought entrance to a promised land through a door marked 'Graduate students register here.' The gatekeeper asked, 'What department?' His use of the singular was so matter-of-fact in its exclusiveness that I hesitated to explain the catholicity of my tastes and stammered meekly, 'English.' Thereupon I was ushered to a seat before the director of graduate work in English literature.

Of just what took place during that interview I have but a hazy idea. I know that somehow I was made to understand that my way lay along a well-defined course toward a Master of Arts degree. I was troubled, and protested, but my defenses crumbled under the weight of university opinion as voiced by that professor. Horton receded into the distance. I knew I was going wrong, but there was no turning back. And the path I took led me straight to a Master's degree, with which embellishment I left the university in June.

Well, of course, in that graduate study I read much, and some of the disconcerting gaps were filled. But, oh, the precious hours I spent in poring over obscure volumes which I knew had no vital connection with my literary needs! In my sanest, most honest moments I rebelled. Yet with that powerful argument for research, that in my humble way I was contributing to the great background of world knowledge, the rebellion was quelled. And so mesmeric was the effect of this argument that I should have been completely and contentedly under its spell had not financial necessity pulled me back to a job.

I suppose I get a human sort of satisfaction out of that degree. I have marched each spring in an academic procession with a Master's hood hanging down my back and with arms emerging from the halfway point of the sleeves of my Master's gown. But this scholastic distinction does n't carry me far from a feeling of resentment at the sacrifice made for that hood and those sleeves. Was it for this that I had missed Horton?

Eight years have elapsed, and again I am Horton-bound. It chances that I am again in the neighborhood of my Alma Mater. Surely this can be no disadvantage. Think of her libraries — of her stimulating contacts. It is mid-term; I'll not be lured into courses.

On the day of my arrival I lunched at the Graduate Club, and there met the librarian of the university's rare-book room. She made polite inquiries about my work — in what field did it lie? It was the old challenge, and it evoked that same old response — apology and embarrassment at being classed as a trifler by the university world. I gulped down a bite of salad, and then with all the courage I could muster announced my reading programme.

'Oh!' She was silent for only a moment. Such a proposal was not to be taken seriously, I suppose. At any rate, with beautiful disregard of it, she came back with six distinct plans for use of material in her domain — research that I could easily turn into semi-popular literary articles. Academically I knew her plans were both workable and interesting. I confess to glowing a bit at the possibilities. But right there I took firm hold of fancy and let reason make a reckoning. There would be hours of poring over manuscripts of old unpublished plays. I made a mental retreat. Horton did not lie in that direction.

After lunch I went to the library, got a reader's card, drew out two books, and wandered up to a manuscript exhibit. I recognized in one of the exhibitors an acquaintance of graduate-study days. She had news of old associates who were carrying on. Her work as manuscript reader in a great editing project involved fascinating problems.

As I listened I felt a stir. Again the burrowing of the academic mole! And what was *I* doing? What was the use? I excused myself hastily.

'But you'll be having a desk in the graduate room soon.'

I murmured something about that being no place for me. In my confusion I may even have mentioned Horton. No hurt if I did, for by that time I was in full retreat, clutching determinedly my two 'gap' volumes and scuttling off to my room, fifteen blocks removed from those academic walls.

That night I dug out the old textbook and reread the paragraph about Horton. There was the memorable sentence: 'To the outward view he was all but idle.' There was something I had forgotten about woods and brimming streams, but 'communion with lofty spirits' was the main idea, and the 'apparent leisure.' To be sure, Horton was a village, definitely apart from Cambridge. But my Horton — it's just a quiet literary environment. Why can't I enter it through university gates without being harassed by the ever-recurrent 'How does it feel to be a lady of leisure?' and without being turned away shamed by a sense of intellectual unworthiness because I am not doing research — no, nor yet taking a single course?

CHARTING THE FASHIONS

BY KATHERINE CASEY AND CLAIRE SULLIVAN

I

On a crisp autumn morning in the financial district in New York City an alert young girl of the unmistakable college type stood on a street corner and closely scrutinized the shoulders of every man who passed. Many men did pass, — many well-dressed ones, in fact, — the region being that of banking houses and brokerage firms where thousands of prosperous bond sellers and vice presidents gather daily. From time to time could be heard the click of a little instrument in the young woman's hand.

A leisurely elderly gentleman, attracted by the intent manner of the young woman, who was obviously on serious business for all she was conducting that business on a street corner, allowed curiosity to overcome strict convention.

'Would you mind telling me what you are doing?' he asked.

'Not at all,' she replied, clicking her counter twice as she spoke. 'I'm checking peaked lapels.'

'And what would that be?' he persisted.

This might develop into a bore, she thought. Explaining the routine of one's everyday business to people who have never heard of fashion scouting is tedious. Best to tell him briefly and get rid of his kindly but interfering interest.

'I'm counting to see how many out of every hundred men who pass are wearing coats with peaked lapels. I work for the fashion bureau of a department-store group.'

The elderly gentleman pondered. Presumably it was all right. But the weather was a bit blowy — this youngster would get cold if she stood there very long.

Across the street a huge sight-seeing Chinatown bus stood empty, awaiting passengers. Seizing the girl firmly by the arm, the elderly gentleman escorted her to the bus, opened the door, thrust her into the front seat, and said contentedly: 'There, now. You can check your peaked lapels just as well in there, where it's warm and cosy.' He departed with the satisfied mien of the Boy Scout who has performed his helpful deed for the day.

'And,' said the young woman, recounting the incident to her colleagues, 'there I sat in glory, serving, I suppose, as a "come-on" for the bus owners while I finished my morning's work.'

At the same hour a banker in one of the near-by celebrated institutions was calling this young woman's chief on the telephone. 'We have just financed the such-and-such mills to the tune of a good many million dollars,' he stated, 'and they report that they have their looms set to run until midwinter on transparent velvet. Tell me, are they all right for style?'

'They are not,' the fashion analyst answered, 'and I advise you to get those looms changed at once if possible. Transparent velvet was an important fashion twelve months ago. To-day it's on the way out.'

The style scout seeking information from her post on the windy corner outside and the banker telephoning from the mahogany splendor of his office inside are factors, at either end of the scale, in a highly organized and important new profession which to-day influences all shopkeeping, and which, for want of a better term, can be referred to as Charting Fashions.

II

In the old days, before everyone had an automobile and a radio, and before publicity was perfected to the point where details of the costume of the Princess di San Faustino at the Lido on Monday are known to young women inhabiting our Western prairies by Wednesday, the matter of fashion was not of such relentless importance. Store buyers went to the New York market and bought what was shown them. Some bought by the eye, choosing the fabrics, colors, and designs which seemed to be favored by the greatest number of the manufacturing houses. Others, less careful but often successful enough, bought what was advised by the manufacturer whose entertainment was congenial, whose past advice had proved not unwise, or whose grasp of the subject seemed intelligent.

Manufacturers in turn went to Paris, made the round of the great couturiers, were fêted, influenced, persuaded in their turn, and emerged with what models fate had ordained for them. It is to be feared that occasionally the artistic and temperamental geniuses in charge of the French houses let their imaginations run riot, and presented to the 'barbarians' from America such unrestrained and peculiar creations as they never would have offered to the conservative *élégantes* of the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

If the New York manufacturer seeking designs in Paris and the American buyers gathered in New York from the four corners of the country were free from any organized guidance, the American woman customer was in her way equally guileless. She was inclined to buy without much question whatever was presented to her in her favorite shop. She was not too well informed about the intangible vaguely known as 'style.' It was a day before frequent trips to New York; a day when one or two of the higher-priced magazines did, to be sure, take dress very seriously, but when the women's papers were casual about apparel and gave their crusading earnestness to campaigns for better babies and symposiums on diet or education.

In a word, it was 'before the war.'

The first signs of the new department-store era, of which the organized charting of fashions is an important factor, appeared shortly after the Armistice. One of the Fifth Avenue houses was becoming active in the merchandising of fashion under the direction of an alert young advertising man who had graduated from the University of Illinois, won his spurs in Chicago, and come to the metropolis to demonstrate his idea that fashion promotion was to play an important rôle in the department store of the future. Another advertising man, also from the Middle West, was perfecting a fashion-reporting service designed to guide provincial stores throughout the country, and it became so successful that it was syndicated and sold like a newspaper cartoon service. Its customers were the merchandise managers of department stores.

Coincident with these and less outstanding examples was the work of such educational institutions as the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia University, and notably the Harvard

School of Business Administration. As early as 1914 a Columbia professor of marketing, with the age-long history of merchandising at his finger tips, had left the academic shades and gone into a department store to compare historical theory with contemporary practice. The results were beneficial both to the classroom and to the store. Just after the war a discernible number of young men emerging from the Harvard School of Business Administration, young men of the type which had hitherto gone promptly from college into banking or bond selling or the law, began to turn their attention to the business of scientific shopkeeping. Here was a field with an enormous annual turnover where, apparently, scientific management had made few inroads. A number of these young men, allied through family connections to large banking houses and fortified by their business training in the newly formed Harvard school, decided to see what could be done.

They found the stores ripe for their efforts, especially those stores which had been reached by the influence of the pioneers from within. What the new school of young executives has accomplished in a decade has all but revolutionized the business of merchandising in the department stores, and has placed many a veteran merchant and buyer with his back to the wall. And one of the most captivating by-products of the new school is its organized charting of fashions, which has developed for young business women to-day a calling more novel, popular, and promising than any which has appeared since the period just before the war, when managing bookshops and tea rooms was enthusiastically hailed as the bright new avenue to economic freedom for women.

What the new type of scientific, trained store executive found, more often than not, was this: that storekeeping, like Topsy, had 'just growed.' Stores were stocked thoroughly twice a year; depleted lines were replenished as circumstances dictated, but generally at haphazard. There was no careful system of advance information to prepare a merchant for a developing new fashion or to warn him that an established one was on the wane.

Fashion was regarded as a whimsical jade. Sometimes one guessed right, sometimes wrong. Fashion was neither given as much credit as she deserved for her favors nor blamed severely enough for her mistakes. Weather, the state of the crops or of the stock market or of business generally, the condition of local industries, the peculiar and individual tastes of 'our customers,' as differentiated from all other customers and particularly from New York women — these and a score of other more or less relevant reasons were offered for the failure of a type of coats or dresses to sell readily.

The scientific young men from Harvard helped to change all this. Colored graphs began to spring up like magic in merchandise managers' offices, where only sample dresses had been seen before. Studying these and the tables of figures which accompanied them, the buyer could calculate with mathematical precision which would be his peak Saturday or bluest Monday of the season, how many more black coats he should buy than brown, what proportion of his budget should go for high-, for medium-, or for low-priced garments, and how much stock he should have left by Christmas. Scientific principles already discovered and proved practicable in other fields were, it was found, equally cogent when applied to the selling of apparel. The problems of buying and selling were amenable to the lessons of cost accounting, overhead budgeting, and merchandise control. Among the many elements of storekeeping which were examined under the microscope of the new-school merchants, not the least was this matter of the old bugbear Style.

Here it was that the fashion analyst stepped in.

III

The first principle that the fashion analyst expounds is that there is nothing sudden, or erratic, or mysterious about fashion. It moves slowly and in cycles — not quickly or with leaps and bounds, first in this direction, then in that, as many suppose. It can be studied, charted, predicted with an accuracy that to-day is saving manufacturers and merchants thousands of the dollars formerly wasted, when knives were set to cut a style that had no legitimate promise of general acceptance, and when department-store shelves were expensively loaded with clothes which, as the modern analyst of fashions could tell at a glance, would prove to be decidedly ephemeral in attractiveness.

The fashion analyst who started in a small way, advising the buyer what to choose to satisfy the demands of a clientele becoming increasingly style-conscious, now occupies the strategic position of coördinator between the many departments of a big store, as well as between buyer and manufacturer. The chain begins, as it has for many years, in the brains of the great dress designers of Paris, who have the advantages and prestige of European culture and the treasures of the world's great storehouses of art to draw upon. The fruits of their labors are presented to a few score of international beauties, cosmopolites, society women, much-admired actresses, and the like, who make a life work, an intense and exciting one, of appearing, beautifully clad, at the pleasure resorts of the Continent.

These women start the fashion. What they reject is banished. It disappears. What they accept they wear at Biarritz, Deauville, on the Riviera, at the races in Paris, at the Swiss winter resorts. Soon it is seen on the fashionable ocean liners, on Park Avenue; a little later, in great numbers, on Fifth Avenue; and then, a very little later, on nearly every Main Street in the land.

The amount of time which elapses between the first appearance of a new style at some luxurious *plage* and its acceptance by enough women throughout the world to make possible mass production is longer than people generally imagine. It is always long enough for the middlemen to discover the tendency, manufacture their goods accordingly, and then sell them at retail. The style trends discovered in Europe and carefully watched in their slightest manifestation are sometimes two years in becoming the accepted fashion in America.

It is the painstaking accuracy of the charting of fashions which makes it so valuable. When fashion scouts attend the races at Belmont or Meadowbrook they do not note in a general way that tweed is being worn, or that fur scarfs seem to be in favor. They count how many tweed suits there are, recording what colors and by whom worn. When they go to tea at the Plaza or lunch at Pierre's in New York they count the number of women present and the proportion wearing gray-beige hose to those wearing sun-bronze, should that be the question of the moment. When sun-bronze is coming in, a so-called 'high fashion,' there will be a few at the Plaza, none on Forty-Second Street or on Broadway. If sun-bronze has been reported earlier from Longchamp and Auteuil, the alert fashion analyst, when she sees a few pairs in the smart Fifty-Seventh Street section, bestirs herself; when the majority of women are demanding sun-bronze, Forty-Second Street and the stores on the Main Streets of the United States will have what is wanted.

A few years ago the word 'ensemble' came into the fashion language of the American woman. It meant to her a suit — that is, a dress and a coat that matched, or were closely related in fabric and color. This harmony or coördination fitted in with the ideal of more careful dressing, and to-day the word 'ensemble' is thought and spoken by every woman and by many men selecting clothes. It has come to mean the proper selection of colors, fabrics, and accessories for harmonious effect in costume and home decoration.

In order that a customer may go into a store and come forth with a complete ensemble, or with accessories perfectly assembled, careful and intensive work on the part of the fashion analyst in anticipation of the season's wants is required. Shoes are planned with the manufacturer, and ordered six to ten weeks in advance of their actual selling in the store. When, as has been the case in the past year, shoes and bags are worn in the same color, and frequently in the same leather, it necessitates a coördination of buying activities, dependent on the decision of the fashion analyst and the buyers, regarding leathers and colors which smart women will wear. Very dark tobacco-brown was almost universally accepted the past season, replacing tans and browns of a reddish hue. Fashion coördinators scurried around with the shoe buyers, made sure that the right color was being selected, got samples of the leathers that were being pulled over the lasts, and hurried back to the bag buyer, with the advice that his bags should be of the same leather.

Less than two years ago a bag manufacturer of considerable importance indignantly said: 'I don't have to go to shoe manufacturers to find out what is going to be good in bags. I know. I'll make my own colors, and they can do as they please.' The following season many of his former customers did not return, and their reason was that his colors did n't match the shoes they had bought.

It is no easy task to match felts and straws to suits and dresses, but in the past few seasons retail-store buyers have seen to their dismay reliable customers come in with a dress and say, 'I must match this color,' and, failing, walk out. Thus manufacturers are concentrating their efforts toward coördinating the various industries. They know that buyers from well-organized stores will arrive in the market with samples of the blues and browns, greens and reds, that are the accepted shades for fashion promotion, and that they, like the retail customer, will walk out if they can't find what they want.

Last summer a modish type of straw hat was being worn by well-dressed women at Southampton, and a buyer, arriving in the market with this information, planned to purchase a couple of dozen so that she might be among the first to register the newly important straw. After visiting two manufacturers, she said to the third, 'I'm going to find those hats or buy nothing.' He admonished her not to buy any of the new stuff; he had been selling hundreds of this and that type to well-known stores. This only sent her on her way determined that she wanted nothing but the right new straw. Eventually she found it.

A keen, well-informed fashion research director collects the important colors and the important fabrics for a coming season eight to twelve weeks in advance, and supplies to all the buyers with whom she works a complete set of swatches which they will use in the market as their guide in all color selection. Only in this way can a store's coat department know accurately the shade which the customer quotes from the hat department, and so supply a matching or correctly harmonizing shade. When this color plan is carefully worked out, matching gloves and hose, sweaters and skirts, evening wraps and dance frocks, will be found in the same store. Uniform color information is possible for the sales people under this system. For instance, Chanel red, not Coolidge red, will be the shade mentioned; Patou blue, not Alice blue.

IV

The fashion analyst must be unfailingly alert, of course, and must possess an unerring eye for style. She must be a tireless worker with physical stamina as well as mental quickness. She has literally to 'pound the pavements and wear out shoe leather' in the gathering of fashion news, which is the foundation of her resources for style appraisal. Decorative young women fond of fine clothes and entertainments in fashionable restaurants, or restless débutantes suddenly deciding to 'do something,' are the bane of the fashion bureaus. The intelligent merchant is fast learning that the successful fashion worker who will help him make money must serve her apprenticeship in the department store before she can appreciate the problems of buyers and sales people. The socially prominent young thing who knows Cap d'Antibes and Aiken, but recoils at the mention of unbleached sheeting and flannelette nightshirts, is a liability. Middle-aged matrons of culture and refinement are often sadly disillusioned when they think this background and their acknowledged personal gentility a sufficient equipment for the work. The charting of fashions is a serious business demanding serious effort, and lighthearted ladies in search of a sinecure are not welcome in its strongholds.

When the dancing partner of the late celebrated Maurice Mouvet first tripped down a French Line gangplank wearing a white gardenia some six years ago, the average woman, if she had noticed at all, might have sniffed at artificial flowers, as they were scornfully called. The fashion coordinator, who must eschew strong likes and dislikes and cultivate a dispassionate critical insight, noticed and noted. She saw two or three more gardenias a few days later at one of the patrician restaurants. Styles in accessories, unlike major styles in coats and dresses, develop fairly quickly, so it was a scant fortnight later when 'costume' flowers were insinuatingly presented to a delighted feminine world. Countless department stores which had sadly relinquished artificial flowers from their millinery sections when untrimmed hats became the vogue began to sell, not artificial, but 'costume' flowers. In this case the rose, by another name, smelled far sweeter.

Jacques Borotra, the 'bounding Basque' of the sports writers, prancing joyously over the tennis courts in full view of thousands of admiring débutantes and wearing the skullcap his compatriots had worn for years, is credited with starting a fashion in headgear that has swept the world — first in little caps for children, and later, when the fine artistic hand of the Parisian modiste had worked its modifying charm, in a classic fashion for women's hats. In the same way a famous English actress now starring on Broadway is believed to have initiated the vogue for imitation, or costume, jewelry which has swept the country in the past few years.

The vagaries of uncommonly popular

individuals are not, of course, the only breeding ground for styles which may become the fashion. An upheaval like the World War will be responsible for short skirts, cropped hair, and other evidences of utilitarian simplicity. The enthusiasm of a few millions of young people for tennis will make the middy blouse and pleated skirt of Helen Wills a favorite among schoolgirls, or the striking sweaters of Bill Tilden the desideratum of their collegiate brothers. The sun-basking of the Italians at the Lido so impressed itself on the consciousness of American tourists in Venice that pyjamas have escaped from the boudoir and come into the garden all over the United States. Health seekers baring their backs to the rays of the Mediterranean sun all along the French and Italian Riviera started a vogue for backless and sleeveless dresses which dismayed silk manufacturers and modest prelates alike.

And the old dependable yearning for change, the most certain of all the certainties to the student of fashion, is now bringing back feminine frills and fripperies to a world of women starved with the Biblical lean seven years of stern masculine simplicity.

V

The style consciousness of the individual woman every fashion analyst attributes largely to the effect of visual publicity. Persistent articles in fashion magazines, faithfully read, will have infinitely less effect in focusing mass attention on some new style than the sight of a famous or strikingly attractive woman wearing that style. This visual publicity is possible to-day because of the moving pictures and because the world and his wife get around more, thanks to their automobiles. Nowhere so unanswerably as in fashion is seeing believing.

The Prince of Wales, fashion scouts will assure you, is closely watched not alone because he is royalty, but because he is one of the world's best-dressed young men.

Not the least important factor in the publicity, deliberate or gratuitous as the case may be, which has made American women so well informed about style is their comparatively new familiarity with the names of the great couturiers of Paris. Ten years ago Lanvin and Premet and Callot Sœurs were just unpronounceable names with no personal significance to any but the knowing few. To-day the rotogravure sections, the fashion magazines (ten-cent as well as forty-cent ones), the moving-picture news flashes, the style talks via radio, the department stores' mannequin parades, have so impressed *la haute couture* on the consciousness of women that not only the woman of leisure and means, but every little shop girl, is aware that a dashing British army captain remained in Paris after the war and established the house of Molyneux; that the life of the lovely Gabrielle Chanel is full of romance; that the brisk and businesslike Patou and Lelong come to the States and meet Americans on their own terms; that the bearded Paul Poiret is the apostle of the exotic and bizarre; that the aristocratic house of Worth (some of them even say 'Vort') dresses the Queens of Spain and Rumania; and that the name Schiaparelli stands for sports clothes incomparable.

After-the-war Paris attracted a large group of diverse cosmopolitan exiles. Titled Russians stripped of their estates opened embroidery or perfume shops if they were grand duchesses, or drove taxicabs at night if they were grand dukes. Americans or English war workers, enamored of all things French, remained. Italians and Spaniards forgathered for one reason or another.

Their stories received constant attention, and many of them drifted to what the buyers, among themselves, caustically refer to as the 'rag business.' The Paris fashion world became celebrated for many things in addition to just fashions; and the publicity of personality helped tremendously to further the education in fashions of a world full of interested women.

The old-fashioned or provincial storekeeper who flouts the dictates of his style information services is destined to chagrin. The story is told of a Western merchant who was chided by a New York fashion contact editor for filling his shop windows with Spanish shawls a year after this vogue had waned. 'Our people will buy them,' said the merchant. 'We are different here.' Just then a maiden in her teens, accompanied by a youth of equally tender years, strolled by the window where the garments were displayed. 'Oh, I must have one of those!' exclaimed the girl admiringly. The merchant smiled 'I told you so' at his disdainful critic. But the youth was replying, 'Indeed you'll not go places with me, wearing one of those things. They went out of style a year ago.' And the fashion editor's answering smile was freighted with a double dose of irony.

Equally significant of the world-wide penetration of style consciousness in a field apart from apparel is the experience of a fashion analyst seeking to persuade her client, an Iowa merchant, to install the new colored-enamel kitchen ware in place of the old-fashioned agate and tin. Her pleas were falling on deaf ears when a fat Sioux squaw entered the house-wares section and asked for a luncheon pail for one of her little Indians to carry to school. She grunted scornfully when the nice shiny tin pails which had always been sold were offered. She wanted either a red or a yellow enamel pail. 'New style,' she quoted. That particular Iowa merchant saw light through Indian eyes that day.

VI

The buyer of women's apparel to-day goes into the market with his merchandise control sheet in one hand, telling him how many garments to buy and how much to pay for each, and in the other his chart of colors, styles, and proportion of each, provided by the fashion director. When the manufacturer, too, has been advised by and has coöperated with his own analyst, he offers what the buyer knows women will take. The result is a gratifying increase of profit and decrease of loss all along the line. Stories of expensive left-overs unsalable because the style was wrong are becoming scarcer. Manufacturers saved from investing in thousands of yards of unneeded material because they had accurate information of skirt and coat lengths fill the air with their grateful praise. The hit-or-miss storekeeper of the old type who prospered in spite of his disorderly and illogical methods, the wealthy second-generation merchant spending for polo ponies or airplanes the fortune his father built up in the nineties, are fast surrendering to the facts-and-figures school of bright young men and women, many of the highest-salaried executives among them still in their early thirties, who are raising merchandising to the dignity of a profession and proving that the scientific spirit is the Waterloo of waste, whether it be in manufacturing automobiles, hats, or shoes.

It must not be thought, however, that the charting of fashions confines itself exclusively to the garments of women. Far from it. The matron who has achieved what she considers a flattering ensemble for herself, who presents to the world the pictorial effect she believes bears the stamp of her personality, is not long in turning her attention to husband and children. They too must be in the picture.

College boys, eschewing the to them slightly ridiculous tail coat, used to come to dinner in the shorter Tuxedo, and their elders and betters, dazzled by the glamour of youth, fell into line. For some years conservative hostesses, with an appreciative eye to the formalities, deplored the fact that you could n't get a man under ninety into anything but a dinner coat. Then the college boys, seeking change, discovered the delights of dressing up in tail coat and 'topper' even as their sisters, short-skirted and bob-haired since childhood, derived a costume-party thrill from the first drooping long skirts. Last winter we saw the dignified man of middle age once more enduring the portly grace of formal attire. The Wall Street scout, busy on her count of peaked lapels, indicates how close is the attention paid to men's clothes.

As for the children, they have always, of course, reflected their fond mothers' tastes, but with the growing sophistication of extreme youth they are becoming, as the phrase goes, style-conscious themselves. Indeed, an indignant New York nurse, whose precocious charge demands that her costume for the next day be presented for her approval each night before she retires, tells of arranging a rose-striped sweater with a plain rose skirt and rose-striped socks for the little girl's inspection.

'That won't do, Marie,' she was informed.

'And why not, pray, miss?'

'They don't match,' said the six-year-old. 'The stripes in the sweater go this way [vertically] and the ones in the socks like this [horizontally].'

The delighted fashion student to whom this was told admitted that the child, like Shylock, bade fair to 'better the instruction.'

From the clothing of husband and children to the furnishings of houses and the accoutrements of automobiles is but a step for the fashion-conscious American woman. Even so practical a realist as Henry Ford had to scrap the mechanically perfect model T car when America wanted beauty and style. Furniture manufacturers and house designers, architects of office buildings, anyone who makes to sell for profit anything that the modern woman uses or wears, looks to fashion research divisions for guidance. And the fashion analyst, far from trying or wishing to advance this style or that, looks for the answer to the women themselves and to recorded charts of what their most conspicuous representatives have worn and used for the past two years. The purpose of the fashion director is not to show the store how to sell what the manufacturer has made, but rather to show the store how to buy what the public will demand.

And the public will demand, all history goes to show, what it has demanded, but with modifications, alterations, and new embellishments. If women wear ultra-feminine things as they did in 1921, they will go through seasons of simplified semi-masculine modes before they again demand and accept the ruffles and laces as they began to do in 1929.

There's nothing new under the sun and never was, but the designer lives and flourishes by knowing when the old is old enough to be new again, and what manner of ingratiating detail it may attempt by way of disguise. And the fashion analyst, watching these attempts and their failure or success, is the merchant's barometer, foretelling with a gratifying percentage of accuracy the sunshiny styles which will become the fashion and the stormy ones to be avoided this side of signing orders on the dotted line.

THE FRANCISCAN ADVENTURE

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER

Russia aims at Communism, and the rest of the world watches breathless; most people apprehensive, horrified, a minority anxiously sympathetic. A socialist government, seemingly supported by a large proportion of intellectuals, holds office in England. The question concerning the social advantage and ethical soundness of private property-control is to the fore in practical politics. Has history any light to throw on this situation?

One episode in this connection is salutary to consider — the adventure of the sons of Saint Francis in the century after his death. For they tried valiantly, those mendicants, to live without possessions. Naked they sought to follow the naked Christ. Nor were they running away from life like the hermits of the Thebaid; the first note in Francis's method was surrender to the common lot, and the impelling motive inherited by his disciples was not the ascetic distrust of natural good, though as time went on this got mixed with better things in these thirteenth-century men, but what we now call social compunction. 'The poverty of that man is a great shame to us,' said Francis. He was also wont to say in effect that he would not be a thief, and he felt himself one if he kept anything another needed. From such feeling flow the best activities of himself and his children. Not that altruism alone inspired them. They could not have persisted so stubbornly had not their renunciation of personal greed been password for them to a realm of spiritual riches. For men rightly crave fulfillment of life, and unless they know that such fulfillment is best found in escape from the acquisitive instinct on material levels there is little hope that a social system which tends to inhibit this instinct can endure. At long last, a religious as well as a social impulse is needed to realize the socialist dream; and study of the friars is primarily interesting to those who recognize this fact.

Theirs was a great adventure. Was it a failure? Was it a success? Did it hold any hints for the future?

I

Taken at face value, the Franciscan experiment registers a defeat. It was thwarted at every turn. The conservative can point to it triumphantly as a rout of the attempt to dispense with private property or literally to carry out the more drastic injunctions of the Gospels. The men to the Left in the movement — the Zelanti, or Spirituals, as they are called — stuck obstinately to their purpose. They are vividly interesting people, especially the leaders, such men as Jacopone da Todi the poet, Angelo Clareno the historian, Ubertino da Casale, and Jean Pierre Olivi. Their story is heroic; they endured prison, exile, and the stake, often at the hands of their own brothers, the moderates of the Order. But they did not win out. Their effort to practise evangelical poverty to the limit and to live with no divisive claims must join the number of pathetic abortive experiments which have tried to exist at cross-purposes with the principles normal in the society where they found themselves; while meantime the main body of the Order, — the 'Community,' as it came to be known, — made up for the most part of honest and earnest men, was forced into compromise after compromise.

The worst of it was that the effort to dispense with property and privilege was in the main self-defeated. The compromises accepted by the main body of the Order were really due to the essentially social character of the Franciscan ideal. Decent consideration for one another pressed possessions and worldly cares upon the brothers. Even Francis's last years were darkened, till comfort was born of anguish at La Verna, where he was made mystically one with the Passion of his Lord. In 1230, soon after his death, the perplexed brothers sought help from the Papal See, and Gregory IX established an evasion long useful. No goods, personal or corporate, were to be held by the brothers, but such goods might be given to trustees for their use. In time, the tenure of all titles to property by the Church of Rome relieved the troubled consciences of all but the extremists.

From that date began to pile up a mountain of careful, well-meaning legislation, — definitions, exemptions, privileges, — a mass under which Francis would have suffocated. His sons had been originally a group of free, merry, holy vagrants, impressing the respectable of their day as a sort of sanctified hobos or I. W. W.'s. They roamed over Europe, loving comrades of the poorest, scorning any connection between services and rewards, begging, singing, giving, working, in the *libertà francescana* which became a byword. But by the time of the scholar-saint Bonaventura in the middle of the thirteenth century their happy light was dimmed — now by propriety, among the scholars; now, as among the Zealots, by indignation and pain. Established in dignified and well-endowed monasteries, popular at the universities, avid for learning, courted by princes, they had become conformed to a conventional monastic pattern.

It is to be feared that the Order was no longer indifferent to reward; for instance, people eagerly sought the privilege of burial in its churches, and the results were lucrative. Mendicancy, which to Francis had shone as the jeweled crown of Humility, had lost its spiritual lustre. To say that it now adorned the brow of Greed would be too severe; but it had certainly become the accredited policy. Support from the public was demanded as a right; for the idea of 'rights,' abhorrent to Francis, had crept in. The Order had become respectable; and the misery of the radical group is reflected in a vision of Brother James of Osimo, who, searching through Paradise vainly for Francis, was led by an angel to a shadowed place where the saint bent over a leper. 'This is my Order,' sighed Francis. 'It is leprous without and within.'

During all this process, the Zealots stood firm by their ideal. The uncompromising Will of Francis, no less than the Rule, constituted their marching orders; for if phrases in the Rule could be explained away, the Will could not. They practised poverty of the most extreme. But too often, though not always, they bore the unlovely hallmark of the fanatic. They defended meekness with arrogance, they were gluttons of poverty, and as for learning, if they denounced it with Francis, they none the less ransacked the Church Fathers in support of their wives, and drew up anthologies which could still furnish an arsenal of weapons to the Christian radical. Fanaticism is better than apathetic conformity; but it has its dangers. At their best, the Zealots often fled from life, rejecting the apostolic in favor of the hermit ideal, and thereby making, as Francis would have felt, the Great Refusal.

Intuitions, especially if they lead into uncharted ways, have a trick of spoiling into theories. By mid-century the whole Order was thinking hard about the ethics of property. A sharp distinction was drawn between *usum* and *dominium*, or, as we should say, Property for Use and Property for Power. Some claimed, with a good deal of sense, that the evil in property was really in the *dominium*, the control it gave over other people. That control being obviated by the 'interposed persons' of Pope Gregory, there was no reason why the brothers should not enjoy life's good things to the full. So thought Peter Aurioli, who died in 1322 Archbishop of Aix. Let buildings be beautiful, for they will impress the public; a tunic of choice material will last longer than a cheap one, beside being warmer; if the convents offer all the attractions, more novices will join.

Of course this convenient theory was too much for most of the brothers. Bonaventura himself had written admirably on the Simple Life: 'Let a man so renounce Dominion that he does not reject Use; let him so accept Use that it does not involve Dominion; let Use not be so strictly interpreted that nature lack what it need, but let need never deviate from strictness.' Now appeared the phrase, 'The Poor Use,' or *Usus Pauper*, of which Olivi was the chief exponent and which became the rallying cry of his party. He was more searching than Bonaventura, and Tolstoy or Thoreau would have enjoyed his definition: he wanted 'a standard of life which, all things considered, shall be judged closer to poverty than to abundance,' and one which should always be distinctly lower than that of the group to which one belonged.

We are still talking about the Simple Life — and indeed many an issue that agitates the modern mind comes to the fore during the hot debates that racked the Order in the thirteenth century. The proper distribution of manual work, and its relation to the activity of the mind; the right attitude toward compromise; the balance between authority and freedom; the value of censorship as a method of protecting the truth — such are some of the matters that flash in and out of the picture as the reel unfolds; and, dominant, recurrent, that greatest question the mere mention of which carries offense to the conservative mind — the rightful scope of private property. Not one of these questions did those mediæval social radicals settle, as our present confusion clearly shows. But the upshot of their struggles was that the men to the Left were worsted. It was common for friars to receive and expend money alms; they would even carry a servant along with them to hold the purse! Rich revenues were welcomed from vineyards and orchards. The ideal of the Zealots proved impracticable — for the simple reason that while one man may pretty effectively reject ownership if he wants to run away and live on roots, a group cannot. Groups involve possessions. The Franciscan adventure is an outstanding example of the impossibility of living without wealth or thought for the morrow, in the world order as it is.

II

But if this were the whole story, this paper would not be written; nor would pilgrims by the thousand visit yearly the Umbrian shrine, nor historians by the dozen add yearly to the vast literature that gathers around the figure of the Poverello. Let us turn to the Franciscan achievement; it is an amazing one.

Note first that the swift decline of Franciscan ideals and practice is a close parallel to what happened to the Christian Church in the first century after the death of the Founder. That community at Corinth to which Paul wrote, with its fierce dissensions and its self-indulgence, was far enough from illustrating the Sermon on the Mount. Yet its record is rightly included in the New Testament canon, for, despite their scandalous defects, its members were really trying to live the new life bestowed of Jesus and the Spirit, through which civilization could be born from above. That life has never perished. Through the sins and failures of the centuries endures the vital power which those Corinthians feebly felt.

In the same way, the dynamic released by Francis never ceased to work through the first hundred years of Franciscan history. The friars desired what he desired, tried, however stumblingly, to follow him. And still to-day the ferment of their ideas works in the Christian will. The vision of a society saved from greed, and from the noxious necessity of measuring services against rewards, the passionate impulse to cast to the winds all bargaining that can put a man or a nation in antagonism with other men or nations, has a potency attested by all Utopias, by experiments renewed down the ages, and not least by the slow upheaval witnessed in our own day in the spheres of industry and politics, and the emerging of programmes aiming at this great end.

The mendicant orders were in the thirteenth century an arresting fact. The mere spectacle of their numbers is extraordinarily impressive. Here are thousands of men from all nations and classes who have cut themselves wholly adrift from the rigid systems of their day. They have tossed aside everything supposed, then as now, to conserve civilization. Not withdrawn like monks, but moving freely among their fellows, they try to obey the absolute law of love. True, they find it impossible to be strictly loyal to their belief that this law precludes all private ownership; but abandon the belief they will not. The fact that they were baffled in their attempt must not blind us to the strangeness of their having made it. In a society firmly established, just like our own, on a basis of rank and wealth, property and power, they turned to the precise opposite, being possessed by a paradoxical zeal for poverty. The majority of them were men of privilege, heirs often of feudal rights, more frequently perhaps, like Francis himself, members of the prosperous commercial class; surprisingly many were lawyers, professional men, possessing the richest background of culture the Middle Ages knew. Were they impelled largely by restless craving to escape the restraint and boredom of the familiar? Surely not. Their first motive was divinely clear: they wanted, as Francis had wanted, to follow Jesus. But they had faith that Jesus knew the best life for His disciples, and that when He said, Blessed are the poor, the meek, those who hunger for justice, blessed are you when men shall disapprove of you and make things hard for you, He meant what He said, and what He meant was true.

So they came; rallied by hundreds, by thousands, to the banner of that Little Poor Man of whom one of his friends said that he should never have guessed that Francis was a saint. And when the movement swelled and spread till it became a mighty international force, the Church beheld it with amaze; though of course its happiness and power were just what were to be expected, if all the Church claimed to believe was true. Nor can any decline as years went on obscure the might of that impulse which drove those men to unclass themselves, to incur the obloquy of the religious public, rejecting all accredited ways of attaining sanctity, and to renew the spirit of those apostles who were justly accused of turning the world upside down. What if some went but half the way? Always to their own deep conviction their existence was built on quite different principles from those which governed the outer world.

Europe blossomed under the touch of the friars. Their extraordinary repudiation of that profit motive which is usually supposed to be a necessary incentive to progress, their implicit obedience to the command to take no thought for the morrow, seemed to waken a new life. They won the inheritance of the meek; having renounced the earth, they possessed it. Art, science, music, philosophy, sprang into fresh forms where they passed. The sons of Francis were not betrayed into any otherworldly passivity; they shared the common life, and sharing it enriched it. Their emancipation from the double greed for property and power brought with it quickening of all creative faculties. Necessity jealously to preserve right to gain and hold as the first perquisite of personality and the chief guaranty of progress is a commonplace of social and economic theory. And to this position the story of the friars gives a flat and effective lie.

This is the great outstanding lesson of Franciscan history: the fact that creative power is not lowered but increased by absence of all those incentives generally cherished, to which our social theorists most tenaciously cling. Defeated on the surface, the experiment succeeded fundamentally; for it demonstrated with irrefutable force that life is more abundant, that it flows with more victorious power to release genius and enrich civilization, when the acquisitive instinct is thrown to the winds.

Take, for instance, the stimulus given in the field of art; is it not enough to mention the Upper and Lower Church at Assisi, not to speak of the noble work of Giotto at Padua, and such frescoes as those lately discovered at Pistoia? There is a pretty legend to the effect that Francis copied the Portiuncula in a tiny church on a mountain site, and had painted around the altar angels, children, birds, and beasts, with Praises written below. This is fantasy; but it is fact that the early rise of portraiture accompanied the story of the friars.

Would that the portrait of Brother Elias in the Upper Church at Assisi had survived! But we have more precious things in the authentic portraits of Francis himself, at Subiaco, Greccio, Pisa. The almost immediate canonization of the saint led to demand for images of him and for pictures of his very human legend; people who had known the Poverello personally would not be satisfied with Byzantine images, nor could, for instance, a thirsty peasant stooping to drink on the way up La Verna be depicted in an archaic design. The Legend called for settings of the day, and art, obeying the call with delighted courage, inaugurated a new tradition. Sometimes the friars were themselves artists; more often the relation of their movement to art was that of influence. All the scenes of Holy Writ began to be painted in a new way. In their sense of intimate communion with the earthly life of Jesus, the Little Brothers were precursors of our twentieth-century effort to escape the theological Christ and return to the Carpenter — and the Baby. This was an amazing attempt at a time when the image of King, Redeemer, Judge, deep enshrined in the liturgy of the Church, gazed on the faithful everywhere, obscuring the Friend of Sinners, the Wanderer in Galilee.

One can hardly overestimate the humanizing of religion by the sons of Francis; under their influence, the humanizing of art naturally followed, and a book like the *Meditations on the Life of Christ* by Brother John of the Cabbages — formerly ascribed to Bonaventura — is said to have had an incalculable effect on painting. Nor must it be forgotten that the great Franciscan churches, with types all their own, play an important part in the development of architecture in Italy.

Francis himself was both poet and musician, and he never feared poetry and music as he did learning. Both flourished among the friars. Are not the Dies Iræ and the Stabat Mater theirs? And those wonderful Lauds of Jacopone da Todi, which alternate homeliest grotesque and folklore, now with bold invective, now with the farthest flights of breathless mystical passion? Was not Dante himself, according to the best tradition, a Franciscan tertiary? As for music, Francis defiantly demanded it on his deathbed, and one likes to quote from Thomas of Celano's account of his canonization: 'New songs echoed in the Temple, and the servants of God exulted in the spiritual melody. Organ harmonies were heard, and spiritual songs were sung in voices well attuned. A suave fragrance was breathed, while most joyful melody moved the hearts of all.' Those troubadours of the Lord went singing through the world. Wherever a Franciscan 'place' was opened, a trained choir was instituted, and friars minor were choirmasters to half the courts in Europe.

Having escaped those preoccupations with property or career which are so time-consuming to most of us, the friars have ample leisure. Perhaps their most salient achievement is their contribution to learning. The intense intellectual ardor of the age centred in the thinking of the mendicants. Francis may have deprecated learning, and Giles cried aloud, 'Paris, Paris, thou hast destroyed Assisi,' while Jacopone sang gayly that to be crazed for Jesus Christ was better than the wisdom of the university. None the less, the capture of the universities by the mendicant orders is a thrilling phase in the history of scholarship. There was hidden affinity between the restless intellectual passion seething in mediæval Europe and the rejection of worldly bonds. The scholars stormed the Order; and surely Francis in Paradise is proud of Alexander of Hales, Bonaventura, and Duns Scotus, and rejoices in the fact that his Little Brothers with their fellow Dominicans rejuvenated the intellectual life and reformed the intellectual methods of the Western world. Nor is it without significance that Roger Bacon chose to be a friar, nor that hydraulic engineering came to be a specialty of the brothers in the thirteenth century. The Franciscan spirit inspired at once the followers of Bacon and of the Apocalyptic mystic Joachim of Flora — that is to say, all which was most adventurous in scientific investigation on the one hand and in mystical speculation on the other. Minds that defy social conventions are likely to follow one of these two lines, realistic or romantic if you will; and the disciples of 'Francis Innovator,' to use the epithet fondly given the saint by his children, were bold explorers in both directions.

The part played by the brothers in

the political life of the day is pleasant to contemplate. They were in great demand as counselors in the courts of princes; yet they deserve the title *minores*, aligning them with the proletariat. Their sympathies were with progressive forces, and they identified themselves with the deep currents of popular life, settling often in the slums of the towns, as in Stinking Lane in London. The proverb puts it: —

Bernardus valles, montes Benedictus amabat,
Oppida Franciscus. . . .

'Bernard loved the valleys, Benedict the mountains, Francis the cities.'

It was the Grey Friars who buried Simon de Montfort, and their feeling toward him is evident in a poem written after his death by one of their number.

Salve Symon Montis Fortis,
Totus flos militiae,
Duras poenas passus mortis,
Protector gentis Angliae.

Sis per nobis intercessor
Apud Deum, qui defendor
In terris extiteras.

'Hail, Simon de Montfort, flower of all knighthood, thou who hast endured the sharp pains of death, protector of the English people! Be thou, who wast our defender on earth, our intercessor with God!'

But it is in the legislation for the Third Order that the spirit of Francis applies most directly to the social and political situation of the times. For the prohibition to bear arms unless in defensive war, or to hold public office, contained in the Rule for these Brothers of Penitence, struck at the very roots of feudalism, and was, so critics agree, one of the chief forces in undermining the feudal order. There were so many conscientious objectors that it almost seemed as if wars might perforce cease. At all events there were enough bitterly to anger the civic authorities and the feudal lords. The Church, to its credit, stood steadily by the Tertiaries in their repudiation of the feudal oath.

We have not spoken of the tremendous missionary activity of the brothers, nor of their care for the sick, their manifold works of mercy. Occupations of these types are naturally expected from men who have renounced the world. But this brief review has surely made evident for what rich energies, creative and productive, the devotion to Lady Poverty set men free. Their haggard mistress said to them not No, but Yes. Despite the impasse which sooner or later confronted the sons of Francis, his Order down the generations can show progressive and constructive achievement of the most varied types, to an extraordinary degree.

III

A more important question than what the friars did, however, is the question what they were. In the Middle Ages, men thought Being more important than Doing. The friars — and this was part of their sanity — cared more about action as compared with contemplation than did most religious orders, but they too placed Beatrice above Matilda. Perhaps they are right; perhaps the power to see and to adore is in last analysis the touchstone of character. We receive always in far greater degree than we can achieve, and memory of this proportion was at the root of Francis's repudiation of justice; for the proportion is violated by the notion that a man can deserve reward for anything that he does. Beggars all! Francis was right in thinking it a higher thing to receive alms than to give them, for receptivity is man's primary and normal attitude; our modern fallacy is not that we press our responsibility toward action too far, but that we fail to hold it embraced in that larger gratitude through which we are one with the harmony of the natural world. Perhaps the beauty, grace, and fragrance of nature, inanimate and animate, are its perpetual song of gratitude and praise. In their worship the brothers minor manifest themselves most truly, and worship had a wide connotation for them; it was one with their joy in the world.

The friars appear in the history of their time as men of singularly clear-cut personality, and there is wide diversity of type among them; but they have one distinguishing and uniting trait. It is their abundance of wholesome and rejoicing life. Here is the secret of their charm. Through the dim centuries one travels back and finds one's self with happy men. Joy shines in the *Fioretti*, the *Mirror of Perfection*, the *Mystical Marriage of Saint Francis with Our Lady Poverty*. It ripples into merriment, it deepens into rapture. It survives ridicule, a hard test for good spirits. Brother Masseo feels it while he twirls on the road till he drops; Brother Juniper while he teeters amid the jeers of the astonished crowd; even the melancholic Rufino, one dares believe, as he obediently preaches in the Cathedral of Assisi, clad only in his drawers. The English brothers laugh in choir till the Crucifix rebukes them; Jacopone's ecstasy breaks bounds of human speech, as the 'Jubilus' sings in his heart.

The glory faded. The shadow of asceticism darkened the lives of them all, especially the Zealots. But that shadow was, it is safe to say, less deep and more intermittent than with any other religious order of the time. The attitude of the friars may be illustrated by two quotations; the first, from Roger Bacon's *De Retardatione Accidentium Senectutis*, shows what healthy and intelligent zest for living a friar could possess: —

> A cheerful and refreshed mind imparts vigor and stimulates nature, it retains youth and preserves health. A man is recreated in two ways, by his circumstances and by the virtues of medicines. Among circumstances may be included the wearing of clothes with attractive ornaments, that by their aspect the mind may be enlarged and the strength and splendor of life reinforced; and the sweet sound of musical instruments, and lovely songs; hearing or reading delectable books or listening to choice eloquence; looking at the beautiful faces of some people, or at other delightful things, as for instance the sky, stars, water, harmonious colors, fine figures, preciously wrought vessels, and whatever does the soul good. And among the best ways of all is to sit with beautiful young people, suitably dressed, and talk with them as time allows. Also to enjoy sports, and to follow up victory, to welcome fame, honor, glory, and joy, and gladness and rational intellect.

There is Bacon's Canticle of the Sun — hardly a programme for an ascetic, and not to be scorned by a modern psychiatrist. Francis would have liked it, he who bade his sons never be *nubilosos* or gloomy, but always *hilares*, and, if melancholy befell them, to keep the secret between themselves and their God. Our second passage is on a higher level; it suggests how these men were able to keep healthful and glad, in a world which they certainly did not find easy. It is from Bonaventura's great mystical treatise, *Itinerarium Mentis in Deum*, the Journey of the Soul to God, which he wrote at La Verna: —

> He who is not illumined by these splendors of created things is blind; he who is not awakened by such harmonies is deaf; he who does not praise God for all these works of His is dumb; he who from so many signs does not learn the Primal Cause of all things, is stupid. Open then thine eyes, quicken thy spiritual ears, free thy lips and fix thy heart, that in all creatures thou mayst see thy God, and hear praise and love and cherish Him, and magnify and

honour, lest perchance the whole round world arise against thee.

The heart fixed on the God who is manifest in His works yet transcends them is the source of the friars' joy. It is also the source of their pain. For their joy is triumphantly compatible with power to suffer, and is perfected, as Francis told Brother Leo, in disgrace and defeat. To them it was 'by the Cross' that 'joy had come to the whole world.' All things, says a lovely phrase of Thomas of Celano's, were to sing to them of their poverty and exile. 'Thou makest me lie down in green pastures,' said Gherardo di San Donnino when his Order put him in the prison where he languished till he died. 'How gracious is God to vouchsafe us this high privilege,' exclaimed Brother Michael of the Marches of Ancona when confronted by his funeral pyre. Brother Michael was burned in Florence in the year of Our Lord 1393, because he would not abandon his belief in the poverty of Christ.

The Franciscan records reveal living men; so refreshingly varied that many a one has become a legend; yet all alike in that they have lost to find. If to fulfill personality be the ultimate test of a way of life or of a social system, the brothers minor met it.

IV

Yet all the while, how can we forget that impasse?

The sources of power in the Franciscan movement are never to be sought in conformity to the conventions of the age, but in departure from those conventions. The scornful attitude toward property which was the movement's chief heritage remained to the end at the centre of its very life. The forces released by Francis had tended with startling success not only to restrain possessive and aggressive instincts, but also to stimulate all that made for creation and for peace. Two secret burdens rest on us worldly folk, and as the burden of greed slips from our shoulders the burden of contrition takes its place. The *libertà francescana* set men free from both. Was that liberty a dream?

Certainly it was not maintained, and the tenacious effort to live in the world refusing to hold property met the *reductio ad absurdum.* The Order as a whole became controlled in large measure by the very principles with which it was most at odds — witness the papal bulls, especially the later ones, with their careful protection of the property interests of the friars. Honorable members of the Order observe personal poverty to this day, though the hand-to-mouth insecurity dear to the first Companions did not long persist. But the communities soon became rich. When in 1322 that sardonic person Pope John XXII canceled the old provision for the vesting of titles in the Papal See and forced those titles back on the convents, a wail went up not only from the Spirituals but from the entire Order; yet it is hard not to feel that the brothers were put in a more honest position. The attempt to dispense with ownership was checkmated at every turn.

The failure of the friars cannot be accounted for by limitations peculiar to the Middle Ages. It is inherent in a situation still persisting; for the social background of the thirteenth century is essentially the same as that of the seventeenth, the twentieth. All down the generations this struggle has been resumed, and always it has failed. John Woolman may be recalled, trying at every point to avoid contamination from communal sin, refusing to profit in any way by what may have cost health or life to others. His story is heroic, but it is not a story of success. This very day, a group of consecrated women in Francis's own Umbria are trying to live without possessions exactly as he did. They are as happy as his first companions; the peasants have named them the Larks of Saint Francis. But they are involved against their will in the intricacies of private property, forced on them under penalty of becoming useless derelicts. In the United States, one young man at least seeks entire escape from the Proprium, severs services from rewards, refusing salary or wages, as completely as did Francis, and wanders about doing odd jobs. And there are similar groups in England. Theirs is a sobering challenge, but its ability to suggest deep-reaching remedies for our social maladjustments is far from clear. In every period, those who offer this sort of challenge, either as a community or as individuals, become cranks or outcasts. Not that lovers of poverty mind either fate; but whatever ridicule our efficiency fetich excite, it is hard to deny all value to our hard-won belief that life should be made worth while by productive service within the established order. Adventurers in purely coöperative life, within society organized, as it now is, on principles precisely opposite to those by which they wish to live, face an impossible dilemma.

In a world arranged on a proprietary basis, success for such an adventure cannot be conceived. The Franciscan experiment is as striking a proof as any offered by history of the inadequacy of any personal or partial solution to the social problem. All similar experiments end in one of three ways. They may revert to a stereotype, continuing as respected exceptions to the existing system; they may compromise till their distinctive character is lost; or they may lose themselves in frustrations and sterile martyrdoms. Yet Francis's ideal, of services severed from rewards, and of escape from the acquisitive instinct, is deep-rooted in Christian desire. This ideal can never be realized in a society founded on private wealth. May analysis press a little further?

Francis and his Order had never learned to think in economic terms. They left the world, its politics, finance, industrial organization, to go its own way. Moreover, they had no thought of presenting a new principle for the acceptance of everybody. The prevalent belief in rank had its religious counterpart in belief that Christian perfection could be sought and realized only by the few; and, for that matter, the great apostolic commission which the saint took to himself was never meant to be of common application. The Franciscan Order therefore formed a spiritual aristocracy, apart from the social structure of the time and valiantly struggling to remain unrelated to that structure. In this fact, its isolation in its formative principles from the general life, is the profoundest cause and the clearest evidence of the Franciscan defeat. The time was not ripe for any more general challenge to the principle of private ownership. But the result was that the movement remained essentially separatist and individualistic. It was an alien element in civilization rather than a penetrating leaven. Like its monastic predecessors, it became to a considerable degree subject to the very laws it abjured, and subsisted as an exception to the normal state of things, forfeiting the exquisitely universal note which when all is said sounds through the appeal of Francis.

The last controversy of the brothers, in 1322–23, centred on the question whether or no Christ and the apostles owned private property. That question has ceased to interest us, for we have learned to respect the reticences of the Gospels. We see Jesus moving through an imperfect world, and attacking its evils, not by harsh denunciation, but by a life that created an atmosphere in which such evils must wither and die. Is the private tenure of property such an evil? The Gospels yield no explicit answer. Yet the great passages that the brothers loved to gather into their anthologies, those passages of general appeal so disconcerting and sobering to sincere Christians, suffice to show that the laws by which the lifeblood flows in the Kingdom of Heaven contradict those laws precious to a civilization based on the Proprium. An urgency in Christian thought and emotion has always set against private ownership; and as we widen our vision in the modern way to include the whole structure of society, and as the encouragement offered by privilege and possession to our worst instincts is discerned, it becomes natural to feel that sympathy should more and more be given to those political and economic programmes which contemplate removing temptation to the lust of ownership from the common man. Nor does the failure of the brothers minor to live in the world as it is, consistently renouncing the Proprium, prove that a whole society founded on communal rather than private ownership need fail.

It is creative power that separates man from the brute and allies him to the gods. The history of the friars shows that this power is not entwined with freedom to gain and to possess, but is independent of it and stifled by it, and released in proportion as possessive passion is renounced. Now this is surely a very great thing to have shown. The lesson is worth all the anguish the adventure cost. For the Devil is always asserting the contrary, and he has convinced most good people. He insists that self-realization, which all men rightly crave, must involve ownership, and many wise books claim that property is a natural extension of personality, and that the hope of acquiring it is the necessary spur to progress. Does not the story of the friars disprove all that? And, if this literally diabolic fallacy be dismissed, have we not an important clue to the right political and social aims of the future?

To deny value to the acquisitive instinct in history would be folly. That instinct registered advance in the slow ascent of man and it has been very useful. Even now, it is hardly possible for a man to indulge in lofty scorn over the relation of services and rewards and to toss all considerations of reward away; for self-respect and concern for others blend with the baser motives that impel him to centre his energy on getting on in the world. The Devil, who is naturally a conservative, a static person and a *laudator temporis acti*, finds plenty to say to him. Yet all the time spreads that gnawing unease, sharpening in noble natures into shame, at the necessity of focusing effort on material advancement; all the time, as democratic passion enters our blood and nerve, the misery grows more acute over the enforced endurance of privilege unshared. As a French critic of America lately put it, perhaps our choice lies between Ford and Gandhi.

The psychological transformation going on much resembles that in the idealist attitude toward war. For, indeed, war and property are closely related, as Saint Francis knew, who told the Bishop of Assisi, pressing him to own something, that if he and his brothers had property they would need arms to defend it and might be forced to shed the blood of their fellow men. The most inveterate pacifist must recognize the heroism and sacrifice associated with war in the past, its disciplinary training and its power to rouse a corporate loyalty. Yet the horror of war deepens day by day till the nations enter into a pact to exile it. To contemplate a warless world is not easy. To contemplate the minimizing of private wealth is harder still. And we come at once against the dead failure of every group committed to communist experiment since civilization began. But light is thrown on the paradox if we think of escape from parts to wholes. Here we must part company with the friars, who never realized the full implications of their doctrine. New factors which they never saw have entered the situation, and that enlargement of vision impossible to them has occurred.

The sense of the whole! The only healing for our social disorders! Evil inheres forever in the partial, the divided; where shall the cure be found, except in unity? The Middle Ages understood this in a way better than we. 'Everything doth so long subsist as it is One, and perisheth and is dissolved so soon as it ceaseth to be one,' said Philosophy to Boethius. 'Know thou then that unity and goodness are the same. Those things which when they differ are not good, and when they are one become good, are they not made good by obtaining unity?' On every line, the escape from parts to wholes is the hope of civilization. Disarmament can never happen till there is a simultaneous movement toward it among the nations. So long as industrial competition is the rule, small coöperative groups must fail. Economic rivalry will last till customs barriers be done away. The individual who seeks to flee communal guilt is forced apart from his fellows, into an isolation which denies his creed of love. The curse resting on private property is the habitual curse resting on separateness, and there is no use in perpetuating that curse in the very effort to escape.

V

Broad conceptions on this line are becoming common. A society in which the Proprium should be discouraged, if not disallowed, is not only a usual theme for economic thinking, but a purpose-dictating programme in one great nation. But alas for impatient human nature, the means used are those old means of coercion, which drive the mind back once more to a central principle of the friars. For their poverty was voluntary, and renouncement enforced can never bring the enrichment of life they knew. Near the start of modern thought Rousseau challenged a society, to which the very word Democracy was unfamiliar, with his theory of the General Will as the source of government; and that individual choice is helpless till extended into such Will is Democracy's Act of Faith. Wide psychological change must precede and accompany any new social system having power to endure. That the desire of the classes in possession should coöperate with the desire of the dispossessed, in developing a social order in which temptations to greed and pride should be robbed of fair disguises and relegated to the low plane where they belong, is a Utopian thought. But if it could be realized, perhaps men might recover something of the gayety of spirit and that eager advance in all the higher lines of interest and achievement which marked the sons of Francis in their prime. And unless a policy with some such aim increase until it win the suffrages of many, the Franciscan defeat and the Franciscan triumph must continue to confront each other in hopeless deadlock, in a world that can neither follow nor forget the call of Francis and his Lady Poverty.

ON KEEPING YOUNG

BY FRANCIS G. PEABODY

THE article in the March *Atlantic* by my dear friend and neighbor, Professor Palmer, 'On Growing Old,' is most reassuring to one who is treading close on the heels of this sage of eighty-eight years. The veteran philosopher has lost nothing of his light touch, his intimate manner, the Palmeresque disguise of wise counsels in simple garb, which have made his lecture room for forty years a shrine to successive generations of devoted students. It must be admitted, however, that he has written not so much of old age itself as of ways to postpone or counteract the debility of old age. His counsels are prophylactic in their intention. He is, in fact, writing, not of growing old, but of keeping young. The charm and gayety of his mood are not those of submissive senescence, but those of unconquerable vitality, greeting the end of life with the smile of a victor in a strenuous game.

Nor does Professor Palmer, with all his candor of expression, permit himself to write of the fundamental resources which have made his old age serene and beneficent. He tells of his food and drink, his underclothing and exercise, and offers many suggestions for hygienic and disciplined living; but his friends well know, and those who revere him from a distance should be assured, that he is sustained by deeper resources of the spirit, which make his old age an Indian summer of serene content. Except for a brief allusion to controlling 'moods' and a closing suggestion that religion has comforted him, there is no intimation of his achievements and memories. Where are the cheering reminiscences of a revered teacher? Where is the evidence of that genius for friendship which has gathered round Professor Palmer a devoted group of disciples? I have just been reading aloud with renewed delight the whole twenty-four books of Palmer's *Odyssey*, and as I have recited the rhythmic and balanced lines, more poetic than many versified translations, and the product, Professor Palmer reports, of no less than eleven revisions, I have found myself thinking quite as much of the intellectual joy which has been found in such unprecedented interpretation as of the winsome and vivid folklore itself.

Indeed, it may be not unreasonably objected by Sybaritic readers of Professor Palmer's report of physical limitations that growing old on such terms can hardly be regarded as worth the effort it costs. Long life without one night of sound sleep, or one day cheered by 'wine, beer, tobacco, coffee, or tea,' might seem, even to moderately temperate people, to achieve length of days without depth and years without joy. Most men would probably prefer to live fewer years among the activities and enjoyments of Periclean Athens than in the hardihood and colorlessness of Sparta. 'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay!' In a word, one is tempted to wish that Professor Palmer, having reported the severe regimen which has permitted him to grow old, had felt called upon to add an even more intimate confession on the art of keeping young.

While we are waiting, however, for this second Book of his *De Senectute*, it may be permitted to a neighbor and friend to anticipate some of the suggestions which he might be likely to make. What is it that keeps one young when he is growing old? On what resources may he rely to prevent senescence from becoming senility? It might be assumed that the first condition of keeping young would be the maintenance of physical health, and it is certainly difficult to feel youthful when one is burdened with invalidism or racked with pain. Yet no one can recall the lives among his acquaintances which in advancing age have seemed most possessed by resilient vitality without discovering that some of them — and perhaps the most indomitably cheerful and cheer-giving — have been frail in health and perhaps permanently invalided or helpless. It is one of the strangest paradoxes of human experience that lives which might seem frustrated or crushed often possess a radiance of character which illuminates the conduct and even the faces of our friends, and makes them ministers of tranquillity and hope. I am thinking of one woman who could give points to Professor Palmer as a lifelong invalid. She has never had a day of robust health, or any normal opportunity for active usefulness, yet she has been to her community, and especially to young people, the wisest of counselors and the most inspiring of friends. Character has conquered conditions. Freedom from interest in herself has made her interesting to others. No one is younger or braver or more discerning than she, and men and women concerned with the active administration of philanthropy and social justice turn to her for guidance and courage. While growing old she has kept young, and as the flesh has grown weak the spirit has been rejuvenescent.

With this limited confidence in keeping young by merely feeling fit, one may consider other and more effective ways of postponing surrender to the decrepitude of age. Of these the first I should name is the cultivation and maintenance of friendships. 'A man, sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'should keep his friendships in constant repair.' A busy man or woman in the full swing of professional or business or domestic cares or social obligations is likely to fancy that these affairs must come first and that friendships may wait; but when one reaches old age he may find that in gaining the world he has lost his friends, and — to paraphrase Scripture — what shall a man give in exchange for his friends? The most inevitable condition of old age is solitude, and the most immediate remedy for solitude is found in old companionships maintained or in new ones discovered. Friendship cannot be improvised or delayed until leisure arrives. It must be cultivated with care, and even with the sacrifice of what seem more pressing obligations. It must be kept in repair, or it will become irreparable.

If old age must necessarily involve the loss of old friends, one way to keep young is to make friends of the young. This does not mean that an old man should pretend to be young, or try to keep pace with young people. Nothing is more repulsive than an old man with the habits or language or vices of a young man. But, on the other hand, there is often a reciprocal happiness found when old men appreciate the activities of youth and young men respect the experience of age. Young people at the present time are likely to seem to old people lacking in reverence, amusingly defiant of tradition, and as undisguised in frankness as the nudity of the bathing beach. The old man who would keep young must be sure that human nature remains much the same from generation to generation; that each new generation faces a new world and must be trusted to re-create it; that one who is building a modern skyscraper must be permitted to wreck what have seemed substantial structures; and that Greek girls could be modest though their legs were bare. To appreciate the new world in its making is one of the greatest privileges of age. It is not necessary to be a Socrates in order to command the loyalty of the young. Sympathetic confidence in the underlying motives of the young may both win their devotion and keep oneself young.

It must be admitted, however, that old age cannot find its chief resource in companionship. Friends of one's own age are withdrawn into the mystery of death, and life becomes shut away from new friends by limitations of strength and energy. Growing old is in the main an experience of solitude. How shall one keep young when he is thus alone? What is to prevent or postpone the approach of decrepitude and the natural desire for release?

One of the resources which keep a lonely old age from spiritual decline is the companionship of books. Increasing leisure and physical limitations may easily tempt one to relax intellectual interest, and to be satisfied with two newspapers a day and the frivolous literature of current events. That is a sign that one is growing old, and not keeping young. Intellectual resiliency depends upon keeping the spiritual muscles taut by exercise, and this must be accomplished by stiff and substantial reading on subjects of generous intention and spiritual interest. An old man should be the last to surrender to the cheap literature which may satisfy the leisure hours of hard-working people. Since he lacks the companionship of his fellows, the hope of keeping his own mind young is in his keeping step with the march of the new time and rescuing himself from the tempting and demoralizing attitude of a *laudator temporis acti.*

Of all such contacts with reality, the best is the mastery of a new subject or of a congenial subject hitherto casually pursued — the history of an art, the details of a history, the understanding of a technical discovery, the progress of a science, the new poetry, the new aspects of religion. To know one's subject well, or at least to know it better than most people, is not only to justify self-respect, but it is also to grow younger in spirit as one grows older in years.

A similar resource is offered to those who have felt in themselves a vague inclination for self-expression, in literature or poetry or art, but have been overmastered by the demands of business or the cares of home. Old age is not only a good time to read poetry, but a time for furtive attempts at writing the verses which have been so long suppressed in one's heart; a good time, not to paint good pictures, but to give at least the little latent talent of which one has been dimly conscious a chance for modest and closely guarded expression. One may even find enjoyment in writing a Piece like this, even though he cannot anticipate that any judicious editor will think it worth publishing. Few uses of leisure hours are more entertaining than this surreptitious enjoyment in production, or in cultivating beauty in phrase or color or form. Vain as such experiments would have been when finished workmanship was demanded, they may contribute much in the solitude of age to keep one young.

These suggestions lead one to a further device for keeping young, which is offered by the collector's passion. It is not only possible to cheer one's solitude by the companionship of literature and art, but this self-discipline may be greatly stimulated by the peculiar joy of the collector. It makes no great difference what the material collected may be. A rich man may select for his sphere of extravagance a group of English portraits or of French landscapes or of illuminated manuscripts or of Chinese jade; but a poor man may find equally absorbing interests in chasing the first editions of a modern author, or in applying his expert knowledge to acquiring at slight cost a precious chair or bowl or battered book. Here is a new field of exploration and romance for the aged. Catalogues of old books become more entrancing than the latest novel. The exhilaration of such a chase is almost athletic in its excitement. A new range of acquaintances opens with other sportsmen of similar tastes. The new hunting field may be the fireside and the easy-chair, but there may be companionship and competition with new friends in distant lands. The collector's passion outlives all hunting with horse and hounds, and offers to solitary old age a new way to keep oneself young.

Professor Palmer is a distinguished witness of this perennial youth in a collector. Beginning as a young teacher with limited means, he has become one of the great book collectors of his generation, and has finally crowned his discriminating and untiring expenditure by presenting, first, his precious series of the Philosophers to the Harvard Library, and later his magnificent collection of the Poets to Wellesley College, reserving in this latter case only the privilege of adding more volumes to his gift as a further self-indulgence. It is no wonder that old age on such terms is one of autumnal harvest.

A further resource of age, which may be called the obverse of the habit of collecting, is to be found by prosperous people in the habit of distributing. Money-getting is so absorbing a pursuit that many men who succeed in it find that they have nothing to do with what they get, and, instead of owning their wealth, are owned by it. Their wealth becomes, as Ruskin said, their 'illth,' for it is not well but ill with them. They grow old with riches, but without enrichment. Here enters the happiness of long-continued concern with large causes of philanthropy or political reform or social welfare which have detached one from the study of the market and enriched one with thoughts of self-effacing service. And here, as one grows old and prosperous, there is made the further discovery that the judicious distribution of superfluous wealth may help to keep one young. It is one of the strangest ironies of human experience that the man who has collected wealth should so often miss the exhilaration of distributing it, and transfers to his heirs a resource of happiness and self-respect which should have been enjoyed by himself. To bequeath wealth to worthy causes has its merits, though it is no conclusive evidence of generosity to give away what one can no longer keep; but to grow old with means which might be distributed without injustice to heirs, and to miss the happiness of giving, is to find in old age mere decadence where one might find unanticipated joy.

Fortunately for this country and for the world, this momentous discovery of the uses of wealth has been made by Americans on a scale and with a discriminating wisdom unprecedented in human history. Other nations have spent large sums for the welfare of needy citizens through taxation of the wealthy, but the dimensions and expenditure of voluntary philanthropy, distributed in this country during the lifetime of the benefactors, presents a unique evidence of sagacity and foresight, as well as of commercial and industrial success. Here is an abundant opportunity for rich old men to recover the initiative and venturesomeness of their younger and money-making years. The distinguished philanthropist George Peabody was, according to common report, a somewhat penurious and exacting banker, but when, under certain influences, it was brought to his mind that he could not long possess his money, and that it was valueless unless used, he launched out into a series of munificent benefactions which gave him much more happiness than all his money-making, and which have made his name permanently illustrious. The same discovery, that the distribution of money is more interesting and more challenging to wisdom than the making of money, gives to old age among the rich a new chance of keeping young. It is not only that great causes need to be reënforced, but not less that spiritual fertility and intellectual invigoration may accrue to the fortunate givers, who have literally verified the maxim that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Through these reflections, and others which might be added concerning the resources of old age, one is led, as if by an ascending and winding path, from companionship and friendship up to books and creative tastes, and again to the collecting of treasures and the distribution of them, until at last one reaches the high region of experience where rational religion reveals itself as the guide of life. Here again one falls in with Professor Palmer in his final paragraph. In commending religion as a resource of old age he does not, of course, mean that its chief function is to prolong life, as one employs a stick or crutch to steady one's tottering steps. He is writing, no doubt, though with a brevity which has misled at least one critic, of his own experience of serenity and confidence, derived from lifelong and constant conviction of a friendly and beneficent Universe.

It must be admitted that this is not the influence exerted by some types of religion on advancing age. If religious faith has been accepted as a passive submission, leaving to some higher Power the vicarious task of establishing justice and promoting progress; if one has been bred, under a teaching of human helplessness, to cast himself as a worthless offering before the Mercy Seat — then the influence of religion on old age may be rather one of preparation for death than of renewal of life. Much instruction in piety has been a warning to old age rather than a reassurance. The incident of dying has been so magnified in its importance that growing old may seem little more than a slow descent into the Valley of Shadow, which one may reasonably desire to accelerate rather than to restrain.

But if religious faith be the courage of a child of God, a brave venture of the spirit reënforced by a beneficent Universe, then it has in it a perennial healthfulness and vigor which give to one who is growing old in body a renaissance of heart and will. The maxim of inhibitive and prudential religion is 'Prepare to die!' The maxim of venturesome and rational religion is 'Prepare to live!' The one type of religion faces in old age an open grave; the other faces an open door. Religious faith is not a conclusion of the reason, but a dedication of the will. It promotes glad expectancy for the soul and for the world. In Dante's phrase, it 'eternalizes' life. It is the final resource which gives to old age that serenity and cheerfulness which keep the human spirit young.

TOOTHACHE!

BY LELAND HALL

I

SINCE the tooth was mine, and a molar, this narrative must be a personal one; but while I shall not deny or attempt to conceal the heroism with which I endured pain, neither that heroism nor the pain is the subject of my tale. This is the account of events accident upon a toothache in Morocco.

About the end of May I received word in Marrakesh that a distinguished French officer, of whom I had long besought an interview, would receive me during the first days of June at his house in Rabat. Coupled with the invitation was a request that I take in my charge a young fellow from the mountains, Lahoucine, who had never traveled and who spoke no French, and bring him to the officer in Rabat. From Marrakesh to Rabat is a simple journey. One goes directly to Casablanca, and there changes to another bus for Rabat. I decided to take the six o'clock bus for Casablanca on Thursday morning.

Half-past five Thursday morning found me at a table on the terrace of the Café Glacier beside the bus station, drinking café au lait and waiting for Lahoucine to be brought to me by his brother. In the cool light of the dawn they came along the street together. Lahoucine proved to be a personable, well-mannered youngster neatly dressed in native fashion. His older brother, formerly a soldier under the officer to whom I was to take the younger, was a dignified, admirable fellow.

'You will watch over my brother?' he asked me, anxiously.

I promised not to let Lahoucine out of my sight.

'You,' he said to Lahoucine, 'will never leave this Christian's side.'

'Nay, my brother, I will not leave him.'

Then Smith and Morton came along, a little shaky from a European party the night before. When they had had some brandy to pick them up and the Moors had drunk their coffee, we piled into the bus. We Europeans sat in front, Lahoucine in a seat at the rear; but I continually looked round to make sure no one had made off with him, nor he with himself.

Suddenly my tooth began to ache with a sharp pain that was from the start almost unbearably racking. For a while I tried to convince myself that it was not so bad as it felt; the tooth had been treated years before and there was no nerve in it. But I soon gave up reasoning with myself. There was no doubt about the pain; it pulled at all my mouth, at my neck, at my eyeballs, which smarted with ammoniacal tears.

Casablanca is a big, modern city, with excellent doctors and dentists, hospitals and morticians; but no one in the bus had had a toothache that year and none knew the name of a dentist there, though Morton had seen a dentist's placard in the window of a big office building in the Place de France.

We were scheduled to arrive in Casablanca shortly after eleven, and I did not doubt that I should have time there to seek out a dentist. But we lost time on the way, and meanwhile I remembered that all offices would be closed at noon. It was not till quarter to twelve that we came into the Place de France. Desperately I scanned the windows as we sped by. And there was a big sign: DENTISTE.

Almost in a frenzy now, I escaped from the bus as soon as it stopped; but, goaded by pain, I was no quicker than Lahoucine, bound by his oath. He rushed to join me on the sidewalk, grabbing my hand amid the crowd. I looked at him wildly.

'*Mridh bi dhersa!*' I cried, which meant that I had a toothache, but such a toothache as in their proverbs the Arabs will not wish upon their enemy.

Then I ran, dragging Lahoucine after me. It lacked but a minute or two of noon when we arrived at the office building, and as we plunged into the dentist's anteroom the clock struck twelve. Happily the dentist had not yet gone, and he would see me at once. Lahoucine rose to follow me; but the maid in attendance said, 'No, you must stay here.'

I tore my hand from his clasp.

'Don't let him out,' I moaned to the maid. 'We are bound by an oath.' And I left him sitting on the chair as if nothing but the crack of doom could start him from it.

The dentist's office was clean and up-to-date even by American standards; but the dentist himself was a dark Moor, over six feet tall. My heart sank. How could a Moor be a dentist? Nevertheless, he spoke French well, and he had quite the Christian's way of opening a mouth and probing round in it.

'There is only one thing to do,' he pronounced. 'Have it out here and now.'

We Americans, with our glib science, have heard that it is dangerous to extract a tooth while there is acute inflammation round it. Could a Moor know this? I ventured to inform him.

'But you are in time,' he answered quietly. 'There is as yet no danger. Besides, I shall not hurt you.'

Oh, my little faith in this people who had ever shown more wisdom than my own! But no; I would not trust him.

'Put in some drops to dull the pain,' I said, 'and let me go on to Rabat.'

He put drops in skillfully, but, doubting if they would relieve me, wrote something on a slip of paper. 'Get these tablets at a druggist's and take them if the pain becomes unbearable.'

So I paid him and bade him good-bye — the man who would have saved me all that was to come.

Lahoucine rose gracefully from his chair and, again clasping my hand, returned with me to the bus station. I fancied a little relief already, and his face brightened at the news.

'What do you do when you have a toothache?' I asked.

'We go to the barber.'

'And what does the barber do?'

'He stands in the doorway of his shop and chooses two big men as they pass in the street. He invites them into his shop. Then you sit on the floor; and one big man grabs you so that you cannot move your arms, and the other big man grabs you so that you cannot move your legs. And the barber pulls out the tooth.'

'And what do you do then?'

'We yell,' said Lahoucine.

II

I could eat no lunch. During the afternoon's ride on to Rabat pain returned to my tooth and jaw with doubled ferocity, so that by the time we arrived at our destination I was like a crazed animal. I ran to the hotel, Lahoucine, gripping my hand, streaming behind me. From the hotel I ran him to a cab, for if I went slow I bellowed. The cabman drove us to Salé, where lived the French major I had taken the journey to see. He welcomed us cordially and his wife offered me tea, but I stood in need of more urgent service.

'For God's sake, give me the name of a dentist in Rabat!'

They knew of none; but the major, all sympathy, telephoned regimental medical headquarters, and headquarters said there was a Dr. Dubois in Rabat, of whom it had had no experience but of whom it had heard good report. Whirling round the room, I bade them good-bye, and in a moment was all but lashing the cabman's horse back to Rabat.

An Arab servant opened the doctor's door to me.

'*Oujaa bezzaf!*' I cried, which meant I was in great pain. He vanished a moment, then returned to show me into the office. It was an airy office, all in sanitary white; and everything in it, from the modern dental chair and its basin to the desk, had a holy, germicidal look. A soft voice behind me said: —

'*Vous souffrez, monsieur?*'

There stood the dentist, white and germicidal as his office, with snow-white hair and little pointed beard, snow-white eyebrows, snow-white garments. The only touch of color about him was in his bright little brown eyes, which looked up over his spectacles at me with solemn sympathy and solemn wisdom.

'It's terrible, doctor,' I groaned, 'but I do not know what you can do about it; for I can hardly open my mouth, and cannot endure the touch of even my tongue on the tooth.'

'Pray be seated.'

When, between us, my mouth had been opened and he had explored a bit, he gazed at me through his spectacles, twining and untwining his hands.

'The abscess is not yet formed,' he said. 'I can prevent it and cure you. Did you ever hear of creosote?'

I nodded.

'I shall drop creosote into the hole in your tooth. I shall seal it in there with a light layer of cement. It will seep down through the nerve canals and destroy the infection.'

Seal that tooth! The little science of mine which had thought it dangerous for the Moor to extract the tooth now shivered at the thought of stopping up the hole in it; yet I said nothing. I was in a mood to submit to anything. Besides, Dr. Dubois was hypnotic in some strange, mediæval way, a frail personification of dogma.

When he had sealed the creosote within the tooth, he said: —

'You will soon be relieved. Meanwhile, I wish you to make external applications of hot water. I once conducted with a distinguished colleague a series of experiments in the efficacy of hot applications. We discovered that a temperature of between 41 and 45 degrees (centigrade) was most efficacious in preventing and dispersing congestion. You know, of course, that inflammation produces a congestion of blood. It will be worth your while to buy a thermometer on your way back to your hotel. Order hot water brought to your room. Soak a towel in it and fold it thus — thus, mind you. Take the temperature of the towel, and when it has fallen to 45 degrees apply it to your cheek and the side of your throat. Let it remain there. Then renew it.'

'You mean,' I asked, 'renew it when it has cooled to a temperature of 41 degrees?'

'Precisely.'

'Thank you, doctor,' I said, with tears of gratitude and pain.

On the way back to my hotel I could

not bring myself to buy a thermometer; and I am glad of this, because it exonerates Dr. Dubois, whose kindly hypnotic spell I still feel. But I did buy the tablets the Moor had prescribed for the pain.

Morton was waiting in my room. He had a smattering of chemistry, and by a formula of ten-syllable words printed on the box of tablets discovered their active agent to be chloral hydrate.

'What,' I asked him, 'is the effect of alcohol on chloral?'

'Alcohol,' replied Morton, 'should heighten the effect of chloral.'

'Then a drink —?'

'Wholly advisable. Let's go.'

And we went.

During the evening I took many of the chloral pills. They deadened the pain; and, reënforced by a coefficient, secured me some sleep that night. At five in the morning, however, I was aware of a curious feeling in the side of my face and my neck; and, hastening to the mirror, I saw that they were swollen. By swollen I mean filled out, so that no line or crease was left in the flesh. Consequently my face on that side looked the face of a monstrous baby, whereas the other side was hollow and creased like that of a famine-stricken ancient. For a long time I studied this countenance, chuckling because I could not open my mouth to laugh.

When I showed up at the dentist's later, he rubbed his fragile hands together.

'Ah,' he breathed, 'the abscess is forming. Come at seven this evening, and I will lance it for you.'

Talking about what one may call the general dental condition of Morocco, he slipped back into his own past. During his early life in Paris he had specialized in medicine and had spent all his time and money in perfecting a diet cure for tuberculosis. This was infallible; but other physicians would not acknowledge it, and he avowed to me that he had never cured a patient, except an animal or two; but that was because patients had always come to him too late and had to die. He presented me with two brochures he had written on the subject, and even inscribed them for me. With a parting injunction then to apply hot water to my jaw and neck during the day, and always water at between 41 and 45 degrees of heat, he accompanied me affectionately to the door.

When I returned at seven in the evening, he took a good look into my mouth and pronounced the abscess ripe. He then fixed me with his bright little eyes.

'It is the unfortunate custom,' he said, 'to open such abscesses with a knife; but incisions heal rapidly, closing the wound, whereas it should remain open to drain for eight days. Ah, the folly of practitioners! But my intention is to burn a hole into your abscess, for a burnt hole is slow to close.'

Naturally, I sickened at the thought; but he succeeded in injecting some anæsthetic which numbed my jaw. While this was taking effect, he drew out a long cord from a drawer, which he attached at one end to an electric circuit and at the other to something that was very big for a needle. But it was this pointed something which soon whitened and glared. When he applied it to the abscess I felt no pain at all. Smoke rose from my mouth with the acrid smell of grilling meat. That was all.

Then he laid aside the needle, disconnected the cord, and looked at his handiwork.

'Strange,' he said in a low voice, 'I have burned an excellent hole, but no pus comes out.' He probed round with an instrument. 'Yes, the hole opens into the sac of the abscess, but no pus comes out. Strange.'

'What's to be done?'

'Nothing. I have made the hole; the pus must find its way.'

This being settled, he took up talk of his own life again. After starving in Paris, he had married and gone to a general practice in Martinique. Here all the patients he told me of, both those who had come early and those who had come late, had died.

In a premonitory voice he said: 'I must leave town to-morrow morning early for a consultation, and shall not return to Rabat before Monday. Such abscesses as yours often prove fatal. I will not say that only one thing now stands between you and death, but I will say that only one thing stands between you and serious results; that is — applications of water heated to a temperature between 41 and 45 degrees.'

With these words in mind and another brochure in hand, I returned to the hotel. During the night the pus found its way.

III

By morning my whole countenance, from temple to shoulder, was yet more greatly swollen. When I appeared before the wife of the hotel manager behind the office counter, she threw her head back and broke into shrieks of laughter. The more she tried to master herself, the wilder her fits of laughing; until, exhausted, she wiped her eyes and regarded me steadily. Horror then spread over her face.

'I have known three people with faces like yours,' she said, 'and they died.'

Her husband joined in. 'My brother's wife was six months in hospital with an abscessed tooth and on the verge of death. You must take care. You must have it treated.'

'I am going to Dr. Dubois, as it is,' I said.

'He has a diploma; he must be good,' they said.

Being still in pain, I went forth to the druggist's for more chloral tablets. As I passed the Arab porter at the door, a good friend of mine, he whispered, seriously, '*Glaa-ha, glaa-ha,*' which meant 'Have it out.'

The chemist gave me one glance. 'Unless you take every precaution, you will die,' he said, gratuitously. But he was very kind, and prepared for me a decoction of poppy seeds and some root or other to hold in my mouth (as hot as possible).

Meanwhile Madame la Gérante (the hotel manager's wife) had lent me a small alcohol stove with a kettle which held enough water for a cup of tea. Round this I revolved during Saturday and Saturday night. First I heated a measure of the druggist's decoction in the kettle. While I held this in my mouth I refilled the kettle with water and set it to boil. By the time the water boiled, my mouth was quite numb, though scalded. So I ejected the decoction, poured hot water on the towel, folded it, counted 45 instead of taking its temperature, and lay on the bed with the towel at my jaw. After an hour, I went through this process again; and so on. I could not eat; and I shunned people, for, with the exception of the Arab servants, every person I saw was reminded by me of friends who, from such a state as mine, had descended rapidly to death.

I read the dentist's brochures; and though they mentioned no patient's survival, they were impressive. In fact I pondered a great deal on Dr. Dubois, and concluded that my liking for him could never change. If I were indeed to die soon under his treatment, I would not forget that I had failed to buy a thermometer; and I would speak well of him in the next world. His life seemed to me sad in that he had everywhere done his best, yet had been doomed to kill where he had studied to save.

My face grew bigger and bigger. On Sunday morning I could not open my eye. When I presented myself downstairs in the office, the manager and his wife assumed a funereal look.

'Yesterday I could laugh,' said she, 'but to-day it is evident that your condition is grave.'

Well, I remained standing by the office counter, my head sunk with the drag of congestion. Suddenly a hand touched my arm. I looked round, and there stood a man hardly more than five feet high, with a noble, pale countenance and big dark eyes. His raven hair fell to his shoulders. Over his lips drooped a silky black moustache; silky black whiskers flowed down the sides of his face. Both moustache and whiskers were sweetly scented.

'Monsieur will pardon me,' he said, 'but may I lay my hand on his cheek?'

'Certainly; go as far as you like,' I replied, for there was no mistaking the shiver of compassion which fluttered his voice and all his hairs. At my consent he smiled brilliantly, and big pure-white teeth shone through his moustache. A woman six feet tall stood behind him, whose face assumed a look of sorrow. Light as a feather, his hand lay on my cheek a second.

'Ah,' he sighed, 'your face is swollen.'

'That is certainly true,' said Madame la Gérante.

'Now,' said the noble little stranger, 'may I look in your mouth?'

'That would give me great pleasure,' I answered, feeling myself respond to a ceremoniousness which both the stranger's appearance and his accent accused of Castilian elegance. Outside the hotel door attended a handsome motor. The six-foot lady sent word to the chauffeur to wait; her husband was detained for a few minutes.

'Would monsieur be so kind as to sit down on this chair?'

I sat down. He parted my jaws skillfully and looked in between them. 'Ah, yes,' he said, shutting my jaws, 'the abscess should be opened.'

'But it has been opened, and with a hole that will not close for eight days.'

'To be sure,' he said, sadly, 'but such a little hole and such a very great infection. Monsieur, you will never get well that way. You need a wide slash of the knife. I am a dentist, monsieur. I have been court dentist to the Sultans of Morocco for twenty years. Permit me to give you my card.'

I have lost the card and forgotten the name that was on it, with all its *y*'s; but I am sure it is written in some golden book in Heaven.

'Unhappily, being on a motor trip with my wife, I have no instruments with me. Moreover, to-day is Sunday, and I know not certainly that I shall be able to borrow any in Rabat. But, monsieur, I shall do my best to find a knife, and if I succeed I will myself open the abscess for you this afternoon at three-thirty.'

'May the Lord bless you.'

'Not at all, monsieur.' He advised my applying wads of cotton soaked in permanganate to the wound. That would draw things and would prevent the spread of infection. 'But,' he added, 'you have a bad abscess, monsieur; and I will do my best to find a knife.'

With these kind words he went away. His wife's high face brightened, and her smile floated to me through the perfume left in the air by her husband's whiskers.

I laid the card before the hotel manager and his wife.

'We observe that he has been dentist to the Sultans,' they said, 'but we cannot see that he has a diploma.'

'However, he surely knows his business.'

'He seems to; but Dr. Dubois has a diploma.'

As the hours crawled by, the thought of the Spanish doctor scouring Rabat for a knife began to play grotesquely on all my nerves; and although I enjoyed applying the permanganate by way of novelty in the treatment, I was aware, as the clock drew nearer three, of a growing panic in myself. This I could not subdue. Just before three, therefore, I stole from my room and from the hotel.

Driven by fear, I made my way to Salé and the house of the French officer. Lahoucine, coming to the gate, instantly coupled himself to my hand. By not so much as a lift of eyebrow did he show that he had noted the swelling which had so altered my face since he had last seen me.

'Oh, my friend,' I cried, 'see how big is my face!'

'It is big,' he said, 'but, God willing, the bigness will soon go to its own country' — which in Moroccan Arabic is the destination of everything that goes away.

The major received me with every friendly attention.

'You are my refuge,' I explained, 'from a good man seeking a knife.'

For a couple of hours and more he entertained me with tales of his own experiences in Morocco, which included dangers far more picturesque than toothache. As twilight fell I took my leave of him.

'When do you return to Marrakesh?' he asked me.

'Tuesday morning, if all goes well.'

'May I ask you to be so kind as to restore Lahoucine to his brother. It turns out that I have no need of him for the present; but I shall expect him to rejoin me in Rabat when I return from France. I have explained this to him, and you might add a word to his brother.'

When I glanced at Lahoucine, he moved up to seize my hand, but we put that off till Tuesday morning. The officer accompanied me to the river which runs between Salé and Rabat. There I hailed a boatman to ferry me across. Over the river mouth and the sea beyond, the twilight lingered splendidly, and the smell of the sea was good. Good to me also as I sat holding my cheek was the sight of the boatman, standing to his oars, lithe and graceful, handsome son of God knows how many fishermen and pirates. His dark eyes caught me watching him.

'Toothache?' he asked with a soft smile.

'Yea, my brother.'

'Have it out.'

'At the barber's?'

'Just so.'

Smoothly we glided to the other shore, and when I had paid him I stole back to the hotel. From the shadow by the door I signaled the porter to come to me.

'Has the Spanish doctor returned to the hotel?' I whispered.

'*Ia, sidi.*'

'Has he a knife?'

'A knife, monsieur? I do not know. He is in the parlor now. Shall I ask him?'

'Do not dare speak to him.'

I entered the hotel and in the parlor before the entrance saw with my own eye the doctor talking to young ladies; so that, watching my chance, I was able to gain the stairs without his seeing me. The next morning he had gone, having left word with the manager that to his regret he had failed the day before to find a knife.

IV

Dr. Dubois, although he remarked that the swelling had subsided no whit in my face, acquiesced in my returning to Marrakesh on the condition that I keep hot water applied to my face during the journey.

'But I cannot do that in the bus,' I objected.

'Ah, impatience, monsieur, impatience! Buy in Rabat a small steel flask; buy at any druggist's a small amount of sodium. Fill the flask with water; then add a small pinch of the chemical. That will heat the water, monsieur.'

'To 45 degrees?'

'More or less. You had better experiment this afternoon.'

His bill, which I then demanded, was very moderate. I thanked him for this consideration and for another brochure which he took from his desk and inscribed. I thanked him also for his kindness and wished him well. For he was an old man, no charlatan; and this was his last stand.

At nine o'clock the next morning Lahoucine was brought to me at the bus station, and, linking hands, we mounted into the vehicle. As we rode along, there came to my mind the fact that a month or so ago a man in Marrakesh, sorely afflicted with a bad tooth, had gone to an exceptionally good dentist in Casablanca. The name of the dentist I could not recall; but I determined that during the wait in Casablanca I would make an effort to find him; for, although my spirits had come up a little at the prospect of returning to my own house, I had more than a suspicion that I needed expert attention. After we had landed in Casablanca and engaged our seats for Marrakesh on the afternoon bus, grabbing Lahoucine by the hand, I set forth to track down the doctor. Luck favored me.

A pretty Italian girl opened the door to us, and on hearing my story both arranged for me to see the dentist at once and promised so far as possible to hold Lahoucine by the hand during my separation from him. The smile in her eyes and the melting look he cast upon her informed me that they would suffer no unhappiness in their brief conjunction.

Dr. Renoir was, in truth, an expert. He had no sooner looked at the tooth than he declared that the abscess must be cut open from one end to the other, and without delay.

'If you do that now, may I return to Marrakesh this afternoon?'

'By no means. You must stay here three days at least. I cannot tell how seriously the jaw is affected.'

I would not give up returning to Marrakesh; he refused to assume responsibility for the operation — in fact, to operate at all. It was not until I had regained the street with Lahoucine that I realized what folly it would be to risk further troubles with my jaw by disregarding this excellent doctor's advice. I contemplated breaking my oath; I remembered that I had made no such oath to the major as I had made to Lahoucine's brother.

'Lahoucine,' I asked, 'if I put you in your seat in the bus and watch till the bus leaves Casablanca, will you promise not to move out of it till the bus reaches Marrakesh?'

He gave me this promise, and at intervals of five minutes I made him repeat it; so that he was tied up in a net of promises by the time the bus was ready to go. I put him in his seat, wove another promise into the net about him, and sadly watched him depart. He reached Marrakesh in complete safety.

Over the lancing of the abscess I pass without comment. The dentist said: 'Notice that I do not trust poisons to find their way. When I open an abscess, everything comes out of it.' I remarked that guillotining must be far less painful; and though he seemed shocked as by an exaggeration, that has remained my profound conviction.

On the way back to my hotel whom should I meet but the little Spanish doctor. We blocked traffic in mutual salutations. When I told him what had just happened, nothing would please him but that, by squatting, I reduce my height so that he could look into my mouth; and at the sight of what had been done he gave a cry of joy.

'Now,' he said, 'an antiseptic wash and a syringe are indispensable. Come with me, come with me.'

Though I protested that I was now under another doctor's care, he dragged me into a Spanish pharmacy near by and bought me a bottle of something and a little rubber squirt. He did not open the bottle, but with it and the syringe he went through all the motions of syringing out a wound like mine in his own mouth, which he opened exceedingly wide there in the drug store so that all his hand and the squirt disappeared within it. We rather danced than walked to my hotel together. Over a bottle of wine he talked of Morocco and remedies, and told me that a sure cure for dysentery was ripe olives, which are bitter as gall, brewed in sour milk.

On the third day after the dentist had opened the abscess the doubt of my condition which he had entertained became certainty. The infection had deeply attacked the jawbone and my case was one for a surgeon. With my consent, he telephoned at once to a surgical clinic in town, and before sunset I was moving from hotel to hospital. A fine big Arab admitted me to the hospital; and about half-past six in the afternoon a nurse came to my room and told me to prepare for the operation. When I asked her what anæsthetic they were going to give me she answered that she did not know the name of it, but it would make me sick.

Clad in a nice pair of pyjamas, I walked calmly to the operating room, which was a vast chamber hung all in black, lighted brilliantly, and overheated. Beneath the brightest cluster of lights stretched a table narrow as a plank, vacant. The surgeon and his assistant, both over six feet tall, wore white uniforms buttoned to their chins, and white aprons, and at the sight of me they rubbed their hands. My dentist was there, clad like the others. Before my mind flashed the picture of Lahoucine seated in the barber shop, the red-fezzed barber in the doorway, the passionately human crowd streaming in the street, the sunlight speckling them through the lattice overhead where grapevines grew, where, before a certain shop I knew, the grapes hung already in green clusters. I kept the picture to myself, but said something witty and courageous, which unhappily I do not recall.

'Kindly lie on the table,' they said.

Almost before I could straighten myself on the table, the two big men sprang toward me and clamped steel rings down over my knees and ankles; and then, seizing my hands, forced them into leathern gauntlets and strapped them tight to my sides. In less than a minute I was trussed.

'I have done nothing wrong,' I said.

They approached with the breather and set it over my face.

'Now, breathe deeply and easily.'

I inhaled a faintly sweet gas. But I could not exhale. The breather fitted hard over my face and was, for some reason, air-tight against expulsion. Only by blowing with all my strength could I force the breath in my lungs out round the edges of it. I opened my eyes very wide, rolled my head, mumbled into the repressive cone. After a while they removed it.

'What is the matter?' they asked, not unkindly.

'I can breathe in all right, but cannot breathe out.'

They tinkered with the breather, and the giant assistant murmured to the giant surgeon, 'I told you that valve was stopped.' To me they said, 'You have big lungs, monsieur.'

When they readjusted the breather over my face again, I could no more exhale than before, and blew so hard that I could not possibly go to sleep. Again I opened my eyes, rolled my head, moaned. But no kind word came to me.

'Turn on the chloroform,' said one to another. The gas within the cone thickened and sweetened, my brain whirled a moment; then I awoke hungry in my bed.

When, ten days later, I returned to Marrakesh, Lahoucine and his brother came to see me. They and other friendly Moors laid their hands on my cheek, where the swelling still lingered.

'Little by little it will go to its own country,' they said, and it did.

But I often think of what Ahmed said, who had been absent and who did not come to see me until most traces of what I had gone through had disappeared.

'It was a terrible toothache,' I said.

This made no impression upon him. What is a toothache, after all? Go to the barber and have it out.

'And it cost me more than two thousand francs,' I added.

That startled him. He looked at me in astonishment, and in compassion, too, for the Moors are tender with lunatics.

'All Christians are a little crazy,' he said. 'God would have cured your toothache — and for nothing.'

INTERLUDE WITH A TUTELARY SPIRIT

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

Mpwapwa is a pleasant place on the edge of the hills in the Central Province of Tanganyika. Stanley, on his way to find Livingstone, camped under a spreading heavy-foliaged tree in the village. The Germans had one of their fortified administrative posts there (now replaced by a British District Officer's friendly-looking little office); the road is still here which they made and planted with vegetable barbed wire in the shape of formidably spiked sisal, and on a hill a few miles off is one of their heliograph towers. Here too they plumped down their main veterinary station; the English have taken over the laboratory, and are now moving the headquarters of the whole veterinary department here from the capital, over two hundred miles away. Here the present administration has also built its lymph laboratory, where a quarter of a million vaccination doses are kept in reserve, and whence the whole territory, three times the size of the United Kingdom, is supplied with vaccine for the campaign against smallpox. And they have started a big educational venture at Mpwapwa. Not only are there a local elementary school and a central school where boarders come from all the Central Province, but it is the only centre in the territory for the training of native teachers.

And besides the fields and steadings of the local tribe, there is also a big native village where was once an important station on a main slave-trade route. Slaves from all parts of the territory and from far-off Congoland beyond the Great Lake got left here for one cause or another, so that it is a much-mixed little African cosmopolis, with Indian shops to boot. The main Tanganyika railway passes only twelve miles away, close under the mountains that bound the opposite side of the narrow plain, and a good motor road runs from the railway to the town. There are two excellent tennis courts, and the rudiment of a golf course. Mpwapwa is thus a busy modern place, as much exposed to the disturbing swirl of civilization's current as any of the smaller townships of Africa.

In the morning I saw over the veterinary laboratory, where vast quantities of anti-rinderpest serum are made and bottled (it looks very much like rather turbid beer) for shipment far and wide, and where the unpleasant trypanosomes are studied that wriggle their way through the blood of cattle and keep cows and horses out of the half of tropical Africa. In the afternoon I had a long conference with the staff of the school over the teaching of science to the African schoolboy and future schoolmaster, and about five, as the sun was softening downwards to the west, the headmaster and I, putting on the regular outdoor kit of white shirt and shorts, went for a walk.

We headed for a little rock pinnacle that rises just beyond where the cultivated plain gives place to the hills and their mantle of scrubby woodland. It was a fine little fifty-foot needle of hard rock, and my climbing instincts were aroused. I found my way to its base through the tangled, thorny copsewood, noticing vaguely that the way was roughly barred by a small tree and a branch or two that had been cut and put in the obvious approach between two big boulders. The little climb was easier than it looked, and I was quickly on top, looking over the brown plain and purple hills, parched and waiting for the short rains.

Suddenly a loud and peculiar hoarse hissing broke out from just below where I was sitting. I thought of giant wasps or tropical hornets — not without some alarm, for descent in a cloud of stings would have been not only unpleasant but dangerous. But my anxious eye fell not on a swarm of insects but on a solitary reptile — a huge monitor lizard, over five feet long, in a crevice of the rock. I had stepped right over the place without noticing its inmate.

There it was, its scales like tiles upon its trunk, and rising up on its neck into bosses like heavy leatherwork. It looked up at me with a cold malignant eye, darted its flickering tongue, leaden and forked, out of its hard mouth, and hissed with raucous intensity.

This was the first big lizard I had seen wild, and I became seized with an intense desire to catch it. Having decided that its bite might be dangerous, I made a running noose with my garter and prepared to lasso the beast. But on this he turned, and slowly began to creep into a crack. I seized his tail, and there was a struggle, pull devil, pull baker. Once in a crack, he wedged himself with extraordinary firmness, and it was only after two or three minutes that I got him out.

This was no ordinary monitor. The average specimen, so I am assured by those who know his habits, would have been round and away in a flash. He would have protected himself by vicious and swift snapping, and would have lashed with his tail so intensely that I should never have been able to get him out, or hold him, ignominiously dangling, when I had done so. Doubtless he was an aged creature, who had lived in this rock fortress for decades, scores of years, even a century — we know little of reptilian spans of life. His near forepaw was badly scarred, with several of the clawed toes bitten off.

Then came the problem of descent. Unencumbered I had found the ascent easy, but to get down with only one hand for climbing, while trying to prevent that ugly head from coming within snapping distance of my person, and those powerful fore quarters from wedging themselves in a crevice, was another matter. However, I succeeded. If ever (which is unlikely) I become a candidate for admission to the Alpine Club, I shall record that brief but anxious descent.

My companion came up to inspect my capture. He too noticed the barring of the approach to the rock, and suggested that the place was a holy place, and the beast a holy beast. So we let it go, but not until after an interesting demonstration of the ease with which reptiles can be hypnotized, or put into the catalepsy which is the evolutionary forerunner of the true hypnotic state. While we were talking, the beast was struggling to make off; to put him at a disadvantage I twisted his tail to turn him over on to his back. At once his movements ceased, and I found I could release my hold, and he still lay there, breathing deeply. Put over on to his belly again, he at once woke up; but if rapidly twisted into the supine position, and held still there for a few seconds, he at once became immobilized. Doubtless Aaron's rod had been tricked into the same physiological state, and I recalled playing the same game with the amusingly ugly horned-toad lizards of the western United States, much to the astonishment of some Wyoming cowboys, whose exclamations of 'Gee!' were redoubled as I succeeded in piling three of the lizards into a grotesque edifice of catalepsy-struck reptilian flesh.

Just down across a patch of cultivation was a little tembe, one of the steadings in which the local people, the Wagogo, live. They are square, with buildings all round — or on three sides with a thorn hedge on the fourth. The cattle are driven in at evening into the central space, and the gate barricaded. In the buildings lives a whole patriarchal family, — the grandfather with his wife or wives, the sons with their wives and children, — and there are compartments too for the chickens and the goats.

The patriarch of this tembe was a little man in the forties or fifties, with a curiously Tatar face, low and broad, with highish cheekbones, and a little stringy moustache hanging Chinese-fashion round the corners of his mouth. He was a nice little fellow, with humor in every wrinkle of his face, and quick gesticulations of his hands. He was dressed in a low red fez, an old brown golf sweater, and a little cloth kilt. One of his daughters-in-law sat wrapped in a cotton dress; the other, a fine figure of a girl, naked to the waist, with a necklace of English beads, busied herself about the place. As the little man talked, I was reminded of the Italian peasant life I had got to know near Padua during the war. These people were black and pagan; their life was more primitive, their belongings fewer and cruder, their outlook more limited. But there was the same simplicity, the same feeling of a human stock rooted in the soil. There was the same acceptance of life, its drudgeries, pleasures, and vicissitudes, that I had learned to know among the Italians, an acceptance for the most part contented, sometimes tinged with humorous resignation.

He showed us his room — wattle and daub, mud floors, no windows, but clean. There were two beds, with skin mattresses, a nicely carved stool; a stone worn smooth by the grinding of interminable maize, with a skin mat on which the women could kneel while they ground it; a big board for playing *bau*, the African game which is played over half the great continent. He played *bau* with his sons in the evenings, he told us, after the work of the day was done.

My companion, after a little general talk, threw out a feeler about the monitor. 'By the way,' he said, 'when we were up at that pinnacle over there we saw a great lizard among the rocks.'

'Ah, yes,' said the little Wagogo man. 'Yes, there is a big lizard up there. He looks after all of us in the neighborhood. We get pretty good crops, thanks to him.' And he speedily changed the subject.

Afterward I made some inquiries. It seems certain that monitor lizards are rare in the district, and that this particular specimen was of great age. The rocks were striking to look at, and there was nothing else like them for some miles round. They might well have been chosen as phallic symbols; anyhow it appears that striking rocks are not infrequently chosen as places where certain of the initiation ceremonies are gone through. And certainly the obvious approach to the base of the rock had been deliberately barred.

There seems no doubt that it was a sacred place, and the monitor a sacred beast, a tutelary creature to which some divinity attached. I wonder if he is accorded offerings of food. In any case, I hope that his forcible capture and dethronement to the base of the rock will have no evil effects. I left him vainly trying to get the hinder half of his body into a too-narrow crack. May he by now have found his way back to his tabernacle at the summit, there to live long years more. May the people of the neighborhood not fail in their belief in him so long as he lives. May our rule in the territory not cause a collapse of all their simple living, but cause it to evolve into a richer and more stable peasant life.

We went on homeward in the gathering dusk. Across from the next mountain, a couple of miles away, came the rhythm of drums, inviting to foot it, with accompaniment of shrill whistles and occasional bursts of singing. So home, to dine, and play bridge until it was time to catch the night train upcountry. . . . A varied day. My companion's only regret is that he had no camera to snap me silhouetted against the sky, with the ancient beast dangling in indignity from my hand, on the summit of the sacred rock.

THE NEW WORLD OF SCIENCE

BY J. ARTHUR THOMSON

FROM age to age science has given mankind a new world, and the latest newness — which will not be the last — is perhaps strangest of all. Many of us who were eager students of science forty or fifty years ago have ceased to feel at home in the universe, it has become so new. What are the salient features in this newness?

Retrospective

Before attempting an answer, let us illustrate very briefly the historical fact that from time to time the whole world has appeared to man in a new light. We do not refer mainly to the great scientific discoveries, for many of these have never touched the imagination of the great body of educated people; we refer to disclosures which thrilled mankind. And we must let our thoughts travel back to the first of all these disclosures, which came when prehistoric man began to discover from the seasons and from the stars the basal fact of the Order of Nature. As Poincaré points out, a beclouding of the earth, sufficient to hinder the discovery of astronomical uniformities, might have involved a permanent beclouding of man's intellect; for it is doubtful if science could ever have begun without the help of the stars. And, apart from the foundation of a stable system of knowledge, it must have been a liberating relief when thoughtful men discovered that there is no capriciousness in the routine of the physical universe. It is difficult for us to realize how many centuries had to pass before it was discovered that living creatures are also 'under the Reign of Law,' as the old phrase termed it. Even in the twentieth century, men who would never dream of indulging 'hopes' in a matter of bridge building, or the like, are often expectant of evading in their own bodies the consequences of breaking the laws of health.

How new the world became when Galileo resolved the Milky Way into a galaxy of separate stars, and when a geocentric picture of our solar system was changed by Copernicus and others into a heliocentric one! How new the world became in the early seventeenth century when the pioneer microscopists revealed the invisible structures, activities, and beings on which the visible in large measure depends! Again the world became new and newly unified when Lavoisier, victim of the extremists of the French Revolution, placed the panting mouse beside the burning candle, and declared that all living, in one of its chemical aspects, is a process of combustion or oxidation, one of the first 'legitimate materialisms' in biology, showing that, unique as living creatures are, they may be studied as the seats of chemical and physical processes in line with those that occur in the non-living domain.

How new the world became when Newton's genius linked the falling apple to the distant moon, discovering the most widely applicable, and, within certain modern limitations, the most perfect of all the formulæ that sum up the routine of our experience! Well might the poet say,

> Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
> God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.

A new unity means a new world; and another signal instance of this may be found in the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy which will be always associated with the work of Joule, a Manchester brewer, a maker of new knowledge if there ever was one. For we owe to Joule, and to others like Mayer and Helmholtz, whom we must associate with him, the establishment of the generalization that no energy (or power of doing work) can go lost, but can at most suffer transformation from one guise to another. The sun raises the water of the ocean to form clouds and sets loose the wind that shepherds these across the sky; the water vapor condenses into runlets on the mountains and the cascade drives wheels which generate electricity in abundance. Thence man may send powerful electric arcs through the air and fix the free nitrogen into ammonium nitrite or the like, and thus may produce the valuable artificial fertilizers of the wheatlands. So that man makes bread out of the thin air! Or the electricity generated by the waterfall may be used to light the distant city, or warm its houses, or drive its street cars. From one expression to another, like the Proteus of old mythology, the power may change, sinking down eventually to unavailable diffuse heat, but no energy can go lost, so to speak, in any closed system of dynamic operations. The law of the Conservation of Energy, requiring saving clauses to-day, suggested a world in which nothing real — *unless it be individuality* — can ever be lost. Bound up with the idea of conservation was the idea of the transformability of energy from one mode to another, and, as this began at once to influence practical inventions, it had widespread popular recognition and is a good instance of the way in which science has from time to time made the world new for large masses of the people.

Illustrations might be multiplied, but perhaps those we have recalled are sufficient to obviate the fallacy that the newness of the outlook to-day is in any way unique. The newness of to-day is perhaps preëminent in its degree, but it is of a kind that has had many heralds. We should perhaps have included the evolutionist outlook as one of the gains of the past, but there is something to be said for regarding its full acceptance among the general body of educated people as distinctively modern. In any case, since science in its making and in its diffusion is somewhat like an organic growth, it is a mistake to try to demarcate too firmly, and there is usually, as in the case of Darwinism, a long succession of anticipators, precursors, demonstrators, corroborators, expositors, and so forth.

The World To-day

I. One of the greatest unifications that science has ever made is expressed in the electronic theory of matter — that all the different kinds of matter differ from one another only in the number and disposition of their component electrons (unit charges of negative electricity) and hydrogen nuclei or protons (each carrying a charge of positive electricity). The simplest of all the atoms is that of hydrogen, which is pictured as consisting of a single proton and of a single electron revolving around it at a high velocity. But this is too simple to be a good sample, so we may take in contrast the atom of uranium, the most complex as yet known. It seems to have (1) a core of 238 hydrogen nuclei or protons; (2) along with these, 146 inner electrons; and (3), outside these again, 92 outer electrons. Thus, if we think of the centre of the uranium atom (the core and the inner electrons) as a sun, we may think of the 92 outer electrons as so many planets. The poet Blake spoke of seeing a world in a grain of sand, and that is what modern science has verified; the atom of matter is like a constellation. The picture of the complex atom as a constellation seems to be already in need of change, and the electron is no longer regarded as the last word in atomic analysis, but these and similar questions are for experts and far beyond our scope here; they do not affect the great new conclusion that all the different kinds of matter, such as carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine, mercury, iron, silver, gold, radium, and uranium, differ only in the numbers and arrangements of their component electrons and protons — the tenuous building stones of the universe, 'the stuff out of which worlds have been spun.' Thus, starting with the discovery of radioactivity by Becquerel, science has given us a new world.

II. Another salient feature in the newness of the outlook to-day is the unification of the radiant energies. The first great step toward this was when Faraday unified electricity and magnetism, and cautiously expressed his expectation that other forms of energy would fall into line. This was in part fulfilled when Clerk Maxwell showed that light is also electrical in nature; and other unifications followed. To-day we picture an impressive gamut of electromagnetic radiotrons, differing in their measured wave lengths from those of very long wave length, some of which are used in broadcasting, to those of very short wave length, some of which are used in radiotherapy. If the visible light waves that we are most pleasantly familiar with in the sunshine be ranked as one octave, then there is a known gamut of 61 other octaves of electromagnetic radiations, or ether waves, as some would call them. This is one of the grandest unifications that the mind of man has achieved, and it should be noticed that by means of *one* of the octaves — namely, light — man has come to know all he knows.

From the time of Joule onward, it was clear to all thoughtful minds that the sun is the source of almost all the energy or power on the earth. But when they were asked how the sun, or any other luminous star, was able to continue for so long pouring forth light and heat, they gave answers which were not very satisfactory — for example, that the sun was burning itself away like a colossal fiery furnace, and that it made good its losses by contracting in volume. But such answers proved more and more unworkable, and it was reserved for the twentieth century to discover the source of all the power in our world. However the experts may still differ in regard to details, there seems to be general agreement that the source of all the radiant power in the universe of stars is atomic. According to some authorities, there is a release of energy by some transmutation of elements, such as occurs in the disintegration of the atoms of radioactive substances. According to others, there is generation of energy in sun and star when an electron and a proton, jerked off from atoms, annihilate one another in headlong collision. As regards the radiant energies, our world picture has a new unity and coherence.

III. We have referred to the unification of the different forms of matter and energy (hardly separable concepts to-day), and now we turn to the unification that has come about in the realm of organisms. A new unity has become so familiar that we can hardly realize that it was an achievement of little more than a century ago. Aristotle knew some five hundred different kinds of animals, and he had anticipations of the fact that they were not all so different from one another as they seemed at first sight. Thus in his insight he indicated that scales, feathers, and hairs had a common nature, and he had a grasp of the fact that apparently different organs may be homologous — that is to say, closely alike in fundamental structure and development. Thus he knew that whales are mammals, not fishes. Other recognitions of the unity amid manifoldness were expressed later on in the relationships worked out by the comparative anatomists and the classifiers; and there was a prescient wisdom in Linné's application of the term Organisata to include both plants and animals. For this was a recognition of the important commonplace that plants and animals — so far apart to the ordinary observer — are more alike than they are different.

Yet it was not till 1838–39 that Schwann and Schleiden, soon supported by Virchow and Goodsir, formulated the cell theory or cell doctrine. This expressed three fundamental conclusions: (1) that all living creatures are either single cells or aggregates of cells and modifications of cells; (2) that every many-celled organism, if reproduced in the ordinary way, begins its individual life as a fertilized egg cell, which divides and redivides to build up an embryonic body; and (3) that the life of a multicellular organism is the sum total of the life of its component cells, and yet a little more, because of that integration which makes the living whole more than the sum of its parts. This cell theory made the world of life new.

Yet it is a remarkable historical fact that it was not until about 1861 that even biologists began to realize that there is a common physical basis of life in all living creatures. The more or less clear and viscid 'sarcode' of animal cells had been recognized, as when Dujardin studied the movements of the pinhead-like chalk-forming animals (Foraminifera) and noticed that the viscid outflowings adhered to his manipulating needles; but the idea that all animals are built up of a similar kind of living substance had not dawned. One reason for this was that the living matter of cells is very apt to be masked by inclusions and products which make the cells appear much more different than they really are; but the deeper reason was that the times were not ripe for the idea that life could be thought of in terms of a physical basis. It seems nowadays extraordinary that investigators could carefully describe the 'protoplasm' of the plant cell with von Mohl and the 'sarcode' of the animal cell with Dujardin without realizing that these were in essentials the same, though in each and every case *specific*. For along with the unity there has also to be recognized an individuality or specificity. As Saint Paul said, there is one flesh of men, and another flesh of beasts, and another flesh of birds, and another of fishes.

It was an epoch-making step when Max Schultze in 1861 realized that there is a definite kind of stuff at the foundation of all forms of life — protoplasm, which Huxley tersely described as 'the physical basis of life.' This was what Sir Michael Foster called the beginning of 'the protoplasmic movement,' the fruitful idea that the particular kind of activity which we call 'life' has its home, so to speak, in an intricate mixture of carbon compounds (proteins, carbohydrates, fats, and so forth), and expresses itself in disruptions and constructions, downbreakings and upbuildings, katabolisms and anabolisms of this material. The great French physiologist, Claude Bernard, has the credit of being one of the first to focus the idea of a balanced twofold process of waste and repair which is characteristic of life. It was a legitimate materialism, and the fulcrum for the powerful biochemical lever, yet soon it became necessary to ask — *as we are still asking* — whether protoplasm is not always, more or less, psychoplasm as well.

The student must be lacking in the historical sense who is not thrilled by the fact that just about a century ago (1828) Wöhler synthesized urea, a characteristic organic compound, occurring even in some plants; and Hennell about the same time did the same for alcohol. Why is this to be regarded as epoch-making? Because it had been previously supposed that organic compounds could not arise apart from the touch of life; but in 1828 the barricade was broken forever, and almost at one assault. It is now a familiar fact that the creative chemist can build up not only sugars, but even amino acids, and subtle carbon compounds like thyroxin and adrenalin — the hormones of the thyroid gland and the suprarenal bodies respectively. The synthetic chemist is hammering at the portals of life's citadel, and there is promise in the experiments of Baly and his collaborators, in which the action of light on a mixture of carbon dioxide and water serves to synthesize formaldehyde and then sugar, while the addition of some ordinary nitrogenous salt may bring about, still with the help of light, the formation of a nitrogenous carbon compound, approaching an amino acid.

Relatively modern are two important adjuncts to the idea of protoplasm, that it has the properties of a colloid, and that many of its activities are indissolubly bound up with fermentations; but our main point is that the idea of protoplasm made the world of life *new*. Apart from technicalities, the importance of the colloidal nature of protoplasm lies in the fact that innumerable ultramicroscopic particles and unmixing droplets are in suspension in a fluid medium, and that they present, like an archipelago of hundreds of islands with an enormous coast line, a large surface in proportion to their total volume — a large surface on which physical and chemical changes can go on apace, like trading on the coasts of the countless islands of our imaginary archipelago. As to the importance of those elusive substances known as ferments or enzymes, which can do so much though present in minimal quantities, and can do so much without being themselves exhausted, we cannot apart from them even begin to understand the rapidity and tirelessness of the chemical processes which go on in every living cell. Pasteur may be taken as one of the great initiators along this line of investigation.

What is the significance of all this?

1. It means that we have a unified view of the whole realm of organisms, since they are all built up of the same kind of material — namely, protoplasm. Here we get a glimpse of the genius of Nature (or of the Creator), that a fabric of at first bewildering diversity and intricacy is seen to be woven out of only two or three different kinds of thread. For what does the Common Denominator of the world include besides (*a*) atoms (electrons and protons), (*b*) electromagnetic radiotrons, and (*c*) mind?

2. It pleases our desire for unity to know that there is a legitimate materialism — namely, a promiseful chemistry and physics of the living body — in which much certainly goes on that is in line with the processes

that take place in the domain of nonliving things. At the same time, though keeping to a factual basis, we hold by the autonomy of biology — that is to say, that there is much in the life of organisms that requires categories or concepts peculiar to biological science. Thus the organism is a 'historic being,' enregistering the past and using it to influence the future, often purposively, sometimes purposefully.

3. For the life of man — and not on its lower reaches only — it means much that his biochemical nature is being widely recognized, not merely as a theoretical proportion, but as a practical reality, to be supplemented, of course, by an acknowledgment of his biopsychical nature. He must not, to use Walt Whitman's phrase, lie awake in the dark and weep for his sins, when he should be undergoing thyroid treatment under the physician's orders. In the opposite direction, he must not allow himself to be so preoccupied with some deficiency in his calcium metabolism that he never asks himself whether he is not possibly starving himself as regards beauty.

But our present point is simply that the progress of biological science along the lines of the protoplasmic movement has opened up the prospect of a new world. Thus we know how the hormones or chemical messengers secreted by the ductless glands and distributed through the body by the blood are fundamentally important in securing the health and regulating the harmony of the body — whose activities, both protoplasmic and psychical, they may be said to *orchestrate.* Two of the most important of these hormones, the thyroxin made by the thyroid gland and the adrenalin made by the suprarenal bodies, can now be synthesized artificially in the laboratory, and thence introduced, with often miracle-like effects, into the body of the patient who is suffering from deficiency in the natural supply. Where no artificial synthesis has been effected, the hormone that the patient needs must be introduced from some other organism, as in the well-known case of insulin.

And just as a recognition of the rôle of hormones has changed the whole face of physiology, and is fast changing several departments of medicine, so the theory and practice of dietetics have been deeply modified by some recognition of the rôle of vitamins or accessory foodstuffs, which, though present in minimal amount in most natural foods, are now proved to be more necessary than the necessaries. Their importance in health and growth and development is not merely an interesting piece of new information; it puts into man's hands a new method of combating disease and fostering vigor. Sailors need no longer have scurvy or children rickets, for the counteractive vitamins are readily available in natural foods properly balanced.

To some it may seem an exaggeration to call this view of man as *a remediable organism* a new feature in our world to-day, but we cannot yield the point. To take an illustration, one of the heaviest mundane clouds that have ever darkened the human sky in warm countries is hookworm disease, due to various threadworms (Anchylostomum and Necator) which live in the food canal of man and suck blood from the walls. They produce anæmia and weakness, depression and despair, and are often fatal. They are the cause of the widespread 'tropical depression' familiar to missionaries, explorers, and employers of labor in many hot countries; and until recently the attempts to counter the disease have not met with much success. It has been shown, however, by the strenuous campaigners of the Rockefeller Institution that hookworm is conquerable. Doses of carbon tetrachloride quickly eliminate the deadly parasites, and simple sanitary measures prevent reinfection. The heavy cloud has already lifted in many places. Our proposition is that the possession of a common protoplasm makes all organic nature kin; and the proposition has far-reaching implications. Thus man, unique and apart as he is, especially at his best, is solidary with the rest of creation. He has language and reason (the capacity for conceptual inference or working with general ideas), he is in some measure aware of his past and able to control his future, he builds up around him a potent social heritage; but the fact remains that he has prehuman strands in the fabric of his being, that he illustrates the laws of heredity like the beasts of the field, that he illustrates with differences the ordinary evolutionary factors, such as variation and selection, and that he, as protoplast, is part of that quivering web of interrelations which is yet another expression of the Unity of Life. This modern idea insists on correcting the fact of man's apartness by the facts of his solidarity, and so the world is becoming new.

IV. Another new feature of far-reaching importance, though not as yet very widely appreciated, is the Unity of Mind, meaning by this phrase that to an extent previously unsuspected there is evidence of a mental aspect throughout the whole animal world. Evading in this article the difficult question of the mental aspect in plants, — where, however, it seems almost self-evident to the distinguished investigator Sir J. C. Bose, — we claim for the animal world that there are expressions of an inner subjective life almost from the first. In simple types like amœbæ, it is possible enough that consciousness is only in flashes at critical moments; but as we ascend the series there is a more and more undeniable indication of a continuous mental aspect, until we find ourselves face to face with the clear intelligence of types like dog and horse, elephant and ape.

If we hold an ostrich plume in our left hand in front of us, with the axis slightly tilted, and so that the barbs of one side are pointing upward and those of the other side downward, we may arrange on this the very diverse modes of animal and human behavior. Perhaps the outer or convex surface of the axis and its barbs might usefully represent the objective, physiological, neural, or metabolic aspect of behavior, while the inner or concave surface might usefully represent the subjective, psychological, mental, or psychical aspect, in model or symbol as it were; but we need not go into this at present. Our point here is that the up-pointing barbs may be taken to represent all the initiative or experimental modes of behavior — for instance, trying various reactions, experimenting at non-intelligent levels, profiting by experience, learning to associate an antecedent and a consequent, utilizing intelligence or the power of perceptual inference, and, finally, rising to reason in the strict sense, or the power of conceptual inference, which seems to be confined to man, though possibly dawning in some of the doings of the higher apes. On the other side, the down-pointing barbs may be taken to represent all the outcomes of engrained reactions, inborn reflexes, enregistered tropisms and rhythms, instinctive behavior at various levels, conditioned reflexes established by the individual organism, the habituation of intelligent actions, the normal activities of the unconscious, and possibly unconscious cerebration at a very high level, as illustrated by some mathematicians and other thinkers. From a common stem of evolving brain-and-mind there have arisen specialized forms of behavior in a long gamut, and, although no individual form directly gives rise to its successor in the ascent, there is a long graduated series from the amœba, exploring for food, to the biochemist, experimenting with new ways of solving the problem of nutrition in mankind.

There is no possibility of describing the higher reaches of thinking, feeling, and purposing among men and women without allowing for the mental aspect as a *vera causa* that counts; and, despite the extreme behaviorists, it is impossible to draw any hard and fast line, above which there is ideation, emotion, and purposing, but below which there is none. This would be an untenable evolutionary position, and it is also at variance with what is familiar fact in the individual development of every human embryo, infant, and child.

Thus there is dawning a new view that the whole of life and the whole ascent of life are interpenetrated with 'mind.' No doubt there was and is dim awareness before percepts and concepts, diffuse *joie de vivre* before defined emotion, and the bent bow of endeavor before clear-cut purposefulness; but throughout there is and has been 'mind,' even though it slumber in tree and coral, with no more than occasional thrills of excitement in a few, and dream-smiles, which we call beauty, in all. To the monistic evolution-philosophers it is indeed necessary to go further and to credit the original nebulæ with something more than would have met the eye had there been any eye to see — something analogous to mind, out of which mind could have evolved. For it cannot be juggled out of matter and energy. It is interesting to find that some of the leaders in modern physical investigation seem more willing than their predecessors to leave room for a breath of spontaneity in their deterministic schemes. After a long circuit there is a return toward the old truth: In the beginning was Mind.

But, keeping to the scientific 'universe of discourse,' we maintain that *the largest fact in evolution* is the growing ascendancy and emancipation of mind. In this there is great hopefulness for mankind, for who dare say that this evolutionary trend has reached its limit?

We should also have spoken of the new outlook which is implied in the immense size of the canvas on which modern astronomers depict the universe or the universes around us. It brings obvious difficulties of its own that the only living creatures we are sure of are those that have this earth as their home, and that no protoplasmic organisms such as we are aware of could live in an environment where water is not present in liquid form. This fact greatly reduces the possibilities of life on any other planet; and, although we cannot assert that there might not be somewhere else a population of entirely different body-and-mind integrates, they interest us but little, since we cannot imagine them in the least. Yet it seems difficult to be satisfied that we are quite right in supposing that man in a little cold corner of the inconceivable immense universe is the only creature who can interpret anything. If this is so, it is with a new catch in our breath that we echo the old words: 'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?'

Some reference might have been expected to the modern idea of relativity, which has deeply changed the outlook of those who have understood it. We have omitted it partly because of its difficulty, but mainly because no one can say that it has as yet gripped a large body of the people and made their world new. But we claim that this is true of the four great conclusions which have just been emphasized: (1) the unity of matter, (2) the unification of the radiant energies, (3) the unity and solidarity of life, and (4) the pervasiveness of mind.

The Old Giving Place to the New

Another way of appreciating the situation is to compare the old times and outlooks with the new. The world is vaster, grander, more orderly, more translucent, more wonderful than ever it was before.

1. Gone is the old fear of forces leagued against man, and of evil spirits waiting greedily for his destruction. Truly there is room in the world without for reasonable fear and still more in the world within. 'Fear not them which kill the body . . . but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body.' This second fear remains, but gone is the old fear of an inimical Nature and of daimonic powers that grudge man his short-lived happiness. What liberation of spirit this driving away of devils has meant! 'Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers.'

2. Gone is the old sense of bewildering confusion, for almost everywhere there is order. A phantasmagoria has given place to a cosmos. Even discords like disease have their laws and can be reckoned with reasonably. The old notion of a disease as some mysterious enemy reaching out of the darkness unpredictably and seizing poor men by the throat may linger in regard to obscure maladies like cancer, but the causes of most diseases can be stained and microscopically examined. Storms can be predicted and famines prepared for. The fundamental mysteriousness of nature does not grow less, but the secondary mysteries disappear like clouds before the sun. Every year discloses some new orderliness in the universe.

3. Gone is the old bogey of the capricious. The poet almost finished it with his caustic line: 'Shall gravitation cease when *you* go by?' How many real laws of nature man has discovered as yet is a very difficult question, but he has at any rate shown that there are many great uniformities of experience that can be tersely formulated and entirely trusted to. Wherever there is individuality there is an element of the unpredictable, and some of the recent discoveries in physics suggest that we should not be in a hurry to set dogmatic limits to the emergence of spontaneity, even in the world of atoms; but the indeterminateness of complex individualities is neither capricious nor disorderly. Given a reasonable acquaintance with the facts, it is safer to predict the return of a comet than to tell how the cat will jump; yet there are laws of cat-jumping, and the Mendelian counts and describes his chickens before they are hatched!

4. Gone too is the phobia of the old apsychism, the fear of what Comte has called 'illegitimate materialisms.' There is a chemistry and physics of the living organism, and this is a legitimate materialism of indubitable fruitfulness; but it is illegitimate to say that nothing is done to or done by a living creature which cannot be adequately described in chemical and physical — that is, theoretically, mechanistic — terms. 'Illegitimate,' because exclusively mechanistic biology does not work; it involves a false simplicity which does not grip the major facts of life such as development and behavior. When it is pushed to the extreme of regarding the psychical life as a flow of

unmeaning and entirely negligible bubbles on the stream of metabolism, or as the mere whirr of the cerebral engine wheels, the mechanistic theory becomes a contradiction in terms, since a machine cannot possibly concoct a theory that it is merely a machine. We are, of course, aware that it is painfully easy to lose the *esprit de corps* in the details of colloidal chemistry, the individuality in the details of reflexes and tropisms, the mind in the body and the soul in the mind; yet it seems safe to say that an end has come to the old dread that science *necessarily* involves a mechanized theory of life. One must not, indeed, argue against a scientific conclusion because it seems to us to threaten some more sacred 'vested interest,' but it is always a sound method to ask whether this or that formulation is adequately covering *all the known facts of the case.* Illegitimate materialism remains a real danger, practical as well as theoretical, but we need not make a bogey of it. We need not be superstitious in regard to what was largely a superstition — the old materialism.

5. Another of the dispiriting phobias that we are warranted in leaving behind is the picture of an eternal world-eddy — 'nothing new but has already been, and nothing new under the sun.' For the story of the past is a story of emergent evolution — an evolution that deserves to be called *creative,* since it has gone on from novelty to novelty almost always excelling itself. No doubt masterpieces have been evolved and have passed away without leaving any descendants to-day; no doubt there have been retrogressions and degenerations. These are minor problems of much interest. But the large fact is the general advance of life, an advance in whose momentum we live. It is an ascent, not a descent, that we have behind us. Progress is, of course, a human and modern concept, but if birds and mammals have not made progress as compared with their extinct reptilian ancestors, then we must invent some other word for this kind of advance; and so is it for Homo Sapiens as compared with tentative men like Pithecanthropus.

6. Gone too is the inhibiting belief that there are certain evils which cannot be got rid of. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* The poor are always with us, we are told, and whoring, which has been from the beginning, will continue even unto the end. Disease has tentacles like Hydra, we are told, and to lop them off merely means that they grow again. The serpent of sin lies coiled and uncoiling forever at the roots of the tree Yggdrasill. 'You cannot change human nature' is one of the most frequently reiterated falsities. These widespread, strongly clutching beliefs as to the conservation of evils must be left behind. The history of modern medicine and hygiene is enough to give them the lie; and, although education cannot make silk purses out of sows' ears, it can make decent citizens out of very unpromising materials. The fact is that evolution is going on, and, on the whole, integratively.

7. Gone too from the minds of many is the old view of science as a kind of bed-rock knowledge which has the last word to say about everything, the one and only right of way to reality. Science has no such exalted métier. It proposes to describe and formulate the measurable and impersonally verifiable facts of experience, to which certain methods of observation and experiment can be applied, and also to give a historical account of the actual way in which things and organisms have come to be as they are. Its questions are What, Whence, and How? But it declines to ask the question Why? For it is not its business —

that is, not in the line of its methods of descriptive analysis — to inquire into the purpose or significance of the evolving world as a whole. The word *ultimate* does not occur in the scientific dictionary, and science leaves interpretation to philosophy and religion. On the one hand, science must state its conclusions scientifically, without other than scientific implications; on the other hand, religion and philosophy must not clothe their interpretations in terms which cannot be accepted by the scientific intelligence. Hence particular conflicts must long continue, but they are coming to have more utility since the old idea has been relinquished that the scientific description and the religious interpretation are alternatives. To oppose them is to make a false antithesis; they are complementary, not competitive. Yet it has to be granted that those in whom the scientific mood is peculiarly strong and resolute have sometimes very little organic inclination to be interested in anything approaching the mystical, which is by hypothesis 'beyond science.' Contrariwise, it is very unlikely that Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, to select an attractive saint, could ever have become a great scient, for it is told of him that he rode all day along the shores of Lake Leman and then asked in the evening when they were coming to the water.

Science is a particular way of looking at the world, but it is not the only way. For its own purposes it must remain of single eye, but will man ever cease to demand a synoptic vision? We learn by feeling and living as well as by scientifically knowing. Science is one of the pathways toward the truth, but there are other pathways. *Vivendo discimus.* By certain methods, determinedly abstract and partial, methods of weighing and measuring, analyzing and reducing, science formulates the fractions of reality which it grips. But by hypotheses it only gets at fractions of reality, since it is too daring a postulate to suppose that scientific methods are always able to exhaust the manifoldness of a situation — especially when we are dealing with complexities of a high order, such as organism, man, and society. Scientific inquiry may be likened to fishing in the sea of reality with a particular kind of tackle. This tackle has well-known excellences, but it has also recognized limitations; and there may be much in the sea that the net used will not catch, being of too wide a mesh. On the whole, science aims at description in terms of the Lowest Common Denominators available; while religion and philosophy aim at interpretation in terms of the Greatest Common Measure.

New Prospects

The loggerhead turtle lays its eggs on a sandy shore, and when the young ones are hatched out they dig their way to the surface and make for the sea. By careful experiments Professor G. H. Parker of Harvard has shown that the young loggerheads are not guided by hearing or smelling the sea, nor do its waters in the strict sense come within their vision. But the loggerheads have an inborn bias to make for the more illumined horizon. If an upward slope is artificially arranged, they will creep uphill if it is toward the opener light; if a barrier like a fence is arranged so that the more illumined horizon is inland, then inland they will go. On the floor of a tub the little creatures crawl about at random, for the prospect is equally dull all around; but if the tub is inverted and the adventurers are placed on the platform, they will make unerringly in the right direction and topple over toward the sea! Comparing great things with little, we may liken man to these loggerheads; he has, on the whole, a bias for making toward the more illumined horizon. The question we wish to ask is: *What new prospects are before us?*

Of a truth there cannot be anything fundamentally new, for evolution, as Samuel Butler said, is like a fugue in music, in which, when the subject and the counter-subject have been announced, thenceforward there can be nothing that is new, though all must be new. Now hunger and love correspond to the subject and counter-subject in the evolution-fugue. Since man began to come to his own he has been seeking for more life, more love, more light, and more luxury — always the same.

Yet there are novel features in the outlook of to-day, and the first of these is expressed in the distinctively modern rallying cry: 'Science for Life.' As man resolutely faces the remediable facts of life with the torch of science, what rewards may he not expect in a few centuries of this new habit — new as a general principle, though familiarly old here and there, for instance in some corners of medical practice? Occupational diseases are fast disappearing, parasitic and microbic diseases are being rapidly conquered, there is likely to be an improvement of public conscience that will mean a full stop to many constitutional defects and disharmonies. A fresh enthusiasm for positive health — as different from the absence of disease as positive peace is from the cessation of war — is spreading in the more civilized countries of the world. It is possible that some way of escape may be found from the disharmonies and pathologies of sex.

To many it seems that well-advised, not merely selfish and unadventurous, birth control will increase the welfare and happiness of families, will lessen the severity of the struggle for existence, still so often reproachfully tragic, will reduce the risks of war, and will evade the debacle of a world in which, if the absolute increase of its population continues at its present rate, there will soon be need, it has been well said, for mankind to hoist the placard, 'Standing Room Only.'

For centuries there has been experimenting with education, but the new outlook is psychology for education, or education as applied psychology. No doubt the ideal of eupsychics, held in a vague way, is as old as that of eugenics; what is new is a growing awareness of scientifically thought-out methods, by which the ideals can be more adequately attained. Traditionalism has ruled us for too long, and we have been tyrannized by minds which we mistakenly thought to be our own. Too little attention has been paid to the results reached by daring experimenters, pioneers before the time was ripe. Fair play in opportunities will certainly find abundant extension, but the biologically fallacious doctrine of equalitarianism will be left behind, so that classes in school will be no longer futilized by allowing the tail to become a tedious drag on the head. Besides systematic, though joyous, education of the senses (for example, of observation); besides the education of æsthetic feeling through beauty feasts, and of ethical feeling through telling the noble stories of the past; besides all sorts of indispensable brain-stretching disciplines or intellectual gymnastics, which should vary with individual teachers and pupils (for instance, mathematics for most and Greek verse for a few), what will be the essentials of informative instruction? We believe that the pupils of the future will leave school with (*a*) a dramatic picture of the events that have counted for most in the history of their race; (*b*) some ability to find their way about — just a little, but that clearly and sincerely —

in the world in which they are going to live; and (*c*) some vivid realization of the laws of health and happiness, with awareness of the rewards and joys of knowing more. As our successors thus become less miseducated, there will be progress indeed.

While in our opinion there is likely to be a loss of all belief in the possibility of the direct entailment of individual gains, — physical, intellectual, and emotional, — there will be compensating realization of the wonders that 'nurture' in the widest sense may effect for the individual. Heredity is the strongest factor in life, but surroundings and functionings are probably much more powerful than is as yet imagined, and they are capable of unlimited modification for the better.

Perhaps it will come to be realized that the inborn quality that means most for the progress of mankind — the quality, therefore, which is to be most persistently selected or bred for — is the individual's power of taking advantage of the most evolutionary elements in the social heritage, which is as supreme as the germ plasm is fundamental. Perhaps it is here that we come nearest the open secret of social, as distinguished from organic, progress.

And as to progress, known as yet only in particulate or piecemeal expression, and often checkered, will it not be more fully actualized when mankind becomes more discontented with one-sided views of life — for instance, sympathy without synthesis, or both without synergy? Like children who grow away from their toys and eagerly seize the realities of life, so will mankind pass more and more from the lower to the higher values, which give more lasting satisfaction and a deeper happiness. For, given positive health in abundant measure, and a reasonable possession of wealth (meaning command of food and other energies), what is progress but a fuller and more all-round embodiment of the true, the beautiful, and the good, on all of which even organic evolution has set its seal of approval? Nothing else is more than very piecemeal progress.

Speaking for ourselves, we cannot say that we see on the horizon — on the best-illumined horizon of the human loggerhead — any new understanding of what is meant by the relation of mind and body, or of the relation between body-MIND, like the philosopher thinking, and the mind-BODY, like the same philosopher taking exercise. The continuance of this obscurity is one of the greatest hindrances to firm-footed progress. Yet it is a scientific fact, not a wish-fathered thought, that in the course of the ascent of life, during hundreds of millions of years, there have been a slowly growing ascendancy and emancipation of the mental aspect of organisms. The higher organisms, such as birds and mammals, are more integrated unities than the lower — 'more perfect wholes,' as General Smuts would say; but at the same time there is a rounding-off of the inner life, which becomes less 'thirled' to the body, through which, however, it never ceases to be thrilled. Just as a yellow bunting on its furze bush is beginning to have a very definite subjective individuality, above which the dog and the horse, humanized by sharing responsible tasks with man, are reaching forward to a personality, which those who know them best are slowest to deny them, so there may be an integration evolving in mankind beyond the ordinary human mind and character. Is he not a bold evolutionist who would close the door of hope to those who believe that men and women at their best may rise to a yet higher integration — and even gain an 'immortable' soul?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TENTH REUNION

IT is ten years this June since the sweltering day on which mine was one of ninety moist hands extended in the direction of a B.A. diploma. It is even five years since the rather more sweltering June day on which mine was one of one hundred and twenty-five moist hands extended in the direction of a further diploma, while the fiery red dean murmured something about 'all of whom have made an original contribution to knowledge' and the audience, mercifully, laughed. Now the latter anniversary can be forgotten (graduate students are only statistically desirable or desired), but it is more difficult to escape the former. The relation between the two days may perhaps be expressed by saying that it was from my Alma Mater that I received the first diploma, whereas the second came from my Alma Mater-in-law. At any rate, there on my desk a few days ago lay the first of the rousing appeals of our class secretary, intimating that now is the time for all good women definitely to reserve rooms.

Am I going? In the negative spirit of one who has just been asked to fill out even a mild form of questionnaire, I began to think of reasons why I should *not* go. In the first place, what right had the class secretary to remind me that we have been out ten years? It had n't occurred to me; why should she force it on my attention? A horrible memory came back to my mind. Back in the year 1920, between the ice creams of an outdoor reception, some of us were critically regarding the alumnæ who were then ten years out. We pitied them, generously. At that moment a member of the class of 1910, noted for her beauty, crossed our path. 'Well,' admitted one of our number dubiously, 'I guess it *can* be done.' No, far be it from me to offer food for such comparisons.

But what about your own classmates? inquired a voice within me. Would n't it be interesting to see what's happened to them?

I know what's happened to them, I replied crossly. This is what's happened to them. This is what happens to any class of any woman's college.

There are those who are on the way to becoming ladies, social pillars of the city-suburban life mirrored, I believe the phrase is, by the more dignified columns of *Town and Country*. They have married the bondhouse-bound brothers who were our contemporaries at Yale-Harvard-Princeton. They have a graded series of infants, dressed charmingly and identically — is it to expedite a rapid census, I always wonder? They are board members of all the best hospitals and charities. Practically the only question on which they are divided, though on this they wax passionate, is that of nursery schools.

Then there are those who married stocks rather than bonds. Their heels have become higher and thinner and their voices have grown huskier with the years. They have fewer children and more antique shops than the former group and their agile vertebræ do not form part of the backbone of the community.

A third group, on the fringes of both of the preceding, consists of those who were a little too vigorous to have a certain type of husband and a little too aimless to have a certain type of job. They end either by taking courses somewhere or by traveling on the Continent with their mothers.

Distinct from these are the women who have gone into the professions, who have taken positions while the others were achieving position. A considerable number of these are women who have married but at the same time kept and developed their own interests; from the rest is drawn the recently waning statistical correlation between college attendance and spinsterhood.

The range which they cover is fairly wide. At one end are those who went straight from college into underpaid teaching positions and to whom the reunion is a great event. (The ladies, appreciating this *en bonne hôtesse*, will say, 'We must see to it that N—— has a good time and does n't feel left out.') At the other are those whose acknowledged success in 'pioneering the opening up of certain careers for women' has complicated the problem of their personal dignity. Between is the classmate, correctly but just a shade obviously dressed, member of the Business and Professional Women's organization, who will be telling how she just held on until the manager finally saw the possibilities of the thing. That's all.

Does that description quite account for ——? pursued the voice, naming one or two of the people I most admire.

I tacitly admitted the point. (The effects of the questionnaire were beginning to wear off.) But, I parried, you know that it is much more satisfactory to see them individually, to walk out into the country with one of them, or to sit in somebody's study before a deliciously superfluous wood fire.

At this stage the voice was heard to murmur something indistinct about rhododendron. There was a pause.

What it really comes down to, broke in the voice suddenly, is whether you can make it by Saturday night, or whether you can't get there till Sunday morning.

I reached for the blank.

WE COME TO PUTEOLI

ON a bright Saturday morning in May, we wandered into Salisbury Cathedral, where, to my joy, service was about to begin. I followed it carefully, that my un-Episcopal ear might miss as little as need be, until, during the reading of the Scripture, the scarlet-clad dignitary, whose rank I could not guess, read, 'We came to Puteoli, where we found brethren.' Then *he* went on, and I stayed right there, with all the implications those chance-caught words suddenly spread before me.

Some people, I preached to myself, could travel around the world and never discern, even in the dimmest distance, the outline of the gates of Puteoli, nor recognize the 'brethren,' however brotherly their aspect. And of those blind travelers I, unhappily, am one. Others — and of such, fortunately, is my husband — glimpse the open, welcoming doors of Puteoli in every village street, and find brethren at every casual turning. And, since I was with him, we came often upon Puteoli, and often the brethren spoke to us. And here they speak to you in accents a bit blurred and enfeebled, but in words and spirit unchanged.

Said young Mr. Fisher, of the American Express Company in London, — my choicest English story, this! — 'If I may say it without seeming rude, you Americans certainly do have a strange fashion of pronouncing names. You say *War'wick* for *Warrick; Lee'-*

mington for *Lem'ington; Clov'elly* for *Clovel'ly; Bloomsberry* for *Bloomsb'ry.*'

'Just as,' I countered, without attempting denial, 'Englishmen, the best-educated of them, say *Mitchigan.*'

'Oh yes,' he replied complacently, 'it is *called* Mitchigan in England!'

Weeks later, at Bowness, we listened with much interest to the astonishingly good sermon of a lay preacher. Toward the close he quoted, most feelingly and forcefully, from 'the American poet Lowell,' rhyming him with 'towel'; and afterward, as we talked with him, he spoke the name again. Very casually my husband said, 'In his own country, of course, his name is pronounced *Lō'ell.*'

'Ah yes,' said Mr. Atkins; 'no doubt, no doubt. But over *here* it is pronounced *Low'ell.*'

We listen to our London waiter; he balances the brass tray, with its disheveled tea things, on the brass footrail of the bed, and is brotherly: —

'Yes, madame, I've been all through the war — in France, I was, an' in Belgium. I was gassed, I was, an' wounded, too. But I never would do it again, an' I'm sayin' wot I mean. They could put a bullet through me 'eart, but I'd still be a conscientious objector. The ex-service man, 'e's readin' things 'e did n't read w'en everything was lovely, before the war, an' 'e's thinkin', too. 'E says to 'imself, "I'll be 'avin' a bit of a look round, to see wot I got by it all"; an' 'e 'as 'is bit of a look round, an' 'e sees it got 'im just nothin' at all, only 'is foot in a sling, and bein' called a *Bolshev'ik.*

'No, sir, '*e* won't go again, 'e won't. They talk about the Germans, but *we* know Germans — we got acqu'inted with the prisoners back of the lines, an' they often give us a 'and w'en we 'ad work to do. An' they're just the sime as us, are the Germans — just the sime. They did n't know w'y they were there — they went because they were made to, sime as us.

'They say the London tramways don't pay, sir — the London tramways, w'en the Atlantic Ocean would be small to 'old the money they tike in! But there's Lord Buncombe, 'e 'as 'is millions of pounds; an' there's 'is assistant, 'oo's 'is wife's sister, she 'as 'er million. An' there's 'is grandmother, she 'as 'er thousands — they drop down a bit w'en it comes to grandmothers, but still, she gets a-plenty. An' the motorman, 'e gets 'is fifty bob a week, an' lucky if 'e gets a free ride 'ome to Stepney!

'You ought to read the *D'ily 'Erald,* sir, an' see wot Jones, the Labor member, says in Parliament. It's very, very comycal, sir, the sime as a pl'y. The 'ome secret'ry makes a speech, an' Jones jumps up an' says, "You've 'eard your 'ome secret'ry," 'e says, "an' 'e's the biggest 'ypocrite of any 'ome secret'ry you've ever listened to," 'e says. "'E reminds me," 'e says, "of a boy that won a prize at a garden show by pinchin' the wreath off 'is dead comrade's grave. Your 'ome secret'ry," 'e says, "would pinch a worm off a blind duck," 'e says.'

In Penzance, on a Saturday evening, we stepped into a tiny fruit store up a narrow street, to buy our breakfast oranges.

'And you'll be foreigners,' said the black-eyed woman in charge. 'You'll want to be goin' to the Wesleyan chapel to-morrow's the mornin', an' seein' a touch of life. The mayor and the corporation will be there, and we'll be 'avin' a bit of a band to blow 'im into the chapel.

'Mr. Shimmin's a good preacher, accordin' to most, but there's one big advantage in goin' to the Church of England. If the sermon's poor, you 'ave n't to suffer above ten minutes, but if you go to the chapel the minister's like to go on and on till you're fair wore out.

'My father,' she went on, 'was a very religious man — very religious; but into a church 'e would not go. "Father," I've often remarked to 'im on a Sunday mornin', "you'd best go to chapel with us to-day. It'll do you good." "Na, na," said Father, shakin' 'is 'ead stubbornly. "When I'm in the chapel the parson's gabble is always interferin' with my devotions."'

In the station at Bath, a brotherly railway inspector told us enthusiastically of his ''olidays.'

'From what part of England do you come?' I asked, recognizing a not-till-then-encountered accent.

'Ah'm a Lincolnshire mon,' he replied proudly, 'an' Ah pronounce mah words Lincolnshire way. Mah daughters 'ave it out of me because Ah *do* pronounce 'em Lincolnshire way. "You say *bo͞ok*, Father, w'en it ought to be *bo͝ok*," they say to me. But *I* says to *them*, "It's *b-o-o-k*, an' if *b-o-o-k* don't spell *bo͞ok*, wot *do* it spell?" You can't make nothin' else *out* of it — at least not Lincolnshire way.'

Windermere, on a sunny Saturday afternoon, with yellow roses in bloom over the doorways of the dark stone houses.

As we walked down the station platform, my husband said to the young man who was wheeling our luggage beside us on a barrow, 'Can you tell us of any private home, on the edge of town, where we can have a quiet week-end? We're tired of hotels and of hotel food.'

He hesitated, then handed us a dirty little card, with 'Mrs. Burton, Alexandra Road,' printed on it. 'You might try this place. The card got dirty from my 'ands, for it's a clean place, I know. An' they say she's a good cook.'

We found it much to our liking.

'We've no gas nor electricity,' said the rosy-cheeked little Yorkshire woman who was Mrs. Burton, 'but I'll be pootin' a student lamp in your room that gives plenty light. An' I can promise yeh fower good meals a day, with plenty of booter 'n' eggs; an' I've a coorrant pasty ready the minute.'

'It was the young luggage man at the station,' said my husband, when we were comfortably settled, 'who told us of your house.'

'It'll be me 'oosband,' said Mrs. Burton — and it *was* ''er 'oosband'!

Mrs. Burton had ideas on the subject of 'keepin' visitors.' 'I've a bit of a willin' mind,' she explained, 'and I don't like to pinch visitors. If yeh give folk joost enough, it's all right for the time, but they'll not be coomin' back, an' it's visitors as cooms back as counts. There's those in this town that keeps visitors, an' one of them's me own coozin, an' if yeh poots out boots to be cleaned she poots a penny extra on the bill. But I ain't one that believes in extras. Seven an' six a day is my charge, with plenty of booter an' eggs, an' no extras.'

Early one September morning we were slipping down the Bay of Naples, from Sorrento to Naples. I had drawn a camp chair to the railing, and was looking back at what I am sure must be one of the loveliest sights in the world — Capri, mist-hung, rising sheer from the shadowed water. Behind me, on the deck bench, sat a very obviously Italian couple. Italians of the lower class they evidently were, decently but none too tidily dressed.

Suddenly, to my surprise, the man leaned forward and spoke to me.

'You lika dees?' — with a sweep of his hand toward Capri.

'It's beautiful — beautiful!' I replied lamely.

'Ah, but iss no lak *my* home town!' he cried, pride and scorn mingled in his tone.

'What *is* your home town?' I marveled.

'New York!' he exclaimed, explosive in his emphasis.

And then, dropping his voice confidentially, 'I wass Italian once, but now, thank God, I am American. Thirty years I live in United States, and iss great country. In twenty years I am not in Italy; now I bring my boys to see what kind of country *iss* Italy.

'They no lika — iss notting doing. I no lika — too much "high hat." In village, one man getta da automobile — everybody must tippa da hat to da man with da automobile. He iss big man. I tella da people, in *my* country strit-sweeper hava automobile all hiss own. They no believa — they thinka I bloff. I tella how much money iss in *my* country — no believa. In Italy people no believa in money because they no see-a da money — in Italy everybody iss poor. If people had money, would not be even a *dog* left in Italy — everybody would come to *my* country.

'When I wass young and come out of army, I wanta da work — da hard work. Italy no gava me da bread. Now I am for country that gava me not just bread, but butter on my bread. Thank God I am American now, and I vota for Al Smith!'

He was not a typical Italian, but he was a typical citizen of Puteoli. I shall never see him again, nor any of the others whose words I have here set down, nor any of the scores whose words I have forgotten; but they have, all together, made Puteoli more real to me than Chicago, or than Oregon, Illinois.

AGE AND CRABBED YOUTH

YOUTH and Old Age! A parlous strife, in sooth!
  We hear our Shakespeare troll his careless lay
(If it be his) of 'Crabbed Age and Youth'
  That 'cannot live together.' In his day
  The adjective and all that follows may
Have had some warrant from the situation;
But in our time we need an emendation.

I humbly offer: 'Age and Crabbed Youth';
  Adding in sequence, 'Youth is full of care'
And 'Age is full of pleasance.' For in truth
  Youth likes to tread the sweet way to despair,
  Plucking the dismal growths that flourish there;
Age hugs the fire, and blesses his old self,
Fondling some old brown folio from the shelf.

Especially in our strange time's confusion,
  When all's bewilderment in life and art,
And disillusion is a new illusion
  From which the embittered Hamlet will not part,
  Youth stalks in blacks, crossed arms above his heart.

I showed the foregoing verses, intended as part of a rather frivolous occasional poem, to a comparatively young friend of mine who is qualifying for the Ph.D. (He has written a learned paper on 'The Dram of Eale.') He said very gravely that he knew of no ground for emendation in the passage quoted, and that the practice of emending in order to obtain a sense personally preferred was to be considered an unpardonable crime. He added, with a slight frown, that it would be easy to list passages showing that the lines in question really expressed Shakespeare's idea of the nature of youth and age; but the process would be useless, because the song was probably not Shakespeare's, having appeared without warrant in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599.

His verdict, which was no doubt based on sound scholarship, failed to shake my conviction as to the comparative advantages of youth and age. The troubled spirit of youth — even youth academically prolonged —

does not, it would appear, admit that harmless humor which one might look for in autumn, 'season of mists and mellow fruitfulness.' The autumnal haze has a softening effect upon landscape, and suggests inevitably the blue smoke of the peace pipe, the happy emanation of a mind at ease. Surely autumn, rather than a 'winter of pale misfeature,' is the natural symbol of the spiritual quality of age. If, however, the conventional parallel of the four seasons be insisted on, it may be pointed out that winter has its exhilaration, its sparkling days of crisp snow crust and azure shadows, its nights of crowded stars and the hearth fire and the old brown folio, and what Stevenson calls 'the pleasures of shelter.'

Spring, on the contrary, is a callow season of uncertainty and experiment, in the life of man as in the order of the year. Shall we let the furnace fire go out? Is it going to shower? Should one wear an overcoat? Would it be better to postpone that May party? Such questions arise in the physical world; and infinitely more in the world of the spirit. Youth is the passionate pilgrim, in the old sense of the adjective, moving about, with blank misgivings, 'in a world not realized'; suffering, longing, and doubting. Whence and whither? What is the use of anything? *Is life worth living?* WHAT IS TRUTH? In the words of a contemporary writer,

> Youth is a thing not easy to endure.

Three poets of an earlier time have nobly expressed the higher possibilities of age: Emerson in 'Terminus,' Whitman in 'Old Age's Lambent Peaks' (is not the title itself a poem?), and Browning in 'Rabbi Ben Ezra.' These are sweet and wise and heartening counsels of the prophets. But now that one comes to an immediate application, does not each of them imply something more of effort than is quite congenial to the season? 'Peaks' perhaps suggests a climb; and 'taking in sail,' recommended by Emerson, is an operation requiring some energy. Above all, Browning's conception of age as employed in weighing the past, discerning, comparing, pronouncing, and, as it were, polishing up armor for an 'adventure brave and new'—that conception, so characteristically inspiring, seems at times a little exhausting too. Why should we not see in age a cheerful escape from all the intensities, and be content to adopt the attitude of that ancient monarch known to tradition merely as a Merry Old Soul?

Doubtless, if I had succeeded in beguiling my prospective young Doctor of Philosophy into adducing passages of Shakespeare in support of the orthodox view, he would have quoted:—

> Youth no less becomes
> The light and careless livery that it wears
> Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
> Importing health and graveness.

I was ready to counter by asserting that the passage was not one of direct self-expression, and by attacking the moral character of Claudius, King of Denmark, which should certainly put him out of court as a witness. Sables and weeds, forsooth! The solemn suggestion impels me to defiance in the following

SONG OF PLEASANT AGE

I shall not wear sables,
  I will not wear weeds.
I shall follow gay Fancy
  Wherever she leads.

I shall garb me in motley
  As the wise soul befits.
I shall carve me a bauble,
  I shall jingle my wits.

I shall dance down the road
  Till I quite disappear,
And the tap of my tabor
  Is the last sound you'll hear!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Emilio Lussu, lawyer by profession, saw eight years of service in the Italian Army. In the Great War he earned an almost legendary reputation for courage, serving throughout with the 151st Regiment of Infantry, made up of fellow Sardinians. Wounded again and again, he was decorated with four medals. Once the war was over, Lussu established in Sardinia the so-called Sardinian Party of Action, known to be opposed to the Dictatorship. A Fascist sympathizer shot him as he presided over a meeting, but he recovered, ran for the Chamber of Deputies, was elected and reelected. Obviously, Lussu was not a man to be trifled with, and the Italian Government paid him the compliment of dealing with him on a grand scale. His story, appearing in the *Atlantic* in two installments, seems to us the most revealing of contemporary Italian documents. **Ralph Arthur Reynolds,** a San Francisco physician, visited Russia at the invitation of the Soviet Minister of Health. Much of his information regarding Vienna was obtained at first hand during his residence there for eighteen months in 1928 and 1929. Δ Would that all humanists were as humane as **Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.,** director of the University Art Museum at Princeton!

The death of **Dallas Lore Sharp** leaves an irreparable gap in the company of *Atlantic* contributors. It is a privilege to print these impressions of a naturalist in Central America. Δ For those who like the tang of 'Eve's Apples,' we recommend **Eleanor Risley's** book, *The Road to Wildcat,* just published. **Arthur E. Morgan,** President of Antioch College, shows that there is no good end that cannot be perverted. **Robert Hillyer** is Assistant Professor of English at Harvard and author of seven volumes of poems. **Claudia Cranston** returns to the *Atlantic* after an absence of several years. Δ We conclude this month **Kathryne Mary Frick's** remarkable record of her life and education. **Edith L. Neale** will move many Ph.D.'s to covert sympathy. **Katherine Casey** is director of the Fashion and Merchandising Information Division of the Hahn Department Stores, Inc.; **Claire Sullivan** is a member of the *Atlantic* staff in charge of publicity.

Few academicians have a longer or more honorable record than **Vida D. Scudder,** Emeritus Professor of English Literature at Wellesley, author of books on such diverse subjects as Socialism, the Arthurian legends, and Saint Catherine of Siena. A devoted Franciscan scholar, she is now engaged on a volume treating of the first hundred years after the death of the Saint. **Francis G. Peabody,** clergyman, professor, dean, and author, is a venerated figure in Cambridge and Harvard. **Leland Hall,** after teaching at several American colleges, spent nearly two years in Morocco, making friends equally with natives and French. Δ The wheel has come full circle when **Julian Huxley,** prince of biologists and essayists, confronts a black man and gives his blessing to the primitive worship typified by the giant lizard. **J. Arthur Thomson** is Professor of Natural History in Aberdeen University.

E. L. Bogart, author of 'Our Interest in the Reparation Problem,' was credited by mistake to the University of California in the April Contributors' Column. He is Visiting Professor of Economics at Claremont Colleges, Claremont, California.

We ask the forgiveness of Mr. Charles C. Marshall for printing these lines in the authentic tradition of Artemus Ward.

SAN CARLOS, CAL.

DEER ATLANTICK, —

Hoo is this heer fellah Marshall whatz bin writin short-witted and long-winded artickles in yore fancy magazeen laitly?

Way out heer in the wild open spaciz ov the West, we onct had a fellah by the saim naim. But he did sumthin gude for hoomanity. He waz honist and waz searchin fur gold . . . an he uncovered it. His name has gone down on the brite pagis of histry; a naim that every skool child noz by hart.

But this modern Marshall iz not honist it seams. At least he doesunt uppeer to B. Awl hez tryin two dew is thro mud on won of the greatest blessins that evur graced this heer hemisfere, I allood to the Catholick Church, ov coarse. He is out too find faultz whare thare iz nun. He'll make no discuveries like hiz naimsaik.

Abowt the onlee good sirvis I cud plan fur his remainin daze is a job on one (won) ov the grate enjineer's cummishuns . . . I heer refer too (two) thoz things made poplar by Presdint Whoovr. Thay are harmlis as nooduls.

I hoap he doesunt spoil eny more ov yure idishuns.

Yores sircumspecktly,
Silas Mariner

From the Dean of the Women's Division, Colby College.

Dear Atlantic, —

Most of us who are deans of women say 'hurrah' to the stimulating criticism in Mrs. Lee's article in the April *Atlantic*. There is just a lurking fear in my mind lest those who read the article and do not know college women may draw the conclusion that student government is driving students to the dogs at a rapid pace. It is dangerously easy to criticize — though not in Mrs. Lee's excellent style — any present state of affairs. It will, in turn, be easy and natural for us who are working with college women to criticize Mrs. Lee's article.

I do not want to criticize — much. I shall just feel ever so much better if I may point out one or two fundamental principles which she seems to have overlooked. I agree that the ideal aim of both education in general and student government in particular is greater liberty. But I believe also that consideration for the well-being of others, and the demands of convenience and necessity, must always enter into the ethics of human behavior to an appreciable extent. It may be just as innocent a pleasure to walk after 10 P.M. as before, but the innocence of this pleasure may be offset by the desirability — even the necessity — of a definite closing hour for a college residence. Indeed, the exercise of walking to a railroad station before 8.30 A.M., say, is quite as beneficial as it would be after this hour. But, if one needs to catch an 8.30 train, he must limit his freedom to the extent of taking his walk before that hour. Some educator has expressed a very good idea in these words: 'The educated person learns to do what he does not want to do at the time he does not want to do it.' And I read recently of a very modern young lady who spoke to an obstreperous 'boy friend' in words to this effect: 'You better go get yourself a few inhibitions.'

I should welcome as heartily as Mrs. Lee possibly could the appointing by colleges of commissions made up of qualified undergraduates, faculty members, and specialists in mental hygiene to study the whole subject of regulating the social behavior of students. I should only hope that such commissions would take into consideration *possibly* the Ten Commandments and *most certainly* the Golden Rule!

Ninetta Runnals

William Gordon Stuart, outspoken dirt farmer, and Jesse Pope, economist critic of the Federal Farm Board, have inspired both sympathy and debate.

Bridgehampton, Long Island, N. Y.

Dear Atlantic, —

The article of William G. Stuart in the March *Atlantic*, while a forcible presentation of truths much needed by the non-farming public, leaves something to be desired as an economic presentation of the fate of the farmer.

It fails to mention the much greater productiveness of the machine-using mechanic as compared with the average farmer. Within sight of me as I write is a dwelling under construction. It will cost about $12,000. It was begun December 1, and it will be ready for occupancy in about a month. The average number of men at work has been perhaps nine. That means that nine men working four months have produced $12,000, or that one man working one year would produce $4000.

While I have not Mr. Stuart's article by me, I recall that he stated the gross production of his farm to be about $2300. This was accomplished by himself, at least one hired man, and his two children. Counting the two children as one man, that gives a per capita productiveness of something less than $800 per year. The difference between this and $4000 might account for a difference in return to the respective workers.

Mr. Stuart figures his personal income for one year at about $744, but I failed to note that he included in it either his house rent or board for himself and family. In even a prosperous country town, to say nothing of an industrial city, a good house could hardly be had for less than $50 a month, while board for two adults and two children would amount to at least $150 more. If this be added to $744, it gives an annual income of $3144, which, while not equal to that of his engineer brother or his teacher niece, is probably well up to the average skilled mechanic's income per year.

Added to this is a certain measure of security. The farmer is the last man to starve, and while there is no occupation which requires a greater active display of all the social and economic virtues to achieve a distinguished success than does farming, there is none other in which a fool can so long keep a roof over him and have food for his table.

Mr. Stuart does well to criticize the inflated wages of some sorts of labor and the extravagance of public expenditure; but his strictures on waterway development would hardly be followed by the Mid-Western farmer whose wheat is borne to overseas markets down the Great Lakes or the Mississippi at a rate much below one all-rail to the sea, and he might recall that the original Erie Canal which made it economically possible to grow grain more than ten miles west of the Hudson is what gave the Empire State its start toward empire.

The farmer to-day is in the uncomfortable predicament of the sailor or the stagecoach driver of eighty years ago. Farming will not cease any more than transportation has ceased, but new methods will be used and while they are being worked out many innocent and capable people will suffer cruelly. The future is dark enough, but whether we look at Russia or at Iowa the tendency seems to be toward some form of collective farming with the use of machinery to the utmost.

It may be that eventually all land adapted to such farming will be so used and the rest go back to pasture or forest. It is quite certain that under such a system there would be fewer farmers than to-day, yet as much if not more food.

It is also quite possible that such a system would eventually ruin the land; if so, the mechanistic industrial civilization would collapse, as it will sooner or later, although in a way not now much expected.

Until agriculture is adjusted to our machine age, or until the machine is wrecked, farmers, unless exceptionally situated and exceptionally able, are going to have a hard time. Meanwhile some real help might be given them through a revision of systems of taxation which would place the greater burdens on the capitalist and the highly paid industrial worker because they are the ones who produce to-day the greatest wealth.

Very truly yours,

Ernest S. Clowes

The Press Club, Chicago

Dear Atlantic, —

There is one especially good feature in the *Atlantic* — age does not wither, nor custom stale. It is like the sea itself, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow (and *salty*).

I come back to the March number, and I beg to register my emphatic endorsement (if that is not too presumptuous) of Mr. Pope's 'Challenge to the Federal Farm Board.' It is a word of wisdom, timely said. The Farm Board, the farm bureaus, and the banks, would be wise if they directed their energies to a well-ordered plan of curtailment.

Do not overload the stomach, do not overload the camel, do not overload the airplane, do not overload the market. That way danger lies. Produce according to the demand, no more. The old Attic rule — enough, but not too much — applies to-day, and to manufacturer and farmer alike.

But what shall the small farmer do, he asks. Go slow, diversify, coöperate, farm for subsistence, not for an artificially fostered demand. Cash and carry — no begging. The world is sick — have patience and wait for it to recover.

Sincerely,

John T. Bramhall

What to do with your cat.

Decatur, Georgia

Dear Atlantic, —

In the March issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* I read with a great deal of interest the article by Professor George Herbert Palmer, 'On Growing Old.'

In the summer of 1897 I was a young bride living in Dorchester, Massachusetts. On a Saturday afternoon my husband and I made a call on a friend, a maiden lady of perhaps some forty summers, and found her in the busy preparation of closing her home for the summer. All was ready for the train trip — except the disposal of Tommie the cat. We found our friend more or less upset as to how she could get the twenty pounds of Tommie over to Cambridge on the street cars (it was before the days of automobiles).

After an offer of assistance by my husband, it was finally decided that we should take charge of Tommie and deposit him Sunday morning in Cambridge at the 'summer home for cats,' at 11 Quincy Street. We put the beautiful gray kitty in a covered basket and started for our home; arriving, we decided to let him have full range of the cellar. He was frightened at his more or less bumpy ride and ran up behind the furnace and refused to eat or come out, but the next morning the man of the family crawled behind the furnace and brought him out. Tommie was usually of a very mild disposition, but he showed a decided dislike to the idea of getting back into the basket. However, with the combined efforts of three people we fastened the top and went on our way to Cambridge. Our friend had given us a postcard from the *Boston Transcript* which read: 'In answer to your inquiry will say that at 11 Quincy St., Cambridge, you will find a home for your cat during the summer months.'

We got off the car at Harvard Square, and it was easy to find Quincy Street, so with renewed energy we walked a block and stood for a few minutes in front of a very dignified home with '11 Quincy St.' on the gate. My husband put his basket down, took out the card and reread the address. This was undoubtedly the place, but my companion said, 'There must be some mistake. This looks like the home of a Harvard professor. Suppose we go back and ask that policeman if he knows of a cat home.' So, lifting his burden (it was a burden by now), we walked back to the Square.

In the words of my husband, 'If you want to feel foolish and ill at ease, ask a policeman if he knows of a boarding place in Cambridge where they keep cats for the summer.' Policeman (smiling broadly): 'A boardin' place for *cats?* In Cambridge? Well, I thought I knew somethin' about me own town, but if there is a boardin' place for cats, it's the first I ever heard of it.'

My husband handed him the postal card and explained, 'Read this card from the *Transcript* — that's all I know about it. This cat belongs to a friend and I want to find some place to leave him.'

'Well, that's 11 Quincy Street up that hill. It's Professor Palmer's home. Maybe he has gone ter boardin' cats — you never know what them professors will do next. All you can do is to go up there and ask him.'

So, with greater effort than ever on our part, and a dissatisfied cry from Tommie, the basket was lifted and in a few minutes we again stood in front of the dignified home. My husband has a good deal of nerve, but he was getting weak-kneed on this occasion. Finally he said, 'Well, I am going in and ask if this is the place.' So bravely he walked in, his bride by his side, and rang the bell (the pull bell of the '90's). The maid appeared, and said, 'What is it?' Finally and faintly the question came: 'Is this 11 Quincy Street — the place where you keep cats for the summer?' Not an unkind, but a sympathetic smile came over her face, and she said with Swedish accent: 'Dis is Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer's residence and she does not keep no cats here — you is in de wrong place.'

Evidently we were. But — just as we were about to give up, a lovely lady of the '90's appeared at the door. We told her our story, showed her the card. She most graciously invited us into a wonderful library, and made us feel at home. We had met a friend. The lid of the basket was lifted, and Tommie stepped quietly out and purred his way into the heart of his new mistress, Mrs. Talmadge. She made this explanation: 'This is Professor and Mrs. Palmer's home, but they are traveling abroad. Mrs. Palmer is my sister and I am staying in her home while she is away. Some smart young reporter on the *Transcript* has given you this address, evidently intending it as a joke, for it is a well-known fact that Mrs. Palmer dislikes cats and will not have one on the place. But, as I am here alone, it will be company for me to have this beautiful animal. I will keep him and when your friend returns she may put in my missionary box whatever she intended to pay for Tommie's upkeep.' The kitty curled up on a Persian prayer rug, and we left feeling that this world is full of 'friendly folk.' The missionaries were aided in their efforts, our friend was made happy, and Mrs. Talmadge will never know how grateful to her William and Alice Alden were — and are.

ALICE S. ALDEN

From the Assistant Curator, North American Archæology, of the Field Museum of Chicago: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read with much interest Professor Huxley's article, 'Climate and Human History,' which appeared in the April *Atlantic*.

Every anthropologist would probably agree with the author's initial statement that 'climate and geology between them decide where the raw materials of human industry are to be found, where manufactures can be established . . .' but I believe that most of us would not subscribe to the statement that 'climate decides where the main springs of human energy shall be released.' So far as anyone can judge, inventions and additions to culture have been made in many kinds of climate. The Mayas of Central America developed a high civilization in a damp, warm climate, while much of the Egyptian culture flourished in an arid region. Human energy has been released in diverse places and apparently quite independently of climate. In other words, climate (or environment) furnishes the 'brick and mortar' for culture, as Lowie says, but does not stipulate the plan or the manner in which materials shall be used.

It is difficult to believe that the 'hereditary makeup' of a race 'must be altered' if a race is to pass from one mode of life to another. The Navajo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico were, until fairly recently, a nomadic people. To-day the Navajos have taken successfully to sheep raising, a quite different mode of life — and yet I believe no hereditary alteration has taken place. If Mr. Huxley's premise be correct, the human race must have altered its 'hereditary makeup' many times since *Pithecanthropus erectus*.

May I also point out that the American continent was probably first settled about 10,000 years ago (to estimate it conservatively) and that there is no evidence that it ever received any 'dose of civilization' from the old world, and certainly not so late as 3000 B.C.? A close study of aboriginal America will convince anyone that man probably arrived here with a minimum of culture (the bow and arrow or the spear thrower; the dog, fire, and the ability to chip stone), and that agriculture, architecture, writing, and so forth, are entirely autochthonous.

It might be of interest to note that the first flourishing period of Maya civilization did not, in all probability, take place in Yucatan, as Mr. Huxley implies, but in what is now called Guatemala or Honduras; moreover, there is every reason to believe that the jungle was just as dense and difficult to keep at bay then as it is now. In other words, the Maya civilization probably originated and developed in a region unaffected by 'cyclonic storms,' where the jungle and climate have remained unaltered for thousands of years.

Very sincerely yours,
PAUL S. MARTIN

We value the opportunity to print the following letter on a subject to which all must respond.

CHICAGO HEIGHTS, ILL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It was as much with delight as with surprise, when I opened the *Atlantic* for January, that I encountered the article, 'How Death May Feel,' in the Contributors' Club. To explain my delight I need but say that I am a chronic invalid, and have, during the five turbulent years of my illness, experienced on many occasions that same feeling of profound pleasure.

I am nineteen years old. In the winter of 1924–25, influenza, for the second time in my life, laid me low, this time playing havoc with the valves of my heart — finishing the job it had commenced six years earlier — and relegating me to the bed I have occupied since.

In the summer of 1925, with a pulse that must have been fifty or less and barely perceptible, I faced what seemed to be almost certain death. Having no pain whatsoever and being entirely rational so far as my faculties were concerned (throughout my long illness I've never been delirious), I was free to contemplate what, for all practical purposes, were to be my last moments on earth. Contemplate I did. And to my utter astonishment I found my experience a pleasant one. Not only pleasant, but enticing: I wanted more of this supreme happiness I was feeling; I craved a clearer and deeper draught of this bliss.

To describe my exact feelings would be impossible. At times it might have been called a gradual assimilation by the universe — a slow but sure entrance into something more vast — a constant diminishing of the individual. Then again it seemed as though I were being wafted 'gently o'er a perfumed sea.'

After several days of intermittent flashes of these unearthly pleasures, I gradually lost all hold on them; and with the subsequent regaining of full consciousness — consciousness of material, earthly things — a feeling of shame came over me: shame because I had felt no regret at the prospect of leaving my loved ones. Yet, on later analyzing my experience, I came to the conclusion that there was no occasion for shame. I was n't to be judged in connection with the things of this earth, because at the time I was less of this earth than of another — another sweeter and happier earth: the place from which I had come, and to which, as a natural course, I was returning.

If, in relating my one particular experience, I have created the impression that the approach to death is always pleasant, let me hereby correct it. Most of my approaches to the next world are, by the very nature of my disease, the most horrible things imaginable. In these instances there is no sweet, steady contemplation of a paradise beyond; no 'gliding in of cosmic relaxation.' There is no relaxation. But, while there is no *steady* contemplation, there are times when, despite the wild insanity of my sufferings, I manage to grasp a little of what I feel — and know — lies just beyond. On this score I have written a poem which will express my feelings better than I could in prose.

Mine has never been a morbid, melancholy yearning for death. Indeed, so long as I am in no great pain it could not even be called a yearning. So far as I am concerned I much prefer regaining my health and remaining here on earth awhile, for the simple reason that a quiet anticipation has in it the germ of its own realization. But, for me, conditions do not indicate a long tenure here on earth. And, since they don't, I have voluntarily renounced such imaginary claims to worldly happiness as I may have had for the more complete and sustaining happiness to be found in anticipation of the beauties of the world beyond.

PILGRIMAGE DENIED

I waver on the shore of waters deep,
  Enchanted by their depth and glowing haze;
  Aware that here lies dim before my gaze
An object half attained in mortal sleep.

The more enamored grow my weary eyes.
  My soul, by illness racked, implores the deep,
  Seeing beyond its foam a painless sleep.
But, faith! I cannot break my earthly ties!

My passion grows — and even have I cried.
  My yearning grows with each increasing pain.
  I stumble — gasp and fall, but, oh! 't is plain
A something holds me from that foaming tide.

Sweet foaming tide! And of beyond the sea
  I've caught a glimpse, but managed nothing more —
  I've sighted peace beyond this earthly shore,
But cannot sail: there floats no barque for me.

WILLIAM HENRY

What is the *Atlantic?*

LOUISVILLE, KY.

It was the last question on the mid-year test in American Literature. And let it be said at once that the making of examinations is an art in itself. Fifteen years in the classroom have left me rather disillusioned in regard to a number of things connected with American education, but making out examination questions always acts as a spur to my lagging spirit. It challenges inventiveness.

On this particular test, after covering the field of American letters from the New England group to H. L. Mencken, I was using the well-known expedient of compressing a review of the entire field in one question by asking the victims to identify a list of totally unrelated proper names, persons, places, or titles, all of which had been at least mentioned in the course of the year's work. Sort of an 'Ask me another' game with ten points out of one hundred as the stakes.

One of the units of work done during the term had been a study of the Essay as a literary form, and in the course of this part of the work I had frequently made use of the *Atlantic* as collateral reading. With this in mind, and as a test of memory and observation, I wound up my list of names to be identified with 'Atlantic Monthly.'

Would you be interested in the answers from representative high-school seniors? I append a few, quoted word for word.

'The *Atlantic Monthly* is the first collection of prose and poetry of which Holmes is responsible.' (See Halleck, on Holmes.)

'A magazine of literary importance.' (Neat, not gaudy.)

'The *Atlantic Monthly* is a time-honored literary magazine which has remained throughout antiquity as a symbol of the literary progress of the ages.' (Do you need a publicity man?)

'The *Atlantic Monthly* was a periodical or paper.' (Note that *was.*)

'A book in the library.' (Thank heaven!)

'A monthly magazine published in Atlanta.' (The war is over, but the scars remain!)

And now, Mr. Editor, read this last one and smile, I dare you!

'The *Atlantic Monthly* is a very old literary magazine with a corresponding editor.'

Faithfully, for all your faults,
W. H. MCCREARY

THE SALLYPORT

Scientists have enjoyed the agreeable position of dispensing power and order, destroying superstition, promulgating laws of nature, and spreading light everywhere. Now some of them are beginning to taste the opposite pleasure of dispensing confusion, of discovering that what they took for light was really darkness visible, of presiding brilliantly over new-found paradoxes and eccentricities in the constitution of things.

Contrast J. Arthur Thomson's admirable and optimistic article in the present *Atlantic* with such a work as A. S. Eddington's *The Nature of the Physical World.* No excuse is needed for mentioning Eddington's famous book, for it is hard to say whether it has been more widely and delightedly read or more widely and delightedly cribbed. Certainly no one ought to miss the experience of reading it, and if his business leads him to write articles, deliver lectures, or preach sermons, he will sooner or later find himself cribbing it.

Professor Thomson deliberately limits himself to those transforming discoveries which have actually come home to the popular imagination. Consequently time and space in his article have not been turned into a 'four dimensional continuum,' nor has the atom become, as another eminent authority describes it, 'a string of events that take place where it is n't.' Professor Thomson can still display to the full effect that wonderful operative knowledge of the conditions of man's life by which science has indeed transformed both those conditions and man's imaginative picture of them. He can write truthfully, 'Gone is the old sense of bewildering confusion. . . . Every year discloses some new orderliness in the universe.'

Eddington, on the other hand, writes of all those most sophisticated and paradoxical discoveries that lie on the outermost fringe of advancing physics. A reader, putting down his book, might well exclaim: 'Gone is the old sense of orderliness. Each year discloses some fresh confusion in the universe. We used to think that the rules of nature were becoming always more plain. Now it seems a question whether nature has any rules. The laws by which an eclipse is predicted are only summaries of how swarms of particles behave on the average. When it comes to dealing with a single particle, its conduct is so unpredictable that the very principle of causation is difficult to maintain in the face of it. Instead of thinking of a force of gravity as binding suns and planets together in happy and proportional respect for each other, we must think of complicated mathematical laws of curvature as governing, or at least describing, the motions of material bodies. But matter itself, like the Cheshire cat, has faded from view, leaving a hollow and mocking grin. The strangest thing of all is that this empty grin seems to suggest and support all manner of mathematical laws and formulæ such as might really describe a world of matter if it were actually there, although a very paradoxical world indeed. Confusion has complimented our age by waiting until it arrived to make her masterpiece.'

Look on these two pictures, the counterfeit presentment of two worlds, or of a common world seen so differently as to look double. There is no need to choose either as exclusively right. One clue to the divergence might be expressed by saying that Thomson writes of science as knowledge, while Eddington writes of science as thought. Eddington is a scientist driven into philosophy by the increasing complexity of scientific study. No piece of knowledge is so self-sustaining that it cannot be shown to inhere in a world of uncertainty, an infinite penumbra of ignorance. Yet it remains perfectly good knowledge in an operative sense; it will build a bridge or cure a disease, and yet contain cosmic vistas of doubt and speculation. We know of a bacteriologist who, in the course of his researches on the ills that flesh is heir to, gives injections to fleas and allows them to feed twice daily on his immunized arm. The knowledge comprised in this is wonderful; but if one were to track the fleas or the biologist down to ultimate elements, one would come sooner or later to the theory of atoms, and find what appear to be not only incompatible but positively mythological definitions in the field. The control of nature seems to be in no way injured either because they are incompatible or because they are mythological.

To those who have read Eddington or other recent writers on science, and who may have been led to believe that they really have a notion of the Quantum Theory or of Einstein's principle of gravitation, and that up-to-date science consists of nothing but such paradoxes, Professor Thomson's article should be salutary. No one can say how stable the new conceptions of physics will prove. Indeed, industry does not throw away outworn machines faster than science throws away outworn ideas. The universe will not long be allowed to remain as eccentric as it is at the moment. Yet the really 'new world of science' in which the public is interested is Eddington's world of confusion rather than Thomson's world of order. True enough, the public has not grasped the discoveries of Einstein, but it is interested in them. A moving picture giving simple illustrations of the theory of relativity (some of them of questionable logic) has already made the rounds of several cities. Professor Thomson himself has acknowledged by a hint here and there the influence of the newest physical discoveries. He writes that the principle of conservation of energy requires 'saving clauses to-day.' 'How many real laws of nature man has discovered as yet,' he admits, 'is a very difficult question.'

The new world of science will not long be a world of confusion, but it may remain always a world of skepticism. Time was when new worlds were discoveries in space — new continents in the Western Hemisphere or at the poles, new planets or new laws in the sky. Presently new worlds were discovered within the compass of a hair or a finger nail — the atom in matter, the cell in the body, the bacillus in the scale of life. As each new world came into view, it brought with it a fresh load of abstract thought, until now our new worlds are fast becoming pure discoveries in mind. The fact that prompts them remains hidden away in outer or inner depths; it is a faint blush on a photographic plate, or a form of life so infinitesimal that its existence is only known because it passes through a filter and infects other living tissue. All that we receive immediately is the report of some new mathematical abstraction, possessed of wonderful powers for those who can use them, or some new concept to add to our already bewildering store. A new world is a new way of thinking.

It is becoming increasingly evident that each of the successive scientific ways of thinking must be regarded with ultimate skepticism. The new worlds with which science presents us are partly worlds of actuality and partly worlds of imagination. Readers of Eddington will thank him for making clear how difficult and dubious it is to discriminate between the two elements, or to frame an intelligible connection between them. Each new scientific fashion of thought gives new control over operations and functions that can be measured and directed; but of the remote hidden universe it gives no final picture or ultimate means of apprehension. We cannot escape believing that thought is in touch somehow with actuality when it gives the power of control over the conditions of life; but what the link between them is grows more obscure as it is pursued to deeper levels. At the same time it grows correspondingly plain that a scheme of thought that aids in the control of the world may later turn out to contain a good deal of fantasy. True and entire faith must tramp long roads in this world in search of an honest lodging, although it may lie down in a fool's paradise anywhere.

Yet faith at the present moment is better off than it has been for a considerable period past. Skepticism may prove a more lasting refuge for it than the great ages of religion have done. Faith, for a great many men, appeared to find an established footing in science in its materialistic heyday; now what seemed a firm bottom of knowledge has sunk into the deeper quagmire of things. Having temporarily misplaced matter, science is not for the moment materialistic. Men do not seem on this account to be flocking back toward religion. Rather the way seems to lie clear before the world toward an age that will hold all general schemes of thought in ultimate skepticism. There are many reasons why a world of human beings should look forward to such an age cheerfully. Faith divides men; skepticism makes them one. Skepticism softens conflicts, promotes an eye for realities, tends toward peace. It civilizes passions and reduces the barbarity of ambition. The immediate human sphere of action and knowledge receives a new dignity when science carries its inquiries into the unhuman structure of the world so far that it passes the limits of certainty. A physicist studying the behavior of infinitesimal particles may be led to question the idea of cause. A wise man, reflecting on experience, will know that the movements of his life are not unrelated to choices and conditions that other men have observed and recorded before him. The science of intelligent human observation is very difficult, relative, and variable, yet it is also true and profound. Its masters — the poets, the dramatists, and those historians and philosophers who have also not disdained literature — are still the highest guides of man's advancing spirit. Compared with them, psychologists are children patronizing their teachers.

Finally, an age of skepticism cannot exclude the possibility of faith, how rich or definite does not yet appear. Skepticism must regard even itself without an excess of conviction. It cannot deny all knowledge, nor can it deny that cultivated and inspired imagination may have its just part in framing as much of the truth as may be known. The age of which we write so hopefully should give a new opportunity to the exhaustless powers of art and poetry. Theirs are the vehicles that best embody the truth of human knowledge and aspiration, and the only vehicles of this kind that are not injured by ultimate disbelief.

The Office Iconoclast

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